

MEDICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICHIGAN

THE

DEC 18 1929

CORNHILL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER
1929

EDITED BY
LEONARD HUXLEY



	PAGE
POLYCHROMATA: VI.—COCKCROW .. By J. Leslie Mitchell	641
THE OLD HORSE: A POEM .. By Olive Clare Primrose	654
JOHNSON'S HATRED OF AMERICA .. By Charles W. Harvey	655
THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL .. By Horace G. Hutchinson	669
SUNK LIMBO By Douglas G. Browne	675
THE SERVANTS IN JANE AUSTEN .. By Lady Balfour	694
STAYS: A STORY NOT QUITE TRUE .. By G. M. Attenborough	706
BAYREUTH FORTY YEARS AGO	715
TEAM-WORK IN STILLER FLORUM .. By L. Slingsby Bethell	736
AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF EDMUND GOSSE	
By Laurence Alma Tadema	750
LITERARY ACROSTIC, No. 76	767



LONDON
JOHN MURRAY
50 Albemarle St.W.1





**YOU CAN
AFFORD FINE FURNITURE**

**FOR CASH
OR
EASY TERMS**

**£100,000
OF STOCK**

*Jelks have the largest
stock of new and
second-hand Bill-
iard and combined
Billiard-and-Dining
Tables in London.*

Choose really fine fur-
niture at a price you
can easily afford.

Jelks have 800,000
square feet of show-
rooms, crowded with

stock for your selection. Nowhere else can you
obtain so vast a variety of furniture at such low
prices. *Send at once for the great Bargain Book
of specimen offers.*

**HIGH GRADE
SECOND-HAND
FURNITURE**

*Showrooms open from 9 a.m. till 7.30 p.m.
Thursdays: Close 1 p.m. Open till 9 p.m. on Saturdays.*

W. JELKS & SONS

ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS

263-275 HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.7.

Telephone: North 2598 & 2599.

D.A.s.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY
LEONARD HUXLEY



DECEMBER 1929.

POLYCHROMATA: VI. COCKCROW.	<i>By J. Leslie Mitchell</i>	641
THE OLD HORSE: A POEM.	<i>By Olive Clare Primrose</i>	654
JOHNSON'S HATRED OF AMERICA.	<i>By Charles W. Harvey</i>	655
THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL.	<i>By Horace G. Hutchinson</i>	669
SUNK LIMBO.	<i>By Douglas G. Browne</i>	675
THE SERVANTS IN JANE AUSTEN.	<i>By Lady Balfour</i>	694
STAYS: A STORY NOT QUITE TRUE.	<i>By G. M. Attenborough</i>	706
BAYREUTH FORTY YEARS AGO ..		715
TEAM-WORK IN STILLER FLORUM.	<i>By L. Slingsby Bethell</i>	736
AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF EDMUND GOSSE.		
	<i>By Laurence Alma Tadema</i>	750
LITERARY ACROSTIC, No. 76 ..		767

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the care of JOHN MURRAY, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1.

All Contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned when accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope; but the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for any accidental loss. MSS. cannot be delivered on personal application. Articles of a political nature are not accepted. Every Contribution should be typewritten on one side of each leaf only, and should bear the Name and Address of the Sender; a preliminary letter is not desired.



LONDON
JOHN MURRAY
50 Albemarle St., W.1.

Published Monthly, price 1s. 6d. net. Annual Subscription, 20s. post free.

Entered as Second Class Matter March 15, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., under the Act of March 3, 1879 (Sec. 397, P.L. and R.)

All Rights Reserved.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE



Incorporated A.D. 1720.

All classes of Insurance transacted
and the duties of Executor and
Trustee undertaken.

*For more than 200 years the
address of the Head Office
of the Corporation has been*

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE · LONDON

The Handy
Tin keeps the
Flavour in



PLAYER'S **WHITE LABEL**
NAVY MIXTURE



2-oz. Pocket Tin 1/10

Redd. Trade Mark.

N.M. 679.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1929.

POLYCHROMATA.

BY J. LESLIE MITCHELL.

VI. COCKCROW.

I.

EH? That? Only the crowing of a Lemnos rooster! From the fowl-run behind this café it comes—the fowl-run of the little Simon.

You had not suspected in him the tastes bucolic? In our Cairene evenings I think he wanders out there and dreams of a farm in Lemnos—he who would die of the broken heart if he forsook the Khalig's colours and call! . . .

The challenge absurd in the sunlight—but in the dawn—how of the haunting it is! Haunting, I think, with the memories not our own, the stored race-remembrances innumerable since first the jungle-fowl was tamed and that challenge of the morning heard in an Indian hut. What agonies and waitings has it not ended, what vigils and prayers! That drowsy clamour—surely it is in all memories, vivid and unforgettable, for at least the one night that would never pass, for at least one stretch of the dark, still hours!

That morning so many years ago, my friend—think how it must have shrilled above the hills of Jerusalem!

II.

If you walk the Shari' Abbassieh to-day you will see the house of Lucius Ravelston stand shuttered and dusty in the sunshine, with its little garden deserted. Last we heard of him, the Ravelston, he was in Hadramaut, on expedition in search of the lost sand-cities of the proto-Semites. In days when that garden knew him he would stride to and fro with the hasting guest by his side, discussing the languages international and the inhabitability of the moon and the character of Marco Polo; of all such things he would discuss with the naïve fervour that another devotes to the scandal or the politics. . . .

The guest would pant beside him for the little, then give up with a laugh, and sit to watch his host, pipe-smoking, trample the flower-beds in the heat of exposition.

More nearly the seven than the six feet in height, a giant, with the rapt stare of grey eyes under knit brows and the strange brown hair like silk. He had an athlete's body that Phidias would have loved, though of Hellas the good Aristotle would perhaps have baulked at his mind.

Indeed, this would have been but reciprocal, for the good Aristotle he regarded with the detestation utmost. Giant and genius, he was yet something of a child, and men dead and dust three thousand years he could love or detest with as much fervour as though they wrote in the journals contemporary.

'A snippety suburban mind—the mind of a fossil-collecting curate.'

'But I have heard of him as the Father of the Sciences,' I would say, and so bring upon myself recital of Aristotelian fatuities, the while the drowsy cluckings would cease in the native fowl-run beyond the garden, and the good sun, talked from the sky, went down behind the Red Hills. . . .

He was the crusader essential, hating all neat, unoriginative minds which look on life with the cold, conservative calm. Not yet the forty years of age, he had been surgeon in the great war of Europe, the leader of a Polar Expedition, the assistant of Knut Hammssen in that Odyssey through the Gobi Desert. From such exploits of the heroic he had settled down in Cairo to study the scourge cancer. In laboratory and study they fight the last crusades.

Research-worker, student, he yet waged the wars unending in journal and congress and popular press. Enemies in battalions he loved, though there were occasions when he would forget the date of a battle, going into lengthy abstractions as a mystic into a trance. These were escapes to the super-normal, when some thought would suddenly fructify in his mind and he would wipe the dust of tragedy and comedy and friendship from his hands, and retreat to the barred room and the microscope and the notes and the lamp-lit table for the days or weeks on end. . . .

My friend, Dr. Adrian the gynæcologist, also knew him and loved him.

'An anachronism, fifty years behind the times, Ravelston. In the Huxley-Haeckel tradition. Last of the warrior-savants.

Science has more triumphs and heroes than ever, but Ravelston's the last of her champions to go out into the arena and defy embattled Stupidity. Pity. They lent colour to life, the giants.'

'They brought fire from heaven, if I remember,' I said. 'But I do not think he is the last. There will always be giants.'

Coming from the house called Daybreak, we were passing through Abbassieh late in the night, and stood looking up at the flare of light from the room of Ravelston. Adrian laughed.

'The Titan, eh? There was also a vulture in the story, wasn't there? We must warn Lucius!'

III.

That autumn the giant went to England, to London, to see to the publication of a book—not the such book as you might write, my friend, needing no supervision, but the production marvellous and intricate, with the diagrams and the changing print and the chemic symbols much-strewn to confusion and despair of printer. Adrian and I made the call occasional at the Abbassieh house and saw to its ordering. It was the place pleasant, and we spent many hours of ease in the great library, or drank the good Ravelston's wine under the lime-trees in his garden.

Behind he had left, in the rough, the great work on which he had been engaged since coming to Cairo. Though only in first draft, Adrian had promised to read this treatise and contribute to it the preface. He would groan aloud over calligraphy and contractions, yet read on in fascination. Once or twice he interviewed clients of the giant, and of one of those interviews told me. The man was a Greek who had suffered from the internal pain diagnosed by his own doctor as a cancer tumour. Under treatment of Ravelston he had been made well and whole again in a month.

'A month! Unless it was a mere fluke, colonel, Ravelston's in the process of perfecting a treatment for cancer that'll wipe it from the face of the earth. . . . Beyond the dreams of Lister.'

We would smoke and make the meditation, and discuss the absent Ravelston. Of his private life we knew nothing.

'He has no private life, no private ambition. He's a Republican of your Plato, colonel, a Samurai out of Wells. . . . Marry? He'd forget a woman in a fortnight—unless she developed *sarcomata*!'

Ravelston cabled the date of his return, and I found the

Dr. Adrian, Cairo's leading gynæcologist, with sleeves rolled up, and the scurry of native servants, flapping a negligent duster around the library. "Prepare the house," eh? Must be bringing home a shipload of zoological specimens.'

It was the afternoon when the boat-train was due from Alexandria. 'It is his jest,' I said. 'Or perhaps he brings the tourist friend.'

'God forbid,' said Adrian, and then we heard a taxicab come in the sharia below and the sound of a key in the door. Then Ravelston's voice upraised.

'Adrian! Saloney! . . . Hell, what a dust!'

We went out and waved to him from the landing. He stood in the doorway, in the winter sunshine, and beyond, in the street, seemed the fight in progress between the native porters and a mountain of trunks. These things, and then—

Simultaneously we saw her. She stood not in the belt of sunshine, but in the mote-sprayed darkness within the door. I made the bow ineffective and Adrian the fumblement for the collar of his shirt.

'Pamela—Dr. Adrian and Colonel Anton Saloney. You people, this is my wife.'

IV.

She called him never by his first name, but sometimes 'Ravelston' and sometimes 'Stealthy Terror,'—the first because it was fashionable so to address a husband, the second because of some secret jest they shared together. She ransacked the Abbassieh house from top to bottom, and had shaken from it such showers of dust as seemed to warrant the eviction of the Sahara itself. The roof of one wing was cut away and installed with a special glass that interrupts not the violet ray, and for this novelty she was the excited child, as indeed was Ravelston himself.

'He has sun-bathing on the brain,' said Adrian. 'God knows why—unless it's to admire the pretty Pamela. . . . Done without it all his life and now he pretends it's essential to health, whereas it's merely a craze and fashion.'

'You do not like Mrs. Ravelston?'

'I don't,' he said, with the curtness. 'Lucius was a Samurai, and now—Good Lord, look what he's becoming!'

And indeed I also, with the amazement and pity, watched transformation of the giant from research worker and world-

enthusiast into lover and follower. He planned and rode the excursions with her, the while library and laboratory remained locked and neglected, took her to innumerable balls and festas, humoured her in the whims and desires most wayward and foolish. She declared a passion for the language Russian, and determination to learn it, and I was hired to teach such accent as Ravelston himself possessed not.

She was the pupil impossible—would lie deep in her chair and yawn, or look from the window and comment on the passers-by, or remark on my appearance or her own with a frankness startling.

‘Why don’t you trim that nice brown beard of yours, colonel? . . . All right, then. Sorry. Where were we? . . . “*Smeyat’cia, posmeyat’cia*—to laugh.” . . . But how can they? Laughing in Russian must require a surgical operation. Stealthy Terror would laugh well in Russian.’ Would drop the book and clasp her hands about her knees. ‘Why have you never married, colonel?’

She would smile sleepily because of the sun-bathing, and stretch like a cat, with the winking of golden eyes.

Beautiful? But no. She had the nose too short and the upper lip too long. Yet the charm that is beyond proportions and measurements—the careless, insolent mouth that was somehow like the mouth of Ravelston himself, and eyes very deeply lashed and wonderful, and the sheen of hair, cut like a boy’s, and very dark and fine. Beside Ravelston, she looked on occasion like his son.

She tired very quickly of the Russian, and the lessons in it ceased. She tired of the sun-bathing, and I think her first quarrel with Ravelston was over that tiring. Thereafter she carried it out infrequently, as a boring duty. . . . ‘She would tire of the glories of heaven and yawn in the faces of the Archangels,’ Adrian would growl.

Light, irresponsible, blindly selfish, insolently cold and insolently passionate, she seemed no more fit mate for Ravelston than a woman of the Warrens. She was daughter of his publisher, and early on his visit to London they had made the acquaintance. Ravelston I believed she had married as the new ‘thrill,’ the new and unprecedented experience—because of his stature and his reputation and that otherness of his—the otherness that now, alas, seemed to have vanished. She had an endless craving for change, for thrill and glitter and running laughter, for the dance and the perfumes, the admiration and the adoration. Anything

that savoured of study or the weariness of toil was 'horrible.' All that was enemy of the good time and the careless hour was 'horrible.'

And yet—I could not dislike her. Perhaps because of beauty of gesture and attitude, and the ring of her boy-laughter and that bright scorn she had of things; perhaps because once or twice in her I glimpsed a dark fierceness that might have been her soul, imprisoned and lost, beneath the shifting play of moods that was her life.

V.

One morning, near five o'clock, coming from the all-night dance at the Mess Artillery, they overtook Dr. Adrian and me, and gave us a lift to the house in Abbassieh. We sat the four of us hunched together in Ravelston's little car, and the dawn was in the sky into which we raced. Pamela looked tired, and as we turned into the garden-way of the house I saw that she was asleep. The garden was dim and scented, and through it the giant carried her indoors.

And then, suddenly, a cockerel in the native fowl-run next door flapped and crowed with piercing loudness. Pamela awoke with the cry of terror, struggled in Ravelston's arms so that he halted, and then stared from the one to the other of us in slow realisation. But in her eyes was still terror.

We laughed at her, and then stood of the awkward and embarrassed, for she laid her head against Ravelston's shoulder and wept with an intensity in her amazing. Adrian and I would have gone, but that the giant motioned to us to follow. In the downstairs room he switched on the lights, and set Pamela in a chair, and knelt beside her. She stared into his face with the colour slowly coming back to her own.

And it was then, in that moment of the overstrung, that she told us.

She had been a child of twelve in the last years of the War, in the London suburb, in some area unfortunate traversed again and again by the German air-raiders. Often was the screaming of sirens and the falling of bombs, and her child-nerves played on by inexplicable terrors, her sleep shattered in sudden hurrying to and fro. . . .

And then came a morning that she might not forget. There was the usual alarm and she and her brother, a child of three,

were hurried out to hide in a garden-shed, the safest refuge. The nurse left them there the moment the while she ran back for clothes, and in that moment, looking out, Pamela saw the night flash and flash again. She cried out to the nurse, and then in terror ran after her in the direction of the house. Half-way across the garden she heard her brother call her name, and turned, confused and remembering. In that moment came catastrophe. She was flung to the ground by the explosion which wiped out the shed, and the darkness rained splinters of stone and wood around her. She picked herself up, bruised and bleeding, and through the squalling scolding from a near-by chicken-run heard a cock which crowed unceasingly, unendingly, above the clamour. . . .

'Ravelston, I heard him scream—I know I did—and I can't ever forget . . . and that crowing. Oh, I was a coward, a coward! I killed him. He had that lost-boy stare you have when you sit and think. . . . Oh, beastly coward!'

He laughed at her, the giant. 'You could have done nothing. You're brave even to remember it. Tired now. Carry you to bed?'

Adrian and I, forgotten, went out into the morning without the promised refreshments. The laboratory and all the other windows but for one, far up, shone dark as dead eyes.

'What do you think of her now—and this story?' I said.

'Hysteria. Explains a little and doesn't help a jot.' We passed out of range of that lighted window. 'Poor Ravelston! Titan and Pandora—complete with vulture!'

'Eh?' I said, and would have made remarks regarding the mythology confused, but that he went on:

'Um. You didn't know, of course. There's cancer in her family—*carcinomata*. Hereditary. She doesn't know it herself, but Ravelston did when he married her.'

VI.

Here, it seemed to me—I who cannot help finding story and plot in every life I look on—were elements enough of the drama. Ravelston, with that secret upon him, with his unsurpassed knowledge of the stages of the cancer-march, turning in desperation from the rigour and slowness of impersonal research to the sun-bathing and each other of the swift, glib cures; Pamela, insolent, selfish, young, looking forward to years of pleasure and amusement

—all that she craved—all unconscious that the most frightful and agonising of diseases lay like a beast awaiting her. . . .

But Nature has little stage-sense. She can make of apparent tragedy the thing ludicrous and meaningless, of comedy the thing horrifying. So at the house in Abbassieh. One morning Pamela complained of the unwellness, and the symptoms described to Ravelston. With fear upon him, he made the no-examination himself, but sent for Adrian. An X-ray apparatus was brought from Citadel Hospital, the many photographs taken, and Adrian made the searching examination. Then he went away with the apparatus and in the evening returned to them.

‘Mrs. Ravelston has a magnificent constitution. There is nothing more wrong with her than a passing ailment.’

‘Eh?’ said Ravelston, and leapt from his chair. Then abruptly he was gone from the room. Adrian was left alone with Pamela, cigarette-smoking, undisturbed, but sitting considering him, chin in hand.

‘What was Ravelston fussing about, doctor? What did he and you expect?’

He had never liked her, and it seemed to him then that the truth might sober her. In a moment he was telling her of the suspicions and the facts, and in that moment regretting it.

‘. . . Expected I’d develop cancer? Nice. Married me knowing it?—Thought I’d be a convenient subject-study, I suppose? I’ll remember *that*.’

Adrian stared at her in amazed anger. She nodded to him the insolent dismissal. ‘That’s all, doctor. You can send in your bill.’

VII.

More and more rapidly with the passing of the weeks, the lives of those two began to split apart. Ravelston, relieved, exultant, rid of that immediate personal fear, turned again to laboratory and desk. He grew again to the habit of shutting himself up for the hours and days at a stretch, immersed in the matters that to Pamela were the incomprehensible unpleasantnesses.

Conscious of his defection from the round of inane pleasure and sight-seeing, he would on occasion burst from laboratory or study to the rooms of Pamela, caress her—and then vanish again in a banging of doors, leaving, I think, one who sat breathless and with singing heart. But so only for the moment.

If Adrian might not, I at the least could comprehend something of the startled anger and resentment that followed his revelation. A freak. . . . A 'study.' . . . Even with the cooling of first anger—anger that to her generation is the thing crude and clownish—she forgot not at all. Indeed, the changed behaviour of Ravelston was constant reminder. She had expected, I imagine, that Ravelston would always comport himself as in the days of the honeymoon, with his work relegated to a secondary place. She had expected that Prometheus would continue to bring fire from heaven, but only—in the phrase of Adrian, who disliked her so—'to provide her with a damn little foot-warmer.'

Instead, there were now the moments, in chance meetings and at meal-times, when he stared at her as though she were a stranger. The 'freak' had ceased to be freakish, the 'subject' had refused to be satisfactorily cancerous, in disobedience to the expectations of heredity. . . . She had ceased to interest.

So, knowing that she lied, she must have told herself the many times, and so, in the mixture of boredom and pique, and with that urgency to grasp from life all that it might offer in sensation, she turned to the gaudy glitter of the European season, to the dancings and the gatherings, the gossipings and philanderings, the motor-excursions and the flowering acquaintanceships; finally, to the growing amusement and interest in Andreeius de Bruyn.

VIII.

I met them the one afternoon outside the Continental Hotel, where I awaited a client. I had been the dragoman to him a month before, and from his car he nodded to me a mocking salutation.

'Afternoon, St. Peter!'

This was his crude jest because of an incident during that month that would smell none the sweeter for the telling. There had been keys in the incident, and I had saved him from the slit throat, and a Muslim woman from the attentions of one who imagined he was honouring a 'native.' It was the incident he had done better to forget.

Before I might reply, she who sat by his side turned her head, and recognised me, and laughed.

'Hello, colonel! *Kak vi' pazhivaiete?* Oh, and—*poc-mesyaietc'ie!*'

To her and the Russian horrible I smiled then, as she commanded. Perhaps there had been other than an expression pleased on my face at sight of her with de Bruyn. She whispered something to him, and they laughed at me, and the car shot away. . . . De Bruyn!

He was the young Dutchman with the much money and the less perception of responsibility to life than possesses a mayfly. Villains have gone from life as they have from literature, and perhaps de Bruyn was no more evil than was Ravelston, his antitype. Like Pamela, it was merely that the gross selfishness that is in all of us, the thing instinctive, had never known the repression or the transmutation. Wants and desires were things to be purchased or cajoled, never to be forgone. In Cairo he had already organised the orgies and excursions and fantastic entertainments innumerable. In his handsome face he had eyes which they said could hold and fascinate any woman. . . . To me they were the bright, shifting eyes of one morally unborn.

That excursion of theirs I witnessed had not been the first. Alike her insolence and selfishness, and perhaps also her fearlessness, fascinated de Bruyn. He laid the cold-blooded siege, without concealment of desire or intention, as is the fashion of the philanderer modern. From Pamela Ravelston was at first the amusement, and then the something else that was still a mocking thing, that mocked even when at last she found herself in his arms. . . . Love or hate, Lucius or Andreeius—what did it matter, so long as boredom was cheated?

As casually as that, and yet quite irrevocably, she must have come to her decision and sat down and wrote the letter which she sent to Ravelston from the Ghezireh ball.

IX.

Early in that morning of her writing, I was walking home, all of the meditative way from the Koubbah observatory. In Abbassieh I saw a light in the room of Ravelston, and there came on me the sudden resolve, I would acquaint him with the de Bruyn matter, for in those chill hours it loomed to me with the appearance serious.

I went round to the back of the house, through the garden, and pressed the bell that sounded in his room alone. Hardly had I ceased but there came the noise of footsteps, and Ravelston, gigantic, towered in the doorway dimness.

'Saloney!' He gave a strange laugh. 'I thought—but never mind what I thought. Come in.' He banged the door behind me and gripped my arm. 'Come up here. I've something to show you.'

He led me up the stairs of the back, and then, on the landing that led to his study, had the new resolve. 'Not here. Further up, first.'

On that other landing he opened the door and switched on lights and stared round the room. Then laughed again.

'Look, Saloney! She was here yesterday. Everything here is hers. There's not a thing but's known her touch. Eh? And she's slept in that bed; I've heard her singing up here, going to bed at midnight. . . . Remember the way she had of singing—with that little hoarseness? And of sitting with clasped knees? Eh?'

He bent down and very gently and deliberately picked up a chair. And then he went suddenly berserk-mad. He hurled the chair at the great dressing-glass and brought it smashing to the floor, and then set about deliberately wrecking the room. I stood in the helplessness and watched, and when he had finished the place looked, strewn with the torn and trampled draperies, like a murdered girl. Once I tried to stay him.

'But why—?'

'Come away, colonel. Out of it! Unclean, this place. Come down below and have a drink.'

Below he poured out the whisky and tossed me a letter. While I read it he walked up and down, his hands twitching. In face and voice was that flare of mirth that is the anger of his kind.

'Good letter, eh? "Not being either a dragoman or a doctor, I'm tired of Abbassieh; not being either a cancerous freak or a beastly disease you're evidently tired of me." Who told her about the cancer? Never mind. . . . A little adultery for amusement, eh? Who's this de Bruyn?'

I told him. 'A lover? A dirty little lover and her days and nights spent planning dirty little caressings and kissings . . . while I've been working. I've been made fool and cuckold because I could not play—the lap-dog! She expected me to give up for her the world, my work, the things that are me. . . . For a little loving and mating!'

And suddenly he stopped in front of me and laughed—a laugh of the genuine amusement and relief.

'Lord, why didn't I see? I've been blind as a mole! Oh, not only to this dirty little intrigue. To fact. Loving and mating, begetting and desiring—those, or the life without flambeaux or kindness, of work unending, with nothing but the surety that some day the swamps will be cleared away . . .'

He was walking to and fro again, but no longer in the anger. Rather was it the exultation.

'I know. See it only now. My work's been going to pieces. One can't have both; one must choose. Warmth and light and caresses and the safe places—or loneliness and vision . . .'

His eyes were shining now. It was the Ravelston of the garden-talks, lost and forgotten those many months, and I thrilled to meeting with him again. I stood up and seized his hand.

'But you are right. You will press on to the greater work alone.'

He laughed in the ringing confidence, and then dropped my hand and wheeled to the window with lightning swiftness. Upon the garden lay the dawn. Again shrilled out that sound that had startled us, and at its repetition he swung round upon me, gigantic, with horror on his face.

'My God, if she's scared—alone—with that fool! . . . What rubbish you've been talking, Saloney! Rubbish! There wasn't a soul to the world till I found Pam! The future's trust to me—guerdon and promise. And I neglected and forgot her. . . . Lost her now, I who could have kept her mine, could have made her true and clear and fine as a sword, could have tramped with her desert and starfield . . . Work! She was light to my clumsy groping, and I've lost her—'

But I had heard another sound through the hushed morning. I caught his sleeve.

'Listen!' I said.

X.

De Bruyn and Pamela, you must understand, had planned to arrive at Alexandria, where was de Bruyn's yacht, early in the forenoon. They danced till as late as three o'clock at the ball on Ghezireh Island. Then Pamela sent off the letter to Ravelston by a native messenger, and they went out to the car which had been awaiting them.

De Bruyn came flushed with the wine and dancing, and as he wrapped the rugs about Pamela he was of the over-affectionate.

This she told him, with her usual fearless insolence, and he sat beside her sulkily, driving out of Cairo.

But he was the skilled driver, steering with reckless care, and in the little they were clear even of the grey mud suburbs and the stars were the splendour above them. Pamela Ravelston yawned, and sank deep in rugs, and presently was asleep.

For an hour the great racer fled westwards, along the Alexandrian road. Then de Bruyn suddenly swore, and the car bumped and shuddered and fell to the crawl. They were in the midst of a village, shuttered and sleeping, and the roadway was pitted with uneven holes.

The searchlight rays of the headlamps shook and made the standstill. For a moment, amongst the narrow lanes branching from the roadway, the noise of the car was deafening.

'Curse it. Puncture,' said de Bruyn. 'Stay there, Pam. No need for you to get down.'

Pamela stirred sleepily and murmured something the while he got out and fumbled with the lamps. Above the silent, mud-walled village the sky glimmered amethyst in the false dawn.

And then from a mud-hut near at hand a child began to cry, and shrill and clear, awakened by the noise of the car, misled by the false light in the sky, a cock crew and others throughout the village took up the call till de Bruyn lifted a dawn-greyed face, and laughed and swore.

'Those infernal birds! They would wake the dead. Eh?'

And as he stared in amazement at one who sat and wept there in the flickering light, and then sprang to vivid life, and swore at him, and made the unreasonable demand, he did not know that that clamour about them had indeed awakened the dead.

XI.

'What?' said Ravelston.

But I was looking out of the window as the great car of de Bruyn halted in front of the house, its noise deafening. Out of it leapt someone in a whirl of the dance-draperies, someone whose key slotted urgently in the street-door, who came up the stairs with flying feet.

'Ravelston. . . . Old Stealthy Terror. . . . I've come back. . . .' White-faced, but the scared and shivering repentant not at all, she stood in front of him. Neither fear nor regret had brought

her back, but remembrance of that lover with the lost-boy stare. 'Oh, I've been such a fool! Dirty and a coward. . . . My dear, I forgot!'

'We both forgot,' he said, and took her in his arms—those arms in which perhaps she is sleeping to-night in some desert of the Hadramaut.

But I turned away and went down to the street. As I opened the door, de Bruyn, starting up his car, glanced at me with the wry, white smile.

'Morning, St. Peter.'

And then I had a sudden sense of the moment dramatic, of the story told and re-told the many times, in the many ways.

'Poor Judas,' I said.

THE OLD HORSE.

HE pressed his tender muzzle on the ice :
It broke ; the cold, sweet water flowed
Over his swollen tongue—it was delight :
He sucked, he sighed, and felt the bit
Twitch in his mouth.

When he was young
He'd known green fields—and tender grass,
Delight, wild spirits, gentle weather :
But now that dream was fading : he was old.
Through heat, through cold,
He plodded on ; the weight of what he pulled
Fretted a sore,
And growing blind, he stumbled now and then.
A voice, rough and impatient, shouted : he went on,
His old heart thundering. It seemed
Belated mercy when at last,
Troubled and dim of understanding, he fell dead.

OLIVE CLARE PRIMROSE.

JOHNSON'S HATRED OF AMERICA.

BY CHAS. W. HARVEY.

'How is it that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty among the drivers of negroes?' ¹

So we read towards the conclusion of the tract, 'Taxation no Tyranny.' But if we have any imagination and know our Johnson, the question leaps from the cold print, roars down in advance his friend Burke in the House and thunders across the Atlantic, to force the hornets, at home and abroad, to stop their noise.

'Those who bellow as patriots, bluster as soldiers, and domineer as legislators' must be put in their place, made to sink into 'sober merchants and silent planters: ² . . . Those zealots of anarchy!' ³

Hear the venom hiss when he says, 'We are told,'—but we are sure the simile was not devised by the tellers—

'We are told that the Continent of North America contains three millions, not of men merely, but of Whigs, of Whigs fierce for liberty and disdainful of dominion; that they multiply with the fecundity of their own rattle-snakes . . . ' ⁴

Prejudiced? Of course I am prejudiced, he would have said, and does say. And he admits,

'To be prejudiced is always to be weak; yet there are prejudices so near to laudable, that they have been often praised, and are always pardoned. To love their country has been considered as virtue in men, whose love could not be otherwise than blind, because their preference was made without a comparison.' ⁴

Through involuntary birth? Doubtless. But also, incomparable Britishism, because there is no comparison possible, nor can be any, between England and any other country in the world! As the young French-Swiss nobleman, de Saussure, a visitor in England in the time of the first Georges, observes, 'I do not think there is a people more prejudiced in its own favour than the British.' ⁵ Says Johnson, again, of those who encourage American rebellion,

* The references corresponding to the numbers in the text will be found at the end of the article.

'These antipatriotick prejudices are the abortion of folly impregnated by faction . . . produced against the *standing order of nature*.'⁶—that is, against what, to him, amounts to the same thing, the best English standards, English ways, in short, ENGLAND.

Can we condone such blind love and hate in one who is recognised as, perhaps, *the* example of the Christian moralist of his times? That would seem to depend upon the amount of reason behind the prejudice. Johnson was nothing if not big, in body, mind and heart; hence the measure of love he inspires in all who really know him. His heart is always given broadly, for or against. But his mind follows more narrowly, keenly alive to the *pros* and *cons* within the whole round of whatever commands his tremendous attention. Is prejudice, then, the right word? Should it not rather be conviction?

In serious matters it would seem to be the one becoming the other, as do the scientists' hypotheses, gradually, by more and more thorough discrimination; not losing, however, but rather gaining strength in the process. Even his jocose prejudice against anything Scotch yielded somewhat, though reservedly, to Boswell's invariable good humour and the type of men and manners he brought around the great man, especially in their Hebrides tour. As Boswell says,

'Johnson treated Scotland no worse than he did even his best friends, whose characters he used to give as they appeared to him, both in light and shade!' Reynolds corroborates;—'He was fond of discrimination, (of exercising) the acuteness of his judgment!' Note, for example, Johnson's own words to Boswell as to two of his new Scotch acquaintances;—'Sir, these two doctors (Blair and Robertson of Edinboro') are good men, wise men.'⁷

We wonder, would the commendation have been as cordial if they had not, in a long interview with him, 'talked well on *subordination* and government'?⁸

Johnson's dislike of America was wholly of this character. It began with ingrained prejudices, praiseworthy prejudices many of them, as he believed; and we cannot but believe with him. And every year's experience the more convinced him of their justice. But the convictions they developed were not primarily against Americans and their institutions as such, but rather against conditions which, perforce in some cases, the American Colonies embodied; conditions peculiarly, violently obnoxious to him. In

citing these we follow mainly those which that great Johnsonian, Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, takes such pains to enumerate.⁹ The roots of them are all evidenced in the vigorous criticisms already quoted.

I. SLAVERY.

First and foremost, Johnson hated slavery. More than thirty years before the war he urged 'the natural right of the negroes to liberty and independence'¹⁰. In a personal letter of 1766 he says,

'I know not that the world has yet had such an example; ' (of refusing Christian instruction to the ignorant or heathen), 'except in the practice of the planters of America, a race of mortals whom, I suppose, no other man wishes to resemble.'¹¹

In regard to their treatment of the savage people he cites the practice of

'the European nations, and, among others, of the English barbarians that cultivate the southern islands of America. . . . Interest and pride hardens the heart and it is vain to dispute against avarice and power.'¹²

When only forty-seven, twenty years before the war, he describes Jamaica as 'a den of tyrants and a dungeon of slaves.'¹³ So Boswell—an unwilling witness on the question of slavery—quotes him as giving, 'in company with some very grave men at Oxford,' the toast,

'Here's to the next insurrection of the negroes in the West Indies!'¹⁴

He may or may not have been aware that many of his fellow countrymen at home were as bad as those in the Colonies; that the Virginians in the American Congress of '74 complained that it was only

'His Majesty's negative that had interfered with their repeated efforts to stop this infamous practice.'¹⁵

That others shared the guilt in no way lessened its heinousness. The Americans must be subjugated, forced into obedience to the home government, not because they were Americans, but because they were slave-drivers or tolerated slavery. As we see, had the situation arisen, he would have been just as severe on the English of the West Indies, as on those of the mainland, or any others who

profited by slavery of any kind; as, for actual example, on the serf system of Scotland which still existed at that time.¹⁶ It was slavery, not America, Johnson really hated.

II. INSUBORDINATION.

So, too, it was not especially American rebels he hated, but rebellion, insubordination of whatever kind, to any properly constituted authority. The American Whigs were not much if any worse than the Whigs who were stirring up the trouble at home. All were natural successors of 'the first Whig . . . the Devil,' as Johnson said, and Boswell agreed, *because* 'the devil was impatient of subordination.'¹⁷ Is this old Tory prejudice, or urgent conviction of the need for strong central government? 'In sovereignty there are no gradations'; he insists to the insubordinates:

'there may be limited royalty but there can be no limited government. There must in every society be some power or other from which there is no appeal . . . bounded only by physical necessity.'¹⁸ 'It is better that some should be unhappy than that none should be happy, which would be the case in a general state of equality.'¹⁹

Had he been obliged to live under the incompetent officers by whom the Colonial government was being administered, there can be little question as to what would have been the outcome. For in calmer, previous discussion of such a situation, he declared,

'If the abuse be serious, Nature will rise up and overturn a corrupt political system.'²⁰

So when the conflict was all over, in 1782, he is reported as saying to Mr. Seward,

'I am glad the Ministry is removed. Such a bunch of imbecility never disgraced a country. . . . I will not say what they did was always wrong but it was always done at a wrong time.'²¹

But this was ten years after the issue of his pamphlet. Under the sting of the Americans' Declaration, the Americans were

'a race of convicts who ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging.'²²

This, however, really meant that they were at the time the most conspicuous embodiment of insubordination. And insubordination, as an avowed principle, Johnson could not for a moment tolerate.

III. WAR.

Then, too, the Americans and their sympathisers were stirring up war. And next to slavery, perhaps equally as much, Johnson abhorred war. That he might have been among the Jacobite fighters at Culloden, as alluringly suggested some little time since, in the CORNHILL, is hardly more possible on the basis of fact than of principle.

'He had no doubt,' says Boswell, 'an early (inherited) attachment to the House of Stuart; but his zeal had cooled as his reason strengthened . . . I have heard him declare that if holding up his right hand would have secured victory to Prince Charles's army, he was not sure he would have held it up . . . so fearful was he of another revolution.' ²³

And this is reported of him at fifty-four, and shows clearly the trend of thought developed in his *Rambler* and *Idler* articles. It culminated in the fierce criticism of war and bloodshed which we find in his tract on 'Falkland's Islands.' This was issued but four years before the 'Taxation no Tyranny.'

Johnson's anti-jingoism arises, however, from no lack of physical courage. In his personal affairs, up to middle life at least, he by no means eschewed Force. Of this fact there are some delightful and amusing examples. He told Boswell how

'one night, he was attacked in the street by four men, to whom he would not yield, but kept them all at bay till the watch came up and carried both him and them to the round house.' ²⁴

Whether his weapon was his walking cane or an oak stick, such as he promised Foote the actor should he be 'taken off' on the stage, is not stated. It is recorded of this last case, however, that the threat alone 'effectually checked the wantonness of the mimick.' ²⁵ Another instance of his fearless insistence upon justice, even for himself, occurred at his native Lichfield playhouse. He returned to a seat he habitually occupied in the wings, and requested a man who had meanwhile seized it, to give it up. Upon his refusal, Johnson tossed both man and chair into the pit. ²⁶

In his mature discussions of war Johnson certainly attains, if he does not surpass, the moral attitude of disillusion and aversion at which we, to-day, are only just arriving. Many of his statements are as fresh as when they were first written; they are just as applicable to our recent terrible experience as to his, of nearly 200 years ago.

'If public war be allowed to be consistent with morality, private (duelling) must be equally so,' he says, and adds, 'what strained arguments are used to reconcile war with the Christian religion!' ²⁷ 'A red animal,' he calls it, 'that ranges uncontrolled over the country, and devours the labours of trader and husbandman, that carries with it corruption, rapine, pollution and devastation.' ²⁸ . . . 'A fire might as well be thought a good thing; there is the bravery of the firemen; there is much humanity exerted in saving lives and properties. . . . Yet after all this, who can say a fire is a good thing.' He adds a word of personal experience—'I know not whether more is to be dreaded from streets filled with soldiers accustomed to plunder, or from garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie.' ²⁸

All his youthful devotion to knightly romance and his enduring love of the Greek and Roman heroes, did not blind him to the folly of would-be modern imitators.

'The life of the modern soldier,' he says, 'is ill represented by heroic fiction. . . . Of the thousands and ten thousands that perished in our late contests with France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of the enemy; the rest languished in tents and ships . . . pale, torpid, spiritless, helpless . . . among men made obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery . . . where courage is useless and enterprise impracticable; to be at last whelmed in pits or heaved into the ocean.' ²⁹ 'As war is the last of all remedies . . . the extremity of evil,—*cuncta prius tentanda*—all lawful expedients must be used to avoid it. . . . At the conclusion of a ten years' war how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes and the expense of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries. . . . These are the men who rejoice when obstinacy or ambition adds another year to slaughter and devastation; and laugh at bravery and science, while they are adding cipher to cipher, hoping for a new contract from a new armament.' ³⁰

With such views of war, surely the only ones worthy of a Christian moralist, is it any wonder that he should vituperate those who he believes are forcing his country into the conflict? And yet he sees the American as not the most to blame.

'Those who most deserve our resentment are unhappily at a less distance. The Americans had no thought of resistance till they were encouraged and incited by European intelligence from men whom they thought their friends, but were friends only to themselves.' ³¹

His natural kindliness towards his fellow-subjects, moreover, reasserted itself over and above his hatred of the war to which he says they are being incited. He anticipates Kitchener in South Africa—

'I cannot forbear to wish . . . that the rebels may be subdued by terror rather than by violence ; and, therefore, recommend such a force as may take away not only the power but the hope of resistance, and by conquering without a battle, save many from the sword.' ³¹

But such methods were not in the vision, perhaps not in the power of the Ministry of Lord North ; hence Johnson's laconic note of January 20 (N.S.), '82. 'The Ministry is dissolved . . . I prayed with Francis and gave thanks' ; and Dr. Hill's addendum, quoted from an address to the King from the City of London, begging him to remove both his public and private counsellors ;—'Your armies are captured, the wonted superiority of your navies is annihilated, your dominions are lost.' ³²

IV. COLONISATION BY CONQUEST.

Another violent antipathy of which Johnson saw the insubordinate Americans the embodiment and natural fruit, was the cruelty of all European exploration for colonies. However strong his British Toryism, it never went so far as 'my Country right or wrong.' Here, again, prejudice became modified by gradually growing convictions both *pro* and *con*. At fifty, the year of his *Rasselas*, and when his thought had been well matured through the *Rambler*, the *Adventurer* and a year of the *Idler*, he wrote an introduction to some volumes of travel, entitled *The World Displayed*. The unintelligent British Tory might naturally have undertaken mere glorification of Drake, Hawkins and the other great explorers : Johnson strikes rather the note of admonition.

'The Europeans,' he says, 'have scarcely visited any coast, but to gratify avarice, and extend corruption, to arrogate dominion without right, and practise cruelty without incentive. . . . The first propagators of Christianity . . . entered no defenceless territories with swords in their hands . . . nor polluted the purity of religion with the avarice of trade nor insolence of power. . . . The purpose of propagating truth appears never to have been seriously pursued by any European nation. . . . When a fort is built and a factory established, there remains no other care than to grow rich.

It is soon found that ignorance (of the natives) is most easily kept in subjection, and that by enlightening the mind with truth, fraud and usurpation would be made less practicable and less secure.' ³³

This does not mean that Johnson was ignorant of the efforts of the Pilgrims and other early settlers to preach to the Indians. But he was well aware that while the Bible was in one hand, the musket was in the other; and in the invaders' first effort to get foothold in the strange land, and in the later ones to maintain themselves and extend their holdings, the Book was soon abandoned for the weapon. With all the really big man's sympathy for the little under-dog, he puts the Indians' complaints into their own mouths: 'We hoped,' he makes them say,

'We hoped to be secured by their (the Europeans') favour from some other evil or to learn the Arts (of Europe) by which we might be able to secure ourselves. Their Arts they have studiously concealed from us. They have written law derived from Him Who made the earth and sea. How can they preach it (when it) forbids them to do to others what they would not that others should do to them?' ³⁴ His strong endorsement elsewhere of curiosity,— 'one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect' ³⁵ he will not extend to discoverers: 'I do not much wish them well' he says to Boswell, 'for I am always afraid they will end in conquest and robbery.' ³⁶

No wonder, then, that he whose independence or 'pride of character ever made him guard against any appearance of courting the great,' ³⁷ should discount the 'yelps for liberty' from the litters of those whose whole polity he saw as an effort to keep the natives in subjection by the 'insolence of power'; no wonder that he who was ever praying to be guided to knowledge, wisdom, and true learning ³⁸ should despise those whom he saw mainly as the successors of men holding others under the subjection of ignorance. But yet, again, it is the idea which offends his moral sense, rather than those whom he regards, rightly or wrongly, as embodying it. He had strong friendships with individual Americans whom, of course, he recognised as of a stage of civilisation then a full century and a half beyond the first colonisation. But the friendship was of recent growth, the hatred of cruel colonisers a long-established, carefully reasoned conviction. Passing regard must yield to truth and reason, the whole strength of which was re-aroused by the Colonists' appeal to first principles from the 'Congress of Anarchy' which they had 'impudently held.' ³⁹

V. UNCIVILISING.

The same is not true of a deeper, life-long regard in Johnson's heart which probably influenced his attitude to the recalcitrant Americans more than he himself recognised. This was his deeply ingrained love of the Town.

'Is not this very fine?' he says to Boswell in Greenwich Park. 'Yes, Sir,' says Boswell, 'but not equal to Fleet Street.' And Johnson replies, 'You are right, Sir.' ⁴⁰

And one at least of his reasons for this devotion he states naïvely, but, as most later students agree, with a large amount of truth for Johnson's times—

'I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit (the old Mitre Tavern, off Fleet Street), than in all the rest of the Kingdom.' ⁴¹

It was the delight and benefit of the play of mind on mind that so endeared to him first his beloved University, and later the life of London.

'Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes
And pause awhile from learning to be wise.'

This he says in the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' ⁴² and in one of the later *Ramblers*—'The seed of knowledge may be planted in solitude, but it must be cultivated in public' ⁴³; and from his still more mature experience, when the Dictionary was nearing completion,

'To this test'—of free discussion with others—'let every man bring his imagination: Whatever is true will bear to be related, whatever is rational will endure to be explained; (do not) brood in secret over schemes of which the bare mention would expose us to derision and contempt.' ⁴⁴

This is the background of Johnson's remarks to Boswell's old family friend, Lord Monboddo, when they met, for the time being in friendliness, on the Hebrides Tour—

'To a man of mere animal life you can urge no argument against going to America. . . . But a man of any intellectual enjoyment will not easily go and immerse himself and his posterity for ages in barbarism.' ⁴⁵

In his eyes then, America in 1775 was as much of a wilderness as some of the parts of Scotland through which he was travelling at that time; those which prompted him, in his own account of his tour to say,

'A nation scattered resembles rays diverging from a focus. All the rays remain but the heat is gone. Their power consisted in their concentration: when they are dispersed they have no effect.' ⁴⁶

This, then, was the folly which Johnson saw poisoning American Colonial life to the third and fourth generation, the deep rooted evil of which their present insubordination was the natural fruit. Their fathers had, of their own foolish will, gone far away from the ten-mile radius of learning; they had scattered whatever rays of British right-thinking they had inherited and might have improved; they had gone deliberately and immersed themselves and their posterity in barbarism. Men of Science, he said, *should* go far afield to study the free forces of Nature; ordinary men, or those desiring any degree of cultivation from their fellows, must not.*

VI. TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.

The American protests against 'Taxation without Representation' roused all his hatred of that spirit of revolt against his beloved state of English life and learning on which their ancestors had turned their backs.

'The Colonists are the descendants of men who either had no vote in elections or who voluntarily resigned them for something, in their opinion, of more estimation. . . . The Americans have voluntarily resigned the power of voting to live in distant and separate governments, and what they have voluntarily quitted, they have no right to claim.' ⁴⁷

The point urged is irrefutable. Not only of the early seventeenth century, when the Pilgrims left their Mother Country, but then, at the end of the eighteenth, it was true, as he says,

'Of individuals far the greater part have no vote. . . . Many populous and opulent towns neither enjoy nor desire particular representatives' (he cites Birmingham); 'they are included in the

* 'It is vain to send our travelling physicians to France, Italy and Germany, for all that is known there, is known here. I'd send them out of Christendom. I'd send them among barbarous nations.' IV, 338-9.

general scheme of public administration and cannot suffer but with the rest of the empire.' ⁴⁸

The Colonist, he shows, is in exactly the same status.

'He, perhaps, had a right to vote for a knight or a burgess. . . . By his own choice he has left a Country where he had a vote and little property, for another where he has great property and no vote. . . . But as this preference was deliberate and unconstrained, he is still concerned *in the government of himself*; he has reduced himself to one of the innumerable multitude who have no vote . . . he is still governed by his own consent; because he has consented to throw his atom of interest into the general mass of the community; he has chosen, or intended to choose, the greater good: he is represented, as he himself desired, in the general representation.' ⁴⁹

As matters then stood the argument is just, in no way forced, and based on the actual condition. The Americans had no more right than other Englishmen to cry out against 'Taxation without Representation.' Johnson proves afresh his invariable devotion to truth, in fact and reasoning, unswerved by any political or selfish consideration. It was true, as he naïvely confessed,

'Our nation is represented in Parliament by an assembly . . . chosen by persons so differently qualified in different places, that the mode of choice seems to be, for the most part, formed by chance and settled by custom.' ⁴⁹

And, alas, for England and her American Colonies, to chance and custom it was left until the time of the Reform Laws sixty years later.

Some have charged that, in the pamphlet, independent Johnson was toadying to the Administration, the incompetence of which we have seen, he confessed. No charge could be more unjust. Unpersuaded and unrequested, he would have written it on his own initiative, because, as Dr. Hill says,⁵⁰ and we have tried to prove, it was true of the times, and expressed his own hearty convictions. In this one respect he happened to be in full accord with the Government. It was not, therefore, by way of pay, but solely as a dignified expression of thanks, that Lord North requested the Doctorate for him from his University, which it was only too glad to grant and he to accept.

But, again, we must maintain that it was the spirit of revolt against the then established system of representation which Johnson

truly hated, rather than the revolvers; it was the background of callous repudiation of their English heritage, rather than the generation of actual persons who repudiated it.

VII. CONTACT WITH AMERICA.

Had the '*impudent Congress*' not been held, and so the cataclysm not been precipitated, Johnson's real largeness of spirit would, doubtless, have continued and improved the contacts and friendships with America and Americans which he had already established. The seven devils he saw in possession of the Colonists, made him forget or deliberately repudiate his former good opinion of them. Among his reviews in the *Literary Magazine*—which he engaged to superintend and to which he so largely contributed,⁵¹ filling in the gap between the *Rambler* and the *Idler*, that is to say, in his mature middle life—occurs one upon *Evans's Map and Account of the Middle Colonies in America*. In this he prophesies benignly on the basis of some of his most established convictions—

'As power is the unavoidable consequence of learning, there is no reason to doubt that the time is approaching when the Americans should in their turn have some influence on the affairs of mankind, for literature apparently gains ground among them. A library is established in Carolina and some great electrical discoveries were made in Philadelphia.'⁵²

One cannot help regretting that Johnson never actually met Franklin, in spite of the many mutual friends who might so easily have brought them together. Boswell tells Temple how he is 'the great man now,' because he had to dinner, within the same week, both Franklin and Johnson, as well as Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia and—two of Johnson's special antipathies—David Hume and Sir John Pringle of the Royal Society. Then there was Wilcox, the bookseller of Little Britain, who lived next door to Franklin and was cordially acquainted with him. This Wilcox was the man who advised Johnson, when fresh to London, to try a porter's knot instead of literature for a living; who later loaned him and Garrick five pounds when they were at the end of their resources, and later still became, as Johnson says, 'one of my best friends.'⁵³ Bishop Shipley of St. Asaph was a personal friend of both Johnson and Franklin and a member of the Literary Club.⁵⁴ Whitfield, the Pembroke College servitor, who seems to have missed by only a

year being one of the very ones whom Johnson, with other Commoners and Gentlemen Commoners, made the objects of their 'nightly hunts,' ⁵⁵ once emptied Franklin's pockets, first of coppers, then of silver and at last of gold by the power of his eloquence. ⁵⁶ And Strahan, later the King's printer and member of Parliament, Johnson's devoted backer, publisher and friend, maintained a life-long friendship with the 'great printer of Philadelphia' which even the American Revolution only briefly, though savagely interrupted. ⁵⁷

An amusing incident, that brought Johnson nearer to some of his late 'fellow-subjects across the sea,' occurred in the last year of his life. He came up from Oxford in the coach with two ladies, a Mrs. Beresford and her daughter, with whom he talked most affably, and almost too freely for Boswell's sensibilities. He kept their nationality a secret. It is a question, however, whether the Revolution would have affected Johnson's apparent pleasure in their company, for his censorious pamphlet and its futility had both faded into the past.

There remain to be noted only two evidences of Johnson's interest in America which seem to indicate to what it might have grown had not the political cloud for the time obscured his view. Copies of two letters to American friends were sent to Boswell—he says, 'while a former edition of my work was passing through the press,' the originals being considered by the possessors 'of such inestimable value that no possible consideration would induce them to part with them.' Both are of March '71, that is, four years before the issue of 'Taxation no Tyranny.' In one Johnson says,

'You are not mistaken in supposing I set a high value on my American friends, and that you should confer a very valuable favour upon me by giving me an opportunity of keeping myself in their memory.'

The other is to Bishop White, who may be regarded as the founder of the Anglican Church in America. 'During his first visit to England in 1771, as a candidate for Holy Orders,' Boswell reminds us, 'he was several times in company with Dr. Johnson, who expressed a wish to see the edition of his *Rasselas* which Dr. White told him had been printed in America.' The letter is in acknowledgment of the copy sent him later by Dr. White. It is that of one sincere friend to another. He says,

'*Rasselas* is translated into Italian, French, German and Dutch. It has now one honour more by an American edition.'

He tells Dr. White all the literary gossip of the hour—

'Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy in rehearsal at Covent Garden (She Stoops to Conquer), to which the manager predicts ill success. I hope he will be mistaken.' ('The Play met with the greatest success,' Dr. Hill truly reminds us.) 'I shall soon print a new edition of my large Dictionary. . . . I take the liberty which you give me of troubling you with a letter of which you will please to fill up the direction. . . .

I am Sir, your most humble servant,
SAM JOHNSON.' 58

REFERENCES.

The references, where not otherwise specified, are to Birkbeck Hills' *Boswell*. The edition of Johnson's *Works* referred to is Murphy's, of 1792.

- | | |
|---|---|
| ¹ Taxation no Tyranny, <i>Wks.</i> , VIII, | ²⁹ <i>Wks.</i> , VI, 199. |
| ²⁰⁴ <i>Ib.</i> , 203. | ³⁰ Falk. Islands, <i>Wks.</i> , VIII, 121-3. |
| ³ <i>Ib.</i> , 156. | ³¹ Taxation no Tyranny, <i>Wks.</i> , |
| ⁴ <i>Ib.</i> , 157-8. | VIII, 201 <i>sq.</i> |
| ⁵ <i>A Foreign View of England in</i> | ³² IV, 161, n. 4. |
| <i>the Reigns of George I and II</i> , César de | ³³ World Displayed, <i>Wks.</i> , II, |
| Saussure. Tr. Madame Van Muiden. | 218-22. |
| Murray, 1902. | ³⁴ <i>Idler</i> , No. 81. |
| ⁶ <i>Wks.</i> , VIII, 158. | ³⁵ <i>Rambler</i> , No. 103. |
| ⁷ II, 350. | ³⁶ I, 455. |
| ⁸ V, 453. | ³⁷ V, 353. |
| ⁹ II, App. B. | ³⁸ P. & M., 56, 116, etc. |
| ¹⁰ <i>Wks.</i> , VI, 313. | ³⁹ Taxation no Tyranny, p. 179. |
| ¹¹ II, 31. | ⁴⁰ I, 533. |
| ¹² <i>Wks.</i> , V, 218. | ⁴¹ II, 86. |
| ¹³ <i>Wks.</i> , VI, 313. | ⁴² <i>Wks.</i> , I, 20. |
| ¹⁴ II, 228. | ⁴³ <i>Rambler</i> , No. 168. |
| ¹⁵ II, App. B., p. 551. | ⁴⁴ <i>Ado.</i> , No. 69. |
| ¹⁶ III, 229, n. 1. | ⁴⁵ V, 88. |
| ¹⁷ III, 371. | ⁴⁶ <i>Wks.</i> , VIII, 373-4. |
| ¹⁸ Taxation no Tyranny, <i>Wks.</i> , | ⁴⁷ Taxation no Tyranny, <i>Wks.</i> , |
| VIII, 168. | VIII., 178, 183. |
| ¹⁹ III, 204. | ⁴⁸ <i>Ib.</i> , 131. |
| ²⁰ I, 491. | ⁴⁹ <i>Ib.</i> , 176, <i>sq.</i> |
| ²¹ IV, 162. | ⁵⁰ I, 432. |
| ²² II, 357. | ⁵¹ I, 355. |
| ²³ I, 497 <i>sq.</i> | ⁵² I, 358, n. 1. |
| ²⁴ II, 342. | ⁵³ I, 118, n. 4. |
| ²⁵ <i>Ib.</i> | ⁵⁴ IV, 284 n. 4, 102, n. 1. |
| ²⁶ <i>Ib.</i> | ⁵⁵ I, 85, n. 3. |
| ²⁷ II, 260. | ⁵⁶ II, 91, n. 2. |
| ²⁸ <i>Idler</i> , Nos. 21, 30. | ⁵⁷ III, 414, n. 1. |
| | ⁵⁸ II, 237-43. |

THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL.

BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

THACKERAY rebuked a young man complaining of 'a bad dinner'—Thackeray was fond of rebuking young men—'No dinner is bad, but some dinners are less good than others.'

So, surely, we may say of gardens, that all are beautiful, though some less beautiful than others. I will dare say further that the garden perfect in beauty—so near perfection, that is, as it is humanly possible to bring it here on earth—has not been seen. I will say that, and I shall be contradicted.

I shall be contradicted because here and there are gardeners, happy gardeners, who believe that they have made, of the plot over which Providence has set them, its best and most beautiful. And I may grant them their happy faith so far as goes the beauty of flowers and of all green things growing.

But then there is another beauty possible of a garden, nowhere, that I know, quite appreciated: the beauty of gem-like things flying—butterflies and their kin—'insects.'

And the attitude of the gardener, the common or garden gardener, towards an insect, is that of the gamekeeper of a passing generation of ignorance who would shoot and nail to his barn door owls and kestrels. Insects, to the gardener of like type, are vermin, all and sundry—worthy only of 'swatting,' like a house-fly.

But I am asking no sacrifice of floral richness for sake of these flying—butterflying—jewels. We have to win them, to attract them, by the lure of the flowers they love, but, so luring them, we are doing the flowers no wrong. All their beauty is still ours; and blooms that the butterflies best love are very high in our appreciation too. Best of all for bringing the loveliest and brightest flying things that our climate allows us is the *Buddleia*—*Buddleia Variabilis*, of the purple racemes; not *Globosa*, of the golden spheres.

Most numerous of all will come some of the Whites, no doubt; and they are lovely in their perpetual fluttering dance and their bridal candour. But they are eclipsed by gaudier rivals. The gorgeously and variously decked people of the *Vanessa* family will be there, and no other British kind can vie with them in splendour.

There will be Peacocks—not, maybe, with a thousand eyes, but with one most perfect and richly hued eye on each forward and one on each hinder wing, and every eye set in the finest blend imaginable of deep warm glowing tones. There will come the Red Admiral, brave in glossy black and scarlet. We cannot ensure a Painted Lady—her very name suggests caprice. In one year she will be with us quite numerously, and then for three or four years hardly give us grace of her presence at all. The Clouded Yellow alone is a more chancy visitor.

But should it be 'a Painted Lady year' she will be there, rarely beautiful and worthy a more honest title. Quite surely there will come Tortoise-shells—admirable creatures, admirably named, though of hues richer than the highest polish can bring on the tortoise's own carapace. The Large Tortoise-shell we are not so likely to see, for he is a scarce insect, but the Small Tortoise-shell is no less gloriously emblazoned, and but very little smaller after all.

And there will be Fritillaries, with a mottled veil of delicate lacing over a bright chestnut ground, above, and a silver studding on the underwings that is yet daintier. Among the gay crowd will go Meadow Browns, carrying themselves with no sense at all of being dressed not up to the occasion; and now and then, but only for a passing visit, a Blue—Holly Blue or Common Blue—a flying turquoise, a very tiny guest among all these great people, but no less gloriously plumed than the most radiant. Or a Small Copper will be on the move so fast that we have but just time to note the metallic brilliance of his array. And in and out and amongst them will be coming and going wild bees and hive bees and others of their kin, all after the sweets which these delectable flowers hold in their cups.

Thus, for their attraction of these lovely guests, as well as for their own personal charm, I would say have in your garden *Buddleia Variabilis* and have it numerously. Nor let yourself be put off with the objection that the *Buddleia* is 'delicate' or 'half-hardy' or other of those grudging epithets by which some of the gardening books do its constitution poor justice. Delicacy and hardihood are relative terms, but this *Buddleia*, surnamed the Variable, endures shrewd tests. I say nothing of the mild Scottish West Coast, nor of exceptional Firths like that of Dornoch, into which the Gulf Stream curls round its warmly caressing tail and where Dunrobin opens its beauties southward and sunward. But

it can and does flourish in East Coast gardens of the Kingdom of Fife and will 'do' in Edinburgh itself. Surely such endurance of 'Caledonia stern and wild' may convince Scotland's 'auld enemye of England' that she need not be afraid of the Buddleia in any reasonably sheltered site.

But then our gardener—of the common or garden kind again—may tell us objectingly that the butterflies are not always the glorious things that we see in flight. He will tell us that it is 'the grub that makes the butterfly,' and that if we encourage the butterfly we bring upon ourselves and our garden the 'caterpillar innumerable' to devour all and sundry of our green things. This entomologist has just that modicum of learning which is dangerous, for had he learnt a little more he would know that to devour 'all and sundry' is just what caterpillars of the lepidoptera do not. They are meticulously selective, and it so happens that the chief food of most of the *Vanessæ* is a plant which we do not admire or cultivate in our gardens, the common stinging nettle. We need not fear their attacking the floral things we cherish.

In a certain garden that I love are set, in rich harmony with the Buddleias, but of a deeper bluish purple, clumps of the Globe-thistle (*Eryngium*). Observing now the visitors that come to the one kind and the other, I see that while the Buddleia is honoured by the lepidoptera (the butterflies) and by bees and their kin (the hymenoptera) alike, it is the latter only that give attention to the thistle. To the human eye indeed the thistle looks most unpromising of honey and sweetness, but the inherited experience of the bee tells him better. It is sure that it is honey the bees are after when they go diving down between the prickles of the thistle's bloom, because when they come up again I do not see their thighs pollen-laden; so they must be honey-seeking.

But why do not butterflies seek honey from the same pots? I do not know. Only I know that the apparatus of the two kinds for sipping is different: the butterfly plunges in a long tongue, the bee burrows down bodily to his honey-pot and gets his very jaws to work on it.

And this closer tackling with the teeth lets the bee into another honey-pot that is closed to the butterfly—the store of the Snapdragon (*Antirrhinum*, as the learned call it). I do not see any butterfly attempt the treasures which this dragon guards. The butterfly comes, he finds the front door closed, and he goes again; but the bee veritably breaks in and steals. He dares the great

adventure. With his burly body he forces his way in through the doorway—between the very jaws. No matter that they snap to again on his entry, he is there in the heart of sweetness. It must be a dark chamber, with all the aspect of a prison: that does not trouble him. He stays but a second or two, enough to lick clean the cup, and so forth again, forcing the door for exit just as when he came in. The poor robbed dragon snaps close once more—an industrious dragon, for he sets to work refilling his chalice with his honey-sweet dragon's blood, only to invite more assault by other burly burglars of the same tribe as before. But it is a providentially planned burglary, essential for the very existence of the dragon's own brood, if he could but recognise it. These bees are doing their 'day's good deed,' without conscious credit for their virtue, in carrying the pollen from the one plant to another so that the kin of the dragon may increase. For the bee will rarely go to more than one kind of flower at any one flight—as indeed was known so long ago as the days of Aristotle and of those Greeks who seem to have known everything, even that the octopus after his honeymoon was rightly to be shown in their sculptures with no more than seven limbs—a marvel to men for many later ages, until the forgotten truth of the matter was rediscovered.

Another most delightful lepidopter that I see about the garden at the time that the Buddleia is abloom is the Humming Bird Hawk-moth; a moth, but a day-flier. And he is perfectly named, for his way of feeding is precisely that of the humming birds: he poises himself motionless, with wings so swiftly going that I can scarcely see them, before the flower's cup, plunges his long tongue deeply in to suck the sweets, then darts away so quickly that I actually do lose all sight of him till I may, by luck, catch him again poising, as before, at another cup. But if, as happens in the season, there are Phloxes abloom, he will not be diverted from them for all the sweets and riches of the Buddleia. He loves Phlox honey, as it seems to me, above all. I do not know of an artifice by which you may attract this Hummer—literally he vibrates the air into a hum, quite audible by a human ear, with the swift beat of his wings—to visit you, as you may attract the Vanessæ. Them you may lure with a Buddleia feast when they are butterflies and with a nettle bed—outside the garden's bounds if you please—for their caterpillars. The Hawk-moth you have to accept thankfully as a gift of the gods.

But there is another, a very different insect but no less splendid

and admirable, for which you may do the work of special providence if your garden have a lily pond or any like, no matter how small, piece of water—the dragon-fly in his many varieties.

For you may have him from a slender-bodied azure-blue thing, scarcely stouter than a darning needle, to a person of robust figure and immense span of wing; but nearly all are of brilliant hue and of speed of flight too high for the eye that tries to follow it. Like the Hawk-moth they seem less to move than to vanish and reappear. And the clapping of their wings is louder, size for size, than a wood pigeon's as he beats his stormy way out of the trees.

Your Buddleias will be no feast for the dragon-flies, for they are not vegetarians. Your gardener may not believe you saying so, but you may safely tell him that, even in their grub state, the larval form, they will not bite him a leaf out of his flora. They are carnivorous, purely.

You may be put to some little trouble for their collection, but it will be amusing labour—good hunting. Take note, in your country walks, of some piece of water over which the dragon-flies dart and stop with an arrest of swift flight so abrupt that it dazzles the eye; and go dredging, at a little earlier date in the following year, in the mud or gravel on the floor of that water. There you will be most unlucky if you do not find many larvæ of your dragon-flies. Dredge them up with a fine-meshed net fitted on a stout frame which will stand some forcing through the mud. Transfer the larvæ into a wide-mouthed bottle or can which you will have had the foresight to take with you for the purpose; and so home. Then you have but to turn them into your lily pond and they will do the rest. They will live and grow there and in due season will come forth, full-winged and gorgeous dragon-flies, to add to your garden's joy. They are more than beautiful for they are actively beneficent, these fierce carnivorous things. They will not bite or sting you, but they will prey hungrily, both as aquatic larvæ and as aerial dragons, on insects less than themselves and noxious to man. The grubs of the gnat and mosquito are their food in the water, and no fly or larva is safe from them when they get their wings. But, once again, be forewarned: always your experiments will have an enemy in the gardener-to-his-trade. He belongs to a race of men whose creed is simple—all insects are vermin and all vermin are to be destroyed. No matter their grace, their brightness, their innocence, all lie under the ban. And waste not your

time arguing or disproving to him. Faith may move mountains, but mountains of evidence will not move his faith.

In a garden that was for a while mine by lease, the leaves of many of the border plants were punctuated with circular excisions about the size of a little finger-nail. Who were the excise-men? I did not know. But the gardener did—'Them rabbits!' A rabbit or two had made its way in and was proving 'a sair saint' for the stocks and other flowers. Yet I misdoubted the rabbit as the criminal of these circular excisions.

But the gardener was not a doubting man. He knew. And therefore he set up danger signals, or scarers, in the shape of most unsightly bits of newspaper stuck into the clefts of wooden pegs which he drove here and there into the ground along the border. That would scare 'them rabbits' away, he knew.

Next day, while I shaved, I saw from my bedroom window a rabbit examining one of these scarers with a thoughtful interest, for all the world as though he were reading the morning news.

But when I went down the garden path a little later I saw quite another creature at the paper—a wasp, and he was not reading. He was biting out exactly such circular excisions as were cut from many of the leaves round about him. Then I began to wasp-hunt on the leaves also, and, knowing what to look for, found them. Foliage and newspaper alike they were cutting out, doubtless to chew up into papier maché for the walls of their house and cells.

So I called the gardener and he came and he saw, and for a while he seemed to disbelieve what his eyes showed him. At length he was obliged to be convinced:—

'Yes,' he said, 'it be them wasps. Well, I never knowed wasps do such a thing as that before! *It must have been them rabbits learned them!*'

SUNK LIMBO.

BY DOUGLAS G. BROWNE.

PART ONE.

THE MAN WHO KEPT CATS.

I.

It is a far cry back to the days when I used to shudder at the name of Black Annis, who devoured folk near my own home in Leicestershire; but sitting there in the inn at Morpeth, listening to my host's tales of local bogies, I could recall some of those old fearful and yet delicious tremors. At the same time, I was put to it to keep back a smile, for despite the fellow's pretence of being above such superstitions, it was plain enough that they had a hold on him. After awhile, indeed, when he was telling me of a creature called Black Nidd, a water devil disguised as a gigantic salmon who lived in the River Coquet and raided the neighbourhood for human victims, I was amused to find him speaking of this daemon and its depredations in the present tense.

'What, is he still busy?' said I, keeping a grave face.

'That he be, sir,' the innkeeper replied; adding, with a shame-faced grin—'Or so they say. There's been mair folk nor ordinar missing of late, if a' ye hear's not lees; and mebbe he swallowed 'em.' And he laughed, but I thought without sincerity. 'Sims ye like auld ruins and such, Captain Rennison,' he added. 'Ye should gang to Warkworth, and see the casstle. Yon ye'll find a lad they ca' Daft Rory, wha'll tell ye a' about Black Nidd. The casstle's no mair nor a shell, as ye'll ken, and the lad dwalls i' the doongoons. Yon ye'll find him maist days, him and his cats. He's nigh a dozen o' them. Go set! ye nivver saw the like o' the black tam he ca's Bel! It's as big as a tiger, and mair fierce. The bairns, when they play aboot the casstle, fend well awa' fra' the tower-hoose, and there's nivver a durg for miles roond but rins for its hide's sake when it spies Bel. Ane o' the tales ye hear is Rory's larning it to fight Black Nidd. But he's a gude lad, and no fule for a daftie.'

'And has he seen this creature, then?' I asked.

'Aye, that he has,' the fellow told me, but with his usual qualification—'Or so he says. Sims he'd gang poaching sawmon oop nigh the Divvil's Pools—they're by Yaxholm Priory, ye ken, sir, in Mr. Barony's lands, and they say Black Nidd mak's his hame i' the deepest o' them, that has nivver a bottom to't, but raxes doon to Hell's fire. It's fell deep, onyways. And Rory swears he saw him there, a graët black divvil as tall as a hoose—Folks laffed at him; but they don't laff now, by Gox! Nane cared when it was vagabond beggars and the like that went astray; but then Tam Whillis was lost—walked oot o' his hame i' Amble, and was nivver seen again; and a twal'month past there was a tarrible catterbatter. There was an Egyptian, a Faa he was, fra' Yetholm, a kenn'd man and a sort o' chief amang they heathens. Oh, a'body kenn'd Michael Faa. Ane day he was here, i' the toon, hawking his cutties—he was a horner—and the morn he was nane kenn'd whaur. Sims he clean vanished, like a puff o' smoke. True it was, sir, for we had a' his tribe seeking him, as wild a crew o' haggards as ye ivver saw. And after yon,' the man ended, with his shamefaced grin, 'there's many'll lay that what Rory says he's spied, he *has* spied, bogles or no.'

II.

At this time I was making my headquarters in Capheaton, on the high moors above the Wansbeck. My little command of one subaltern and sixteen men, with its *impedimenta* of bell tents and pack mules and measuring appliances, including a three-foot theodolite, one of Ramsden's own, formed the vanguard, the very apex, of that great trigonometrical survey which, for a quarter of a century, had been creeping northward over England, mapping it out county by county. But the shadow of suspension now hung over our work; and I was looking forward to the day when the demands of Lord Wellington would end it, and fetch us all to the Peninsula—which happy consummation was brought about within the year.

Morpeth, on the Great North Road, might be entitled our base of operations; and having occasion to proceed there again, a week after my talk with the innkeeper, I determined to grant myself a few hours' leave of absence and ride onward to Warkworth. Being somewhat of a student of military architecture,

it was the famous castle that drew me. Demonology was not much in my mind on that fine April day ; and if I remembered the tale of Black Nidd, it was only to smile at it.

The road from the south winds into Warkworth under the castle walls. By three o'clock I was tying up my horse in the shadow of these noble ramparts, which range high above the village street—the great gate-house, the crumbling Amble Tower, the tower they call the Grey Mare's Tail, with its long cross-loops for the arbalastiers, and, poised over all, the most beautiful and intricate keep, I suppose, that ever man built. I made my way along the ditch that once protected the south curtain, and so up a muddy track through a thicket of brambles to the gate-house itself. Briars and nettles grew everywhere, but there was no other barrier to debar me ; no one, it seemed, cared who came prying among the ruins, and not even the village children were at play there. I passed unchallenged beneath the formidable vault of the great gate, where long ago had ridden men in mail and ladies in ermine, William the Lion a captive, and Hotspur in his pride. These were dust ; and to this drear desolation had those great years declined.

Across the castle garth, a wide space littered over with the wreckage of domestic buildings smothered in nettle-beds and weeds, where the pink flower called Honesty bloomed early in cool corners, and primroses were massed above the dome of a subterranean vault—through this obliteration I picked my way in the sunlight towards the great keep. That incomparable prism of yellow stone, its twenty facets latticed in the upper storeys by oriels and mullioned arches, and adorned by defaced escutcheons of lions and lozenges and lucres, appeared, to the eye, beside the surrounding scene of ruin, scarcely impaired. But the upper storeys are a shell, and roofless, and their windows framed panels of blue sky. On the mutilated stair was sunning itself a large tabby cat, which fled into the building as I drew near. This animal brought Rory to my mind ; and when I had mounted to the dark entry, set in the side of one of the chamfered turrets that project, like buttresses, from the four main faces of the tower-house, I halted there in a little lobby to give the man a hail.

On my left a wide archway led into a blackness like the Pit. Out of this murk sounded far off a pad of feet ; and then a voice, reverberating hollowly, cried out, 'Wha's yon ? Eh, a red-coat, is it ? And an officer ?—Coom awa' in, sir !' A tall figure loomed

in the arch, my hand was grasped, and I was guided firmly into the darkness.

We were, in fact, in the basement of the keep, a vast, empty place of shadows, where, as I followed my dim guide, I caught glimpses from narrow entries of yet blacker tunnels, and saw gleaming far down them slits of light which emitted authentic stellar rays, deepening the eternal night within. The air in these caverns had the chill of ice; their flags rang under foot like iron, their lofty vaulting was invisible; and to think of the immense pile of masonry that rested on those arches like a mountain was to feel a sense of physical oppression. At this time I understood nothing of the construction of the place, which is a marvel of intricacy throughout, and to my fancy the basement seemed to ramify like the catacombs of Rome. In fact, I suppose within half a minute we had rounded a corner and entered one of the smaller cellars where a brazier glowed red beneath the window-slit, a lamp burned on a table, and there were other rude signs of domestication. Rory released my hand and pulled forward a chair.

‘Sit ye doon, sir,’ said he.

This seemed an odd way to begin an exploration of the castle; but I felt already an interest in the man, and was willing that he should conduct the proceedings in his own fashion. He was not the rough sort of hermit I had looked for, but a well-spoken young fellow—as I judged, of near my own age; and when he pulled up a stool for himself the lantern-light fell on a long, melancholy face, clean-shaven and pallid, a drooping nose, and very dark eyes, almost black. He wore a sort of bonnet, and a neat homespun dress. As he warmed up in talk his eyes glittered, and he was plainly excitable, of the brooding fanatic type that flashes into violent paroxysms of anger or despair; but although they called him daft, I was inclined to put him down for nothing worse than an eccentric, and with better wits than most.

His singular choice of a dwelling was explained at once, and enlisted my sympathy. The man was in love with his castle, and had appointed himself its warder and cicerone. My first questions brought down upon me a discourse on its annals which the odd fellow had got by rote. Yet he talked well, and was a genuine enthusiast; what was more, he could read, and quoted at me from books I had not so much as heard of. Looking about me, I presently made out quite a rank of volumes on a shelf.

But for the rest, the appointments of the cellar were Spartan—in the shadowy skirts, beyond the ring of lantern-light, I could discern nothing more than a rough pallet and a chest or two, and the cold stone floor, scrubbed till it shone, was bare. And then, in a corner, startling me not a little, I made out what appeared to be a crude human effigy of gigantic proportions; a dim, ebon shape at least eight feet tall, crowned by a sort of high black helmet, or mitre. What it represented I could not imagine, nor discover whether it were of wood or stone. The horrid thing blended with the gloom, but was sufficiently disconcerting; and my eyes kept slewing round towards it to assure themselves that it had not moved. Nor was this all; low down in the darkest extremity of the vault, where the brazier and the lofty window-slit shone red and silver in a blackness like pitch, a whole galaxy of golden eyes hung watching me unwinkingly. For a moment I had forgotten Rory's cats. When I remembered them, I smiled; and presently broke in upon his discourse to inquire after the celebrated Bel.

Without turning his head, he called the animal by name. There came from the murk a little mewing cry; and then I ceased to smile, and instead stared with all my eyes. For what now stepped silently forth, taking shape in the dusky aureole of the lantern-flame like a shadow come to life, was the most monstrous black cat I have ever seen. As big as a young panther, I will swear it stood six hands from the floor. A long coat added to its bulk, and it waved erect an immense feathery tail like a plume of soot; it was glossy sable all over; and its great yellow eyes shone as bright as lamps. Having circled round us, and given me a hostile glare, it squatted on its haunches beside its master, its head rising above his knee, and looked up into his face.

I exclaimed at this prodigy, and Rory gave it something like a smile. 'Aye, he's a big yin,' said he, 'and a tarrible Bashaw. Yon are his wives and weans, and he rules them wi' a rod o' iron. Gude Bel!' And the great beast, drawing back its lips and showing a most formidable set of teeth, uttered a queer, grating snarl—'prat, prat,'—and waved slowly the tip of its enormous tail.

I thought of Agrippa and his black dog, *perdita bestia*, and understood why the children of Warkworth did not play near the tower-house. But my introduction to Bel reminding me of the story of the daemon, I seized the moment, before the eccentric resumed his repertory, to invoke the name of Black Nidd.

It was a rash invocation. Instantly, over the sallow, melancholy face of the young man a strange blankness fell, like the closing of a shutter. It became vacant of all expression. Only his dark eyes, narrowed to slits, fixed me with a scrutiny at once cunning and hostile. He did not speak, although his mouth hung a little open; and I felt a shock of disillusion, for this dull, slit-eyed creature, with his slack lip, was quite another Rory—the authentic ‘daftie’ of the innkeeper’s tale, and such a metamorphosis of the clever, garrulous fellow of a minute past as was scarce believable.

I felt constrained to proffer some apology, instancing the source of my own scanty knowledge of this dark matter. There was a brief, uneasy silence, while Rory’s face remained set like a stupid mask of wood, save for the lidded, glittering gaze which held my own; and then the mask relaxed—or rather stiffened from vacuity into something like the intelligent countenance it had been; and he brought down his clenched fist with a thud upon his knee. Bel, laying back his ears, turned his baleful yellow glare on me, and let out a grating snarl.

‘By crack!’ Rory cried explosively. ‘Yon blethering fule i’ Morpeth? It’s little *he* kens o’ the ald ghaistly Things that be about us, leeing in waët to fa’ upon us, as Apollyon cam’ on Christian i’ the Vale o’ Humeeliation. D’ye mind what the buke says? Hideous to behauld, wi’ scales like a fish, and wings like a draygon— There were nivver truer words. Yon’s Apollyon! I tell ye!—I that ha’ seen him! I, Mr. Feeble-Minded, as they ca’ me. But I’ll bring him doon. A year and mair I’ve waëtèd and spied, creeping oot by night. Ye ken he has his certain seasons, like the Beast wi’ ten horns that devoured the children o’ men. I ken his seasons, and ane o’ them will be his last; and sune; his time’s nigh. I and Bel will bring him doon, and cast him into yon pit o’ Hell he cam’ fra’. Eh, Bel? Winnot we, my hairy?’

Still with his burning eyes on mine, he ruffled the cat’s neck, and the creature gave a little mew, and rose to its prodigious height, its back arched, its bushy tail erect. For my part, I listened to this rigmarole aghast. I had thought the fellow sane, and here was moon-struck madness. Nor had he finished my discomfiture; for now he suddenly pointed to the black effigy that stood in the shadows against the cellar wall.

‘D’ye see yon?’ said he. ‘Luke, now!’ And then to the

cat, in a hissing undertone: '*The Beast, Bel! The Beast! Eat him, Bel! Tear him! Gude Bel!*'—

The huge animal flattened its ears, and snarled, and crouched again. In three great bounds it was across the floor. It leapt snarling like a tiger at the black shape; its teeth were at the thing's throat, its forepaws on the shoulders, and I could hear the powerful hind-claws kicking and tearing ferociously, as if they would rip the entrails out of their dummy foe, which was rocking under the assault. In a second both were down, a confused, dim mass on the flags, the cat still clinging and worrying and clawing, and all the while growling in a furious guttural bass as deep as a dog's. The effigy toppled and fell like a thing of no weight, and it was, in fact, as I discovered after, made very roughly of canvas stuffed with straw and smeared over with pitch—the crudest simulacrum of the human form. The tall cylindrical hat was off, and rolling towards us, a mere shell of blackened pasteboard. I glanced at Rory. Stooping forward, he watched the crazy battle with the keenest delight, his eyes like embers, his lips agrin, his fingers extending and retracting with their itch to be at the throttle of his living enemy. For that such there was, and this enemy a man, I could no longer doubt; nor could I repress a shudder as I looked again from the madman to the dummy and the ferocious cat; for there, in that dark vault, by the light of a lantern and a brazier, with those other feline eyes ablaze in the blackness, this rehearsal was as grim and eerie as a nightmare.

Suddenly Rory let out a great gust of breath. He glanced at me; and something of disgust and repulsion in my face, I dare say, brought him to his senses. He clapped his hands, and called off his familiar.

'Let be, Bel! He's deid! Deid, lad! Gude Bel!—Awa' wi' ye. To your hame, Bel!'

The great cat reluctantly loosed its grip. Snarling still, it slanted its lambent eyes towards its master. He clapped again, peremptorily; and Bel leapt to the floor and stalked slowly away, chattering rebelliously, into the shadows where the admiring members of his seraglio awaited their lord's victorious return.

Rory sat upright, and faced me. He was breathing a little hard, and I saw the beads of sweat starting on his brow; but I saw also, with no small relief, that his frenzy had left him, and the evil, sly glare of dementia with it. But when he went on to speak, although in a sober strain, it was still of marvels.

'I should seek your pardon, sir,' he said, with humility. 'Times these fits tak' me, and I canna stay them. There's a power wrestles in me. Some ca' it a divvil, as they ca' me a daftie. But there's a waur divvil I ken of, as I've tald ye, and it's laid on me to bring him doon. He gangs by many names, for his name is Legion; Black Nidd is but ane o' them. But the name he gangs by in this warld we dinna speak. The Beast, we ca' him—Bel and me.'

This was in the true tradition of the ancients. Hellas had its capricious and vengeful deities that were alluded to only by precautionary euphemisms. And I am told that in these northern parts 'The Beast' is still the vulgar appellation for any animal in local disrepute as a bringer of ill luck.

In the meantime, rather to my surprise, Rory had taken up his tale. Perhaps it had to come out now, willy-nilly; the man was still in the grip of repressed excitement, his eyes glowing with the mystic's fervour, his fingers twitching. And then, although he dismissed with a shrug the opinions of his neighbours, sceptics and believers alike, he seemed to set some store by my own, and I dare say was anxious to justify his extravagant behaviour.

'I'll tell ye, sir,' said he, in his sombre way, 'what these twa eyes ha' seen. D'ye ken Coquet by Yaxholm? No?—Well, there's a lang haugh, d'ye see, like a bute-foot, and the Priory lies on the tip o't, by the watterside; and ower across the watter's a scaur, so steep ye canna get foothad, but fra' the brink o't ye luke doon on the haugh and see the auld kirk unner your feet. Ye could thraw a stane in't, but Coquet's in between. There are three pools by the haugh, and in the deepest o' them lurks The Beast; and his pool they ca' Limbo—— Ane morn, a year by, I was makking hither alang the scaur befure daybrak,' wi' twa-three gude sawmon in my bag, and I heerd awa' doon a tarrible skreighing and moaning. And being a godless ane, and onbelieving, I must go see, like Hopeful on the Hill Lucre; and I creeped to the brink and loked doon. The mune was full yon night, but there was a rack blawing in the sky, and times the blink cam' strang, like day, and times ye cudna see your ain hand. As I peeked the mune shan oot, and yon belaw was the watter o' Coquet, black as ink, like a graët latter U, and in the midst the ruins o' the kirk laid oot shairp as if they were cairved in silver. And doon by the watterside, ower his ain pool, stood The Beast. Black he stood as night, as Milton says o' him, and tarrible as

Hell, o' the gairth and bigness o' no mortal man. He raxed oop his arms, that were like the limbs o' a graët tree, and bayed and yammered at the mune. And ower his heid, on the brink o' the scaur, stood I, puir fule!—the hairt dunting in my breest, and my bluid rinning cauld, for I kenn'd him, for a' his man's shaëp. And I spied him stoop, and crook on the groond, like a graët black tod, and when he raxed himself oop again he simmed to graw and graw, and I saw the shadow o' him graw wi' him, so I kenn'd it was nane o' my fancy. And then the mune blacked oot, and I cudna see him i' the mirk. But I haird ane fearful cry, and the echoes o't beat aboot the scaur; and then cam' a graët splash, and the watter leaped oop high and white i' the pool like a foon-tain. And I plucked my feet oot o' the groond, and I rin and rin—'

I saw him shudder at the memory; he passed a shaking hand over his brow, where once more the sweat was beading; and I could hardly doubt that he had witnessed some such horrid scene as he described.

'Yon morn,' he went on, fixing me with his bright eyes, 'yon morn it was a lad they ca'd Michael Faa, a gypsy, was rapt awa'. When I haird o't, I kenn'd what I'd seen cast into Limbo. He was no the fairst by a score that's been lost fra' these parts to my kenning; and he was no the last. And ivver at the full mune, this twal'month by, have I spied for The Beast fra' the scaur; and twa times mair I've seen him at the pool, casting puir bodies in. And the third time I kenn'd him in the flesh. Aye, I ken him!—and wha'd believe it o' him? But they wha gie themselves to Satan are his prey for ivver; and when he walketh aboot like a ravening lion, seeking to devour, he enters into ane o' them that's swep' and garnished for him—'

'But you saw this, man?' I exclaimed. 'And have said nothing? Why, you could have raised the whole county after this ruffian, once you knew him. And should have done so!'

'Ye're forgetting, sir,' said he solemnly. 'The Beast is loosed for a season, and his time isna yet. Nor can mortal man hairm him. Though there are ither beasts, ye ken'—and here he glanced towards the corner where the yellow eyes of Bel and his family watched us from the shadows—'beasts o' the airth that are kin to evil, and ha' power ower it; tods, and goats, and cats—' And then, with an odd flash of practical sense, he added: 'And wha'd tak' heed o' Daft Rory? My word alane against his, a

kenn'd man, wi' power and authority i' the land, and as cunning as Satan, which he is? There'd be naught to seek; the souls he's ravished fra' the warld lie fathoms deep in Limbo.'

I seemed to be sitting in a dream as I listened to this crazy thesis; fact and fancy and horror, commingled in confusion, flowed by like a kaleidoscope; I looked about me, and saw the dark vault, and the prone effigy of the nameless Beast, and the cats' eyes glowing like fireflies. I had to shake myself, and take a firm hold on my own reason. To disperse the nightmare, I demanded of Rory, point-blank, the worldly name of this assassin. But here he was adamant.

'No, no!' he cried, his eyes glittering. 'I've tald ye I ken him, which is mair nor I've ivver tald to mortal man before; but yon I winnot tell ye. Ye may rest easy; his time's nigh. Thirteen revolutions o' the mune ha' passed, and the sign in the sky is at hand.'

And not a word more would he say on this. Instead, he rose, and assuming his most stolid air, inquired if I did not wish to be conducted round the castle.

PART TWO.

THE SERVANT OF ACHELÖUS.

I.

THE cruciform church of the Austin canons at Yaxholm is a structure of great beauty, and in preservation superior to any other monastic remains that I ever saw. But the tomb of Mausolus, or the Parthenon itself, might have failed in the hey-day of their glory to delight the beholder constrained to study them when supine upon his back, trussed like a fowl, choked by a gag, and suffering acute pains in the head. On the other hand, I know of no posture more conducive to clear and concentrated reflections upon one's follies and future.

As I lay there, on coming to my senses, and for a moment in a daze, I was looking upward into a jade-green vault of sky where already a few stars sparkled, for the Priory church is a roofless shell. The gaunt grey walls rose to an immense height about me, still perfect, except where at the west end of the nave a great gap split the masonry. The air was chill, and the cold of the flags ate into

me like iron ; utter silence filled the huge fabric ; only somewhere in the high, free world beyond a few birds piped and chattered. I turned my head, and after a spasm of vertigo from pain, made out that I was lying just within the south transept. I could see into its fellow, dim with shadows, across the nave, and count the stout Norman pillars of the north aisle. Grass grew among the fallen stones and rubble on the floor. Incuriously I marked down one by one these features of my prison, while I was yet too numb in body and brain to feel my bonds or wonder how I came to be a captive. And then, an instant after, I was awake with a vengeance ; ropes and gag bit into me like teeth, and my whole frame throbbed with their constriction ; too well I remembered where I was, and with what folly I had walked into the trap ; and all the events of that day unreeled before my mind's eye from the beginning.

I saw myself riding alone over the moors to call on Mr. Barony. Another week had passed since my meeting with Daft Rory in the vaults of Warkworth ; and this was a Sunday. The bells of Capheaton were ringing as I took the road down to the Wansbeck. I had in all a thirty-mile ride before me ; but the fair weather held, the moon was full that night, and the great comet, which had just sprung into our skies, would be blazing aloft soon after sunset. I was at Weldon Bridge, on the Coquet, by four in the evening, and another fifteen minutes found me at the gates of Yaxholm House. This stands on the north shore of the river, on high ground, embowered amid gloomy trees, and in a most desolate tract of country under the foot-hills of Cheviot, where a few large steadings are the only habitations between the widely separated hamlets. For nocturnal deeds of a clandestine nature the Sahara is scarcely better fitted.

The gates of Yaxholm House stood open, the porter's lodge was derelict, and the lawns and shrubberies within would have broken the heart of Capability Brown. The big house bore on its face the same dreary stigmata of neglect. If I had not known Mr. Barony by repute for a misogynist and recluse, I might have supposed him to be a pauper ; whereas he was, I understood, a wealthy man. After a long delay at the door, I was admitted by an ancient servant, who tottered before me down a dusty, cavernous hall to the library where his master sate among as many books as ever King Attalus gave the Romans. And there, from behind a littered table, uprose to greet me one of the strangest figures I have ever seen.

It was no less formidable, for Mr. Barony must have stood over six feet six inches. Lean and bony, with enormous hands and arms of monstrous length, he was clad from tip to toe in rusty black. His countenance was cadaverous—all jaw and cheek-bones, the projecting ears transparent, the sharp-edged nose mere cartilage and skin. Under the bulging frontal bone and thick grey eyebrows the eyes themselves lurked far back in their deep orbits, so that in that ill-lit room one saw no more than two round black sockets, as in a skull. The tight-drawn skin was leathery and yellow, and deep-etched folds from the nostrils formed, with the pale, thin lips, a pattern like the letter A. The man was very hirsute, although he had shaved his chin; his grey, untended hair was thick, tufts grew on his cheeks, and the backs of his great hands were covered with a dark down. Such was Mr. Ralph Barony of Yaxholm at the age of forty-eight; half gorilla and half *savant*; as tall as one of the Zamzummims of Ammon, and garbed like an undertaker's mute; as odd a piece of humanity as you might meet with in a year's marching.

He bade me a grave 'good-day' in a voice harsh and creaking, as if little used. Motionless as a sable image, he stood watching me out of the fathomless peep-holes of his eyes while I proffered my excuses for this visit. These were two: the exigencies of the Survey, which involved a trespass on his lands, and my desire to view the Priory ruins. I did not then advert to the legend of Black Nidd or to Rory's fantastic narrative. Curiosity to see for myself the daemon's habitat was still a secondary motive, and an idle one. Mr. Barony heard me solemnly, but betrayed symptoms of animation when I happened to remark that much of my work was astronomical, requiring observations with the zenith sector.

'And there, Captain Rennison,' he said ponderously, 'as a practitioner in one of the utilitarian, or so-called exact, sciences, your studies, otherwise quite without my purview, impinge upon it. Astronomy—or, if you cavil at that term, astrology—was practised by the races of antiquity whose history and beliefs form the subject-matter of my researches. To the philosophical mind it is of interest to reflect that while you have your instruments of precision, your theodolites and compasses and sectors, perhaps six thousand years ago the Chaldeans were determining the solstice by means of the clepsydra and the gnomon, and charting out the heavens along the Zodiacal Belt.'

'I understand,' said I, 'that they were happy in the belief

that the earth was flat, and the heavens inverted upon it like a bowl.'

But the philosophical mind was now away on its travels; and I do not think he even heard me. Although his blank and baffling orbits remained trained on me like telescopes, I knew that he was looking far beyond me—no doubt to Chaldea. After dwelling there for a space, he recollected himself, and pulling from his fob a silver watch of proportions in keeping with his own, bent his thick brows over it.

'It would be a crass misuse of words,' he observed in his creaking voice, with the nearest approach to humour he ever betrayed, 'to describe this timepiece as an instrument of precision. But it agrees with the sun's altitude, to within half an hour or so, in reminding us that the evening is on its way; and we had better follow the evening, sir, and be on ours.' He replaced the huge watch, yet continued to ramble on abstractedly. 'What, after all, is Time? A philosopher does not estimate it by our narrow and arbitrary divisions, but by the vast sidereal cycles—*toto coelo*; and my own life is so little regulated by the calendar that I could not tell you, Captain, in which month I was last from home. But I could calculate it for you to a day by the synodical revolutions of the moon. He is my timepiece. You will note that I employ the masculine gender. The Greeks, for once, were in error in ascribing feminine attributes to our satellite. In the more ancient cosmogonies the lunar disc was never female—witness the Vedic Soma, and Sin of Ur, the Lord of Wisdom—— But to illustrate my own system of chronology, let me reflect. It was, now——'

He reflected, revisiting, as I supposed, the glimpses of the moon. But while I watched him with amusement, suddenly—and how I can hardly say, for the gaunt, leathery face remained inscrutable—suddenly I was aware of a great inward change in the man. Perhaps indeed I caught a gleam from those screened and sunken sockets; perhaps the black folds tightened momentarily about the lips, or the heavy brows drew a fraction together. The impression was as slight and fleeting as a shadow; but, like a shadow, it seemed to chill; and it warned me instantly that behind the rugged mask there was no longer the detached dreamer whose vision was turned within, but an intelligence startled and wide awake, and from its ambush regarding me with an intense and suspicious scrutiny. In a word, I got a notion that Mr. Barony's

vague habit of talk had brought him to the edge of an indiscretion, and that he had checked himself in some alarm.

At least the result of his sidereal calculations was not to be disclosed. 'Enough, enough,' he said abruptly. 'Let us be going on.' The black eye-holes still stared menacingly down upon me as he reached a simian arm behind him and plucked from somewhere a tall, round hat of beaver, which he clapped upon his head and which seemed to add a full cubit to his stature. And if his altered manner and blank, hypnotic gaze had rendered me already a thought uneasy, this was a finishing stroke; and I could scarcely repress an exclamation. My thoughts fled back to the dungeons of Warkworth, and Rory's grisly tales, and the effigy of straw and pitch looming in the corner. For here before me, beyond all doubt, was Bel's enemy in the flesh, even to his hat.

This revelation, I confess, was a little daunting. But I was allowed no time to ponder it. Mr. Barony now got under way with a sort of ponderous briskness and a new garrulity which I deemed a trifle insincere. Talking all the while of canons white and black, and Augustinian houses, and other claustral matters, he conducted me fussily from the room and by a rear door out of the house.

We followed a muddy path that fell away among trees towards the river. The level rays of the sun, piercing the lattice of budding branches, touched up with ruddy, flickering lights the gaunt giant who strode beside me, black from hat to feet, his great knotty hands swinging at his knees. Although he slouched a little forward, he was a full head taller than I. To keep pace with him I had to step out smartly, for he soon fell silent again and forged along like a man in a hurry. My own instincts being now alert, I seemed to detect a suppressed excitement, a sort of exaltation, which possessed him; and suddenly all the circumstances of this expedition—the damp thicket, the melancholy light of evening, and this sinewy ogre, mute and sombre, by my side—took on an aspect indescribably forbidding. But, ashamed of such follies, after a moment I put them resolutely aside. I reminded myself sharply that I was in the company of a gentleman, however odd, a man of substance and position, a landowner, and a holder of doctorates of literature and law. So, I dare say, reflected the lamb in the fable, when it walked out with the wolf.

Soon the track began to dip more steeply, and buttresses of rock, festooned with ivy, rose on the one hand; while on the other, through the tree-boles trooping down a precipitous decline, I caught

glimpses of the black Coquet. And an impulse to prove that I was quite at ease moved me to break in upon my companion's musings with a jesting allusion to the daemon of the river.

Mr. Barony checked his loping stride and turned his black sockets towards me. From their depths a smouldering gleam shot forth, which might have been a reflection of the ruddy sunbeam that played upon his face.

'Oh, aye,' said he, pacing onward again. But his chin was still on his shoulder, and his eye-holes still bore upon me like cannon. 'Oh, aye—you have heard of Nidd, Captain? A very persistent and interesting superstition. Such earth or water spirits are common to all ancient cosmologies, and Nidd, no doubt, is the Norse Nidhogg, who dwelt in Nifelheim, the other-world of mist and cold. In this amphibious category I could enumerate some scores, reaching back in time to the Egyptian Ammit and the Babylonian Oannes, who, like our friend here, is represented as a fish.' Facing to his front again, to my relief, he continued energetically in his best pedagogic style: 'These conceptions being so widespread and enduring, the earnest inquirer is led to seek reasons for the phenomenon beyond those commonly adduced. Theologies and pantheons rise and fall, the dust of controversies settles and is trodden under, but still we find—to employ this very apposite instance—the water daemon of the Coquet grounded in the minds and fears of men, a lineal heir through the ages of the fish-god of the Euphrates—'

So he went on; but I can give no more than the gist of his oration. We were now nearing the river, and the steep, winding path was become gloomy and dank, for the sun no longer reached into these depths. The harsh voice of my companion echoed from the cliffs that lifted thirty feet or more on our left hand.

'The Greeks,' Mr. Barony declaimed; 'The Greeks were the first—and until lately, I may affirm, were the last—to probe the pantheistic mysteries in the true philosophical spirit. Beneath their myths and allegories, a mere cloak to amuse the vulgar, an ordered system may be discerned—the refinement of the crude beliefs of the barbaric world. Thus, to take again our present instance, all the numberless genii of fresh water were resolved into a single major representative; and him the Greeks identified with the chief river of their country. And they worshipped him by the name of Achelöus!'

This name he rolled forth loudly, as if it were an invocation;
VOL. LXVII.—NO. 402, N.S.

the echoes of it rattled down before us ; and he turned his daunting stare again upon me with an air of challenge. But I was spared the necessity of replying, for we were now at our journey's end. The sandstone cliffs fell away as the track took its final bend in a miry bottom, carpeted with a mat of rotting leaves ; and, as it opened from the thicket, we stepped straightway into the shadow of an enormous building, towering up into the sky before us like another and a greater cliff. Within a few paces a perfect Norman doorway gaped black in a roofless porch ; high above, the gold of the sunset glowed in the vacant lancets of the clerestory ; the round-headed windows of the aisle, the transept end, the squat central tower, even the pilasters and the string-courses and the arcade along the pediment—all were preserved to a marvel ; but the great church was everywhere open to the sky, and the west end seemed much shattered. I cannot describe the effect of this soaring fabric, suddenly revealed by the turn of a lane, sunk there in a wilderness in a valley bottom, melancholy solitude its portion, and yet so majestic still in desuetude and decay. I exclaimed aloud at the sight of it ; but Mr. Barony appeared in no mood now to play the guide. Still rapt, as I supposed, in the mysteries of pantheism, he took my arm and at once led me away from the church towards the waterside.

We were arrived on a small, level tongue of land, Rory's 'bute-foot,' in fact, all rank grass and nettles, and encompassed on three sides by the river and by a frowning horseshoe of tall, sombre cliffs lining the further shore. It was chill and gloomy down here in this gulf, the air still, moisture exhaling from the soil, the dark heights surrounding us like a wall, and Coquet flowing in between as black as ink and as sluggish as oil. By the waterside were the vestiges of a terrace, broken flags underfoot and fragments of wall rising from the weeds of the stream ; and to this my cicerone led me.

'There is Limbo,' said he, and pointed over the dark water. 'Up-stream there are two more pools, but this is reputed the most profound. In here the monks cast the bells whose tolling had betrayed them to the Scots. And if old tales are to be believed, in later days they cast in other sacrifices, that were not inanimate. The Priory was among the first of the smaller foundations to be dissolved, it is said on account of these practices ; and about that time the legend of Black Nidd took on a new and vigorous lease of life.' He was talking now calmly enough, and seemed once more his old sedate, pedantic self ; and, determined as I was to keep alert,

I own I was completely deceived. 'Turn now, Captain Rennison,' he said. 'This aspect of the church is perhaps the best——'

I had turned as he directed me, when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the long, black shape behind me stoop with incredible swiftness and shoot up again to its great height. One huge hand, grasping a stone, swept aloft as I swung half round to face him; orbs like flames glowed in the black sockets; and I remember no more.

II.

When Mr. Barony came to me again, the hour was near midnight. So much I could tell by his own timepiece, the moon. Although hidden from me, it was riding high, and the light of it filled the great ruin where I lay and turned the grey stonework to the whiteness of marble. Only the south wall cast an inky shadow, and certain dark aisles and corners, of which mine was one. I was bitterly cold, my injured head was a torment, and worse even were my bonds, whose knots defied all my efforts at release or alleviation. For long periods I think I had lain in a swoon or stupor. But the waking hours were interminable, and racked with tortures of the mind—fury, despair, feverish hopes, and visions of salvation that perished as they came. Now I saw myself flung into the icy water, and felt it close above me; now I was clinging to memories of a world as remote and irrecoverable as though I were already dead. Again I would fall to thinking of this madman, and dwell in a frenzy on my own folly in ignoring the full moon and offering myself as a victim unsought to the slaughter. *Sufficit*—I need not enlarge upon these miserable reflections. With them the dark hours crawled by in agony and rage; invisible to me, the comet sank in its ellipse and the moon rose among the stars. I drifted into coma, and awoke to renewed torments. To make an end, at length, and unmistakable, the heavy footsteps of my gaoler rang on the flagstones of the porch, and like doom advanced over the dust and rubble in the nave towards my corner. He loomed before me, his tall hat on his head, a giant figure cut out of ebony against the moonlight; and I gave myself up for lost.

He uttered no word, but stooped and lifted me—I will not say with ease, but with the facility of enormous strength. I hung over his bony shoulder like a sack, the blood rushing to my aching head, dizzy with pain. And so he carried me forth, and across the haugh, and laid me down not ungentle among the weeds and frittered stones

of the obliterated terrace by the waterside. I lay choking and sick, beyond caring. But presently, recovering a little, the sound of a voice, declaiming with a torrential utterance, broke upon my senses. On it went, and on, like a flood, the harsh cadence rising and falling in a sort of rhythm. I raised my aching lids, and saw the clear sky all stars, and the moon blazing in the midst; beside me rose the shrubs of the thicket end, and pieces of broken wall. And at my feet, by the water's edge, towered the huge, black form of the madman. He raised his long arms above his head, and all the while he poured out his stream of adjurations and prayers and blasphemies. Such, at least, I take them to have been; the most of his oration was in Greek, and an archaic Greek at that; but now he would lapse into some tongue that, for all I knew, might have been Hebrew or Chinese; and anon would come a phrase or two of English. And it was in that homely tongue, his arms upflung once more, that he cried aloud his final invocation.

'Achelöus! Achelöus! Thy sacrifice is prepared, and thy servant waits, Achelöus!'

He fell silent, while the echoes of his great voice rolled and died in the gulf. And in that last minuscule of time, that dragged like aeons, as I hung upon the margin of eternity, close to my ear I heard a rustling in the thicket. My heart leaped, for surely no nocturnal bird or beast would make that sound. For the hundredth time I thought of Rory's monthly vigils, and the imminent sign he waited, and this night's conjunction of comet and full moon; and wild hope flashed up again. Wild indeed, to dream of succour by one madman from another; but it had been the only straw to clutch at in my purgatory. And then Mr. Barony turned. Perhaps to his crazy vision the spirit of the waters had been revealed. His face, like a dark skull under the beaver hat, a living skull all black sockets and wide, grinning mouth, seemed to swoop upon me as he crouched and reached out his great hands to raise me.

But in the act, his fingers, crooked like talons, hovering over me, he checked and appeared to hearken. Crouching still, like some huge beast alarmed he pivoted on his toes to face the thicket, as from its depths broke forth a sudden noisy crack and swish of branches violently thrust by. And I never heard a sound more welcome, unless it were the voice that followed after.

'*The Beast!*' it cried. 'Eat him, Bel! Tear him! Gude Bel!'

Over my body, from out of the undergrowth, a black, lithe shape

leapt like an arrow from a bow. Full at the other black form it leapt, and was at the madman's throat as he straightened up and thrust out a vain hand to fend it off. Snarling and tearing, it hung upon him ; and then man and beast were reeling backward—back, one tossing, writhing shape, to where the fragment of terrace wall rose from the water's edge. I heard the thud of impact amid the maniac's harsh cries and the great cat's growling. There for an instant they hung, the man's long body arched over the stream as he struggled for his balance and tore, a sable Laocoön, at his assailant. Then, with a crack and a roar, the ancient masonry fell outward ; and man, and beast, and stones, all vanished in a glittering spray of water and a cloud of dust.

I had strained my head up to see, and now vertigo laid me back, dizzy and blind. It was a new and welcome pain that presently roused me ; gag and bonds were loosed, and the blood was flowing through my arteries like fire. At my feet, leaning over the stream, was Rory, aiding his Bel ashore. The great creature leapt from his hands with an angry squeal, and, standing on the bank in the moonlight, shook itself thrice, scattering abroad a very creditable shower. But when I raised myself on an elbow and looked over the dark water, of Mr. Barony there was no sign. Glinting silver on the oily tide, the ripples still widened ; a little dust still hung in the calm air ; and, in mid-stream, floating inverted like a boat, I could discern the beaver hat, rotating slowly. But nothing more. Stunned, perhaps, as he fell, the madman's great weight of bone and sinew had sunk him like the stones themselves. The servant of Achelöus was gone to join his master.

THE SERVANTS IN JANE AUSTEN.

BY LADY BALFOUR.

'FOR us of to-day Jane Austen's novels are more than mere novels, mere yarn-spinning to pass away an idle hour. They belong to the literature of consolation. They are a refuge, not only from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, but from the crude and *criard* work which is even more madding than the crowd.

'This house of rest, built and endowed by Jane Austen, becomes, for those who have once felt the peace of it, a second home.'

Thus Mr. A. B. Walkley, lecturing at the Royal Institution on March 31, 1922, and no one ever had a better right to possess a private key to the House of which he speaks. His words must have found a quick response in many a middle-aged heart. To this House of Rest we come, time after time, distracted, irritable, overworked, and we never leave it without restoration and renewed cheer. As we go in, like Fanny Price we have 'scarcely passed the solemn-looking servants'—('solemn,' as we know, only because Miss Bertram and Miss Julia have forgotten themselves and disgraced their name),—when we know we shall be met and welcomed by Lady Bertram, coming 'from the drawing-room, with no indolent step,' and her cry of 'Dear Fanny! Now I shall be comfortable': is the exact description of our own feelings.

Even that immortal welcome would lose something of the satisfaction of arrival, if the hall—(don't you think the hall has a tessellated black-and-white marble pavement?) had not first been peopled by 'the solemn-looking servants.' Baddeley, we feel sure—provided we are a well-known and sufficiently honoured guest—has already seen to it himself that one of the two footmen had taken our modern despatch-cases or hand-bags, and our umbrellas; Baddeley, whose impenetrable reserve is only twice broken; once when he gets the better of Mrs. Norris in the matter of his being sent by Sir Thomas to summon Fanny to her uncle's study to receive Henry Crawford's proposal of marriage.

'What,' asked Mrs. Norris, 'should Sir Thomas want *you* for? It is me, Baddeley, you mean; I am coming this moment—You mean me, Baddeley, I am sure; Sir Thomas wants me, not Miss Price.'

But Baddeley was stout. 'No, Ma'am, it is Miss Price, I am certain of its being Miss Price.' And there was a half-smile with the words which meant 'I do not think *you* would answer the purpose at all.'

Mrs. Norris, much discontented, was obliged to compose herself to work again.

Again, Sir Thomas, upon his unexpected return from Antigua, 'with a very reasonable dependence perhaps on the nerves of his wife and children, *had sought no confidant but the butler*' (the italics are, of course, mine) and had been 'following him almost instantaneously into the drawing-room' by which 'Mrs. Norris felt herself defrauded . . . and was now trying to be in a bustle without having anything to bustle about, and labouring to be important where nothing was wanted but tranquillity and silence.'

But it is only fair to remember that Mrs. Norris contrived, upon that occasion, a speedy revenge, when she at last persuaded her sister 'to hurry Baddeley.' 'Well then, Lady Bertram, suppose you speak for tea directly, suppose you hurry Baddeley a little, he seems behind hand to-night.'

Miss Austen never crowds her houses, great or small, (unless with deliberate intent, as at the Prices' house at Portsmouth), but she knows to a nicety the staff each will need to fill its background. And it is the knowledge of this safe and adequate background of dignified but friendly efficiency (so much more safe and adequate in 1814 than in 1929!) which helps to create the warm, hot-house-scented atmosphere so pervasively soothing and so agreeable to our feelings. Miss Austen's servants are as classic, in their way, as a Greek Chorus. There are at least a hundred servants mentioned in the six books. (I have not included *The Watsons* or *Sanditon* because I am not intimate enough with the families in either case, to make the necessary inquiries to find out about their dependents.) For the most part these admirable characters move about silently and unobtrusively in the proper discharge of their various duties. Mr. Austin Dobson remarks, in his preface to *Emma* (Macmillan's illustrated edition, 1897):—

'There is another noticeable and probably hitherto unnoticed difference between Miss Austen's work and the novel of to-day, and that is, her almost entire disregard of the servants' hall as a source for her humorous characters. It is true that the names of Mr. Woodhouse's James, Mrs. Elton's Wright, Mr. Knightley's Larkins and Harry reach us vaguely from the lower regions; but

the persons themselves are never definitely presented. Yet, as Thackeray would certainly have hinted, James the coachman must have had his own private views as to the dangerous nature of "the corner into Vicarage Lane"; and George Eliot would scarcely have omitted to report at least one of the consultations between William Larkins and his master on the management of the Donwell Abbey Estate, besides letting us know pretty distinctly the opinion of the said William with respect to that master's marriage. Nor can we help believing that Miss Bates's Patty (if she had encountered her historian in Mrs. Gaskell) would also be found to have entertained from the first very sagacious and profound opinions as to Miss Jane Fairfax and the cause of her mysterious indisposition.'

But now and again one of the servants may, by the necessities of the case, be brought forward into that small bright circle of clear and merciless light which beats throughout upon their superiors. And when this happens we, of 1929, are constantly reminded of Sir James Barrie's 'Admirable Crichton,' in the way the word 'superior' is made to alter its application. Mrs. Hill, for instance; what must she have thought, in her inmost heart, of her mistress Mrs. Bennet, to whom she presents so dignified a contrast? Or indeed of her master, when he withheld for a considerable time the knowledge of Mr. Gardiner's letter about Lydia from his family? (In any case she defeated that, by asking the unconscious Jane and Elizabeth what news the letter contained, and thus making them go to their father to ask about it.) Or what did she think of Lydia's showing off her wedding-ring to Hill herself and the two housemaids?

Lady Catherine's 'Dawson,' who did 'not object to the barouche-box,' shared, we may surmise, something of the disposition of her lady. Mrs. Elton's Wright also may have in some respects resembled her mistress who quotes her not infrequently. She held Mr. Knightley's Mrs. Hodges 'very cheap indeed.' 'She promised Wright a receipt and never sent it.' And Mrs. Elton herself would not have such a creature as his (Mr. Knightley's) Harry stand at their side-board for any consideration. We long to hear what Mrs. Hodges and Harry had to say in return. There is perhaps, a remote suggestion of William Larkins' resentment of his Master's deplorable generosity, when he gave the very last of his cooking apples to Mrs. and Miss Bates; for 'William mentioned it there' (as Miss Bates told Mr. Knightley from the upstairs window, when he stopped below on horseback), and one imagines it may have been mentioned

with some emphasis. Perhaps William was already made apprehensive by some early symptoms of that inexplicable mood of his employer which so embittered his life a week or two later. I mean when Mr. Knightley confessed to Emma, the day after she had accepted him, that he had been 'walking away from William Larkins the whole morning, to have his thoughts to himself.' No wonder Emma commented that she was sure William Larkins would never approve of their engagement. We remember also that when Mr. Elton walked over to Donwell to see Mr. Knightley about the meeting at the Crown for the following day—having previously sent word to say he was coming—on that hot morning, Friday, July 10, ten days after Emma and Mr. Knightley's still private engagement, he met William Larkins on the way and William told him he would not find his master at home, but Mr. Elton 'did not believe him.' Mr. Elton added, 'William seemed rather out of humour. He did not know what was come to his master lately, he said, but he could hardly ever get the speech of him.' Perhaps William talked it over with 'John Ostler' at the Crown ('old John Abdy's son'). They might agree that you never could tell with these young gentlemen what they would be after. Now only a few months before—it would be a Saturday John remembered; about the 19th of February it must have been—well, Tom from Randalls had come down all in a hurry to order a chaise from the Crown to take young Mr. Churchill to London for the day. All of a hurry it was, and he, John himself, 'had stood out and seen it pass by, the boy going a good pace and driving very steady.' And afterwards John had heard that all young Mr. Churchill wanted in London was to get his hair cut! Wasn't there anyone in Highbury good enough to cut his hair? It was all very well for them as had money to throw about. . . .

Of Miss Austen's coachmen only two are mentioned by name, but the mention in each case equals a decoration. These, of course, are Mr. Woodhouse's James and old Wilcox at Mansfield Park. Rather than keep James waiting in the cold—which would be enough to upset his master for a week—we look at him first. His daughter Hannah had gone to Randalls as housemaid to Miss Taylor when she became Mrs. Weston. Mr. Woodhouse himself had suggested it. Emma dexterously uses the incident, on the very evening of the Weston wedding, to comfort her father when he feels he can never get to Randalls: 'I could not walk half so far.'

'No papa; nobody thought of your walking. We must go in the carriage, to be sure.'

'The carriage! But James will not like to put the horses to for such a little way; and where are the poor horses to be while we are paying our visit?'

'They are to be put into Mr. Weston's stable, papa. You know we have settled all that already. And as for James, you may be very sure he will always like going to Randalls, because of his daughter's being housemaid there. I only doubt whether he will ever take us anywhere else. That was your doing, papa. You got Hannah that good place. Nobody thought of Hannah till you mentioned her—James is so obliged to you.'

'I am very glad I did think of her. It was very lucky, for I would not have poor James think himself slighted upon any account, and I am sure she will make a very good servant; she is a civil, pretty-spoken girl; I have a great opinion of her. Whenever I see her she always courtesies and asks me how I do, in a very pretty manner; and when you have had her here to do needle-work I observe she always turns the lock of the door the right way and never bangs it. I am sure she will be an excellent servant, and it will be a great comfort to poor Miss Taylor to have somebody about her that she is used to see. Whenever James goes over to see his daughter, you know, she will be hearing of us. He will be able to tell her how we all are.'

One could only be torn away from James and Hannah in order to contemplate old Wilcox. He occurs in two wonderful scenes, as well as by allusion in three other instances. He it was who taught Fanny to ride on 'the old grey poney,' and like everyone else—not altogether excluding ourselves—he seems to have had rather a poor opinion of her. (If Fanny Price were alive to-day, we should say, in our jargon, that she had an inferiority complex. And that always brings its revenges.) From a point about fifty yards from the hall door of Mansfield Park, Fanny could 'look down the Park and command a view of the Parsonage and all its demesnes, gently rising beyond the village road.' There, she sees Miss Crawford having her first riding-lesson from Edmund, on 'his own quiet mare' which has hitherto been devoted to Fanny's use. Presently Mary Crawford rides up 'attended by Edmund on foot' to where Fanny is standing ready, awaiting her own ride, the old coachman having also been waiting about, with his own horse. Miss Crawford dismounts and Fanny 'is lifted on her horse and she and old Wilcox

set off in another direction' across the park. Old Wilcox crowns Fanny's depression by a genial comment on the difference of Miss Crawford's performance from Fanny's first riding-lesson. 'It is a pleasure to see a lady with such a good heart for riding!' said he. 'I never see one sit a horse better. She did not seem to have a thought of fear. Very different from you, Miss, when you first began six years ago come next Easter. Lord bless me! how you did tremble when Sir Thomas first had you put on.'

Later on, we see old Wilcox himself suffering under the weight of Mrs. Norris' officiousness. This is her own account of it to Sir Thomas after his return. 'My dear Sir Thomas, if you had seen the state of the roads *that* day! I thought we should never have got through them, though we had the four horses of course; and poor old coachman would attend us, out of his great love and kindness, though he was hardly able to sit the box on account of the rheumatism which I had been doctoring him for, ever since Michaelmas. I cured him at last, but he was very bad all the winter—and this was such a day, I could not help going to him up in his room before we set off to advise him not to venture—he was putting on his wig—so I said, "Coachman, you had much better not go, your Lady and I shall be very safe; you know how steady Stephen is, and Charles has been upon the leaders so often now, that I am sure there is no fear." But, however, I soon found it would not do; he was bent upon going, and as I hate to be worrying and officious I said no more.' . . . One would like to have heard the goaded old Wilcox give his own version of that scene to Charles and Stephen, when they were all waiting at Sotherton for their party to return.

Beyond James and Wilcox and 'John Groom' mentioned by Mrs. Norris, there is no other coachman explicitly mentioned but Mr. Willoughby's groom. Mr. Bennet's horses, and presumably his men also, we know had to help with the hay, because Jane was unable to have them, in order to drive over to Netherfield, and went alone on horseback, to get wet and catch cold and be asked to stay the night as her Mother wished.

There is a supreme delicacy of touch in the distinction between all the Housekeepers mentioned in the six books. Mrs. Reynolds, the Darcys' housekeeper at Pemberley, could not be equalled, as a fitting custodian of such a family and such a place. Her black silk rustles almost audibly. When one comes to look at her it was she who gave Elizabeth the first touch that set her unspinning

the false web she had woven, and finally spinning herself on into love with Mrs. Reynolds' adored master. Without Mrs. Reynolds there is nothing else to change Elizabeth's feelings up to the moment she sees Darcy himself. Had she not come straight from the enlightenment of his housekeeper as to his character, it might all have ended differently. So Mrs. Reynolds is a properly august personage, whose opinion is to be trusted. She is to Mr. Bingley's housekeeper Mrs. Nicholls, what Baddeley is to the 'civil servant of the Grants.' It is the comparison of the race-horse and the roadster. Mrs. Whitaker, the Rushworths' housekeeper at Sotherton, is the only other domestic dignitary described, who might, with Mrs. Reynolds and Baddeley, have used the royal 'We.'

Mrs. Hill at the Bennets' in spite, as we have seen, of great natural dignity, seems to have had rather a mixed office. It may have been to her that Mrs. Bennet was referring, when, in answering Mr. Collins' injudicious question as to which of his fair cousins was responsible for the excellent cooking of the dinner, she 'assured him with some asperity that they were very well able to keep a good cook and that her daughters had nothing to do in the kitchen.' Then, when Lydia's marriage was impending, Mrs. Bennet, who had spent the previous days in the sanctity of her dressing-room, is spurred by the news into acute activity. 'Lizzy, my dear, run down to your father and ask him how much he will give her. Stay, stay, I will go myself. Ring the bell, Kitty, for Hill. I will put my things on in a moment.' We are left in doubt here as to whether Hill is being summoned in the capacity of lady's maid or sympathetic audience. Earlier in the story she had been summoned to consult with Mrs. Bennet as to the arrangements for Mr. Bingley's dinner.

So the household staff at Longbourn would seem to have consisted of Mrs. Hill and the two housemaids, and the butler and footman, with the uncertainty as to ladies' maids to which I have referred.

Mrs. Nicholls at Netherfield obviously had the cooking to superintend, if not to do. Mr. Bingley 'would send round his cards' of invitation to the ball 'when Nicholls had made white soup enough.'

And, meeting Mrs. Philips in Meryton, before the Bingleys' second return to Netherfield, she told that lady (probably in reply to categorical questioning), that 'she was going to the butcher's to order some meat on Wednesday, and that she had got three couple of ducks just fit to be killed.'

She was, perhaps, on a level with the Woodhouses' Serle, who, however, failed to cook the fricassee of sweetbread and asparagus to the satisfaction of her nervous master, so that poor old Mrs. Bates had to see it sent away—being her favourite dish—and to put up with baked apples (of which we know she had plenty at home from Mr. Knightley, cooked at the bakery for her by Mrs. Wallis)—and biscuits, with a glass of wine before she came away.

One would rather not think what must have happened when Mr. Woodhouse died two years after Emma's marriage (as Mr. Austen Leigh told us had been intended), if Serle, and the butler at Hartfield, and Mrs. Hodges and Harry at Donwell had to be combined into one establishment. Probably both the ladies were pensioned off and lived in comfortable cottages on the Donwell estate, like the old married servant whom Emma went to see when she took Harriet to call at the Abbey Mill Farm. I daresay William Larkins and James were too old friends not to establish a *modus vivendi* if necessary.

To go back to the housekeepers; we know that Mrs. Grant gave her cook as high wages as they did at Mansfield Park 'and was scarcely ever seen in her offices.' But of course she had Dr. Grant to please, and he was not easy.

We know that Henry Tilney's old housekeeper required four days' notice to prepare for the visit of General Tilney and Catherine; Henry's consideration for her is pleasantly described by him, 'no time is to be lost in frightening my old housekeeper out of her wits,' and he goes back to Woodston on the Saturday instead of on the Monday as he intended. But then he had his father to satisfy and with the abundance ultimately provided, the General 'was even looking at the side-table for cold meat which was not there.' However, he had seldom been seen to 'eat so heartily at any table but his own; and never before' had they 'known him so little disconcerted by the melted butter's being oiled.'

We know that Mrs. Norris was cross, on the morning of the ball at Mansfield Park, 'because the housekeeper would have her own way with the supper.'

We know that Mrs. Whitaker at Sotherton (Mrs. Rushworth's housekeeper) had an independent position, for she told Mrs. Norris that she had dismissed two housemaids for wearing white gowns, and she gave Mrs. Norris four pheasants' eggs and a cream cheese. She said of the former that 'it must be such an amusement' to Mrs. Norris, as she understood that lady lived quite alone, 'to have

a few living creatures of that sort,' 'and so to be sure it will,' added Mrs. Norris, arranging for the dairy-maid at Mansfield to put them under the first spare hen. We wonder if the Sotherton head-keeper kept a strict tally. But Mrs. Whitaker worked upon lines of austerity. Besides the white gowns, she was quite shocked when Mrs. Norris asked her whether wine was allowed at the second table. (I daresay Mrs. Norris quoted that, later, to the Mansfield house-keeper when she annoyed her about the ball-supper.)

'Mrs. Norris had, in the course of her morning of complete enjoyment, visited the dairy with the housekeeper' (with the material result we have noticed in the shape of a cream cheese, and the receipt¹ for making it;—which Fanny had to take on her lap in the carriage going home); been 'met by the gardener with whom she had made a most satisfactory acquaintance, for she had set him right as to his grandson's illness, convinced him it was an ague, and promised him a charm for it' (and she a vicar's widow!); 'and he, in return, had shown her all his choicest nursery of plants and actually presented her with a very curious specimen of heath.' It was of this plant Maria complained, on the return drive, as 'knocking her elbow unmercifully!'

The other gardeners mentioned are all they should be, but quite undistinguished. Mackenzie at Kellynch is merely mentioned by name, when Anne Elliot was telling her sister Mary Musgrove, what she had to do before leaving the place finally. 'I have been several times in the garden with Mackenzie, trying to understand and make him understand which of Elizabeth's plants are for Lady Russell.' I fancy Anne and Mackenzie understood each other, at all events, and understood, too, a good deal more about Elizabeth than her confused arrangements. Mrs. Grant's Robert, at the Parsonage, who 'would leave out some of her plants because the nights were so mild' in November, may or may not have been identical with 'the civil servant of the Grants' from the Parsonage who requested Fanny to take shelter there from the rain. His position was probably mediocre.

Apart from the 'competent number of nursery-maids' brought by Mrs. John Knightley with her children to her Father's at Hartfield on a visit, there are only three other nurses mentioned, one of these being Jemima, the nursery-maid of Mrs. Charles Musgrove's

¹ 'Receipt' is the word used in the edition published by the Oxford University Press. First Edition (large paper), 1923. Second Edition, 1926, page 104.

little boys, whose character was extolled by her mistress but severely criticised by that mistress' Mother-in-law, old Mrs. Musgrove. The second is a mere allusion in *Sense and Sensibility*;—'Mrs. Palmer set off with her little boy and his nurse,' when the apothecary pronounced Marianne Dashwood's illness 'to have a putrid tendency.' But in the third case Miss Austen leaves us in no doubt that she understands what a real 'Nanny' means in a household. When Louisa Musgrove has had her fall off the cobb and her concussion at Lyme Regis, and after Anne has been obliged, through Mary's selfishness, to return in her stead to Uppercross, she suggests to the family at home that Sarah the old nursery-maid be sent back with Charles Musgrove to help with the nursing at Lyme. Accordingly a chaise is sent for from Crewkerne,¹ the neighbouring market town to Uppercross and Kellynch, and Charles conveyed back 'one who having brought up all the children, and seen the very last, the lingering and long-petted master Harry, sent to school after his brothers, was now living in her deserted nursery to mend stockings, and dress all the blains and bruises she could get near her, and who, consequently, was only too happy in being allowed to go and nurse dear Miss Louisa.'

This leaves us content and satisfied upon the question of nurses.

Of ladies' maids, Lady Bertram's Mrs. Chapman, who is kindly sent, too late, to help Fanny dress for the ball, is the only one who matters. The girls' maid Ellis seems almost to have been a survival of the nursery since she waits upon Maria and Julia while they are still in the school-room. 'The two elegant ladies who waited upon Mr. Bingley's sisters' are just the type we should have expected.

The Bennet girls seem to have had one maid between them—(if indeed, she was not one of the 'two housemaids' to whom Lydia showed her ring)—the Sarah whom Mrs. Bennet exhorts, when Mr. Bingley comes to call after his final return to Netherfield, 'Here, Sarah, come to Miss Bennet this moment and help her on with her gown. Never mind Miss Lizzy's hair.' This may possibly have been the 'Sally' to whom Lydia alludes in her letter to Mrs. Forster after her elopement, if a maid had been sent from home with Lydia to Brighton. 'I wish you would tell Sally to mend a great slit in my worked muslin gown before they are packed up.' But, from one's knowledge of Lydia, it would seem more probable that

¹It is spelt Crewkerne in the editions published in 1923 and 1926 by the Oxford University Press.

Sally was a maid of Mrs. Forster's. 'Emma's own maid' was to sit up for her, after the party at the Coles'.

Then there was the maid to whom Colonel Brandon alludes when he tells Elinor how he and his cousin were on the eve of an elopement to Scotland, when 'the treachery or the folly of my cousin's maid betrayed us.' This reminds us, how, during the Rushworth scandal 'the maidservant of Mrs. Rushton senior threatened alarmingly.'

Mrs. Jennings' maid Betty seems to have been a nice woman, for Elinor was able to leave the sick Marianne in her care while she went downstairs, as she thought to greet her Mother's arrival, but as it proved, to interview the remorseful Willoughby.

Lowest in the scale of all the servants mentioned, comes Rebecca at the Prices'. Now Rebecca was saved from being a maid-of-all-work by 'always having a girl under her,' whereas Miss Bates' Patty and Mrs. Norris' Nanny had no help given them. But the position of the one was happy and as Miss Austen would say 'respectable,' and the position of the other was obviously a sinecure. Rebecca is the epitome of that distracting house at Portsmouth. 'Whatever was wanted was halloo'd for, and the servants, Rebecca and Sally, halloo'd out their excuses from the kitchen.' The sentence is a headache in itself.

Against this, as a sketch of a small household, we must set the pleasant picture of the arrival of Mrs. Dashwood and her two daughters at Barton Cottage, their new and smaller home, after the fall in their fortunes consequent upon Mr. Dashwood's death. They had now about £500 a year, and the servants 'limited by the discretion of Elinor to two maids and a man,' were ready to welcome them, so that they were 'cheered by the joys of the servants on their arrival.' This speaks happily for everyone concerned, though to us nowadays 'two maids and a man' seem an incredibly large tax upon so small an income.

It will have been noticed that *Mansfield Park* contains a much larger proportion of servants and incidents connected with them than any of the other five books. This is partly due to the fact that we there are living in a larger establishment than those described elsewhere, with the exception of Pemberley which, after all, we have as yet only entered as sight-seers or formal acquaintances. (We begin to compute the Mansfield Park staff more accurately when we hear that 'five of the under-servants had been made idle and dissatisfied by the scene-painter.')

But it is, above all, due to the incessant and inquisitive activities of Mrs. Norris that we secure so much. From Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Elton and Miss Bates we gain two-thirds of our precise information upon this intriguing subject. And Mrs. Norris has more scope than the other two.

I am tempted finally to include the story of Mrs. Norris and Dick Jackson, though the lady is becoming a bore and the boy is not a servant of the household. It occurs when the preparations for the theatricals are in full swing, and the stage is being put up in the billiard-room. As told by Mrs. Norris in her best manner it ranks high amongst her efforts.

'I had been looking about me in the poultry yard,' said she, 'and was just coming out, when who should I see but Dick Jackson making up to the servants' hall-door, with two bits of deal board in his hand, bringing them to father, you may be sure; mother had chanced to send him of a message to father, and then father had bid him bring up them bits of board, for he could not no how do without them. I knew what all this meant, for the servants' dinner-bell was ringing at the very moment over our heads, and as I hate such encroaching people (the Jacksons are very encroaching, I have always said so—just the sort of people to get all they can), I said to the boy directly—(a great lubberly fellow of ten years old you know, who ought to be ashamed of himself) "*I'll take the boards to your father, Dick; so get you home again as fast as you can.*"—The boy looked very silly, and turned away without offering a word, for I believe I might speak pretty sharp; and I daresay it will cure him of coming marauding about the house for one while, I hate such greediness—so good as your father is to the family, employing the man all the year round.' To this account we are relieved to find that 'nobody was at the trouble of an answer.'

And we draw a long breath when Sir Thomas Bertram, in the midst of all his just annoyances about his discovery of the theatrical scheme, comments, nevertheless, that the carpentry of the stage appears a neat job, as far as he could judge by candle-light, 'and does my friend Christopher Jackson credit.'

Upon this scene it is expedient as well as appropriate that we should ring down the curtain—that green baize curtain upon which Mrs. Norris had expended so much of other people's time and labour—before it shall 'go off with her to her cottage, where she happened to be particularly in want of green baize.'

STAYS.

A STORY NOT QUITE TRUE.

BY G. M. ATTENBOROUGH.

VERY modern people who regard the death of the Salon as an old, far-off event which happened in the eighteenth century and in France are forgetting that in the nineties Lady Elphino received, in her corner house in Hyde Park Square, for ten successive seasons, whatever brilliance in art and literature and personality London had then to offer. And the brilliance of the nineties has already become a tantalising legend. On Friday evenings her capacious drawing-room, with its five long windows, was transformed into the dining-room, since Lady Elphino's salon was a *salon à dîner*, and she sat at the head of the long table whose chaste decorations were never for a moment allowed to distract attention from the human orchids—in the nineties flowers were flowers and men were men—with a large silver bell at her elbow which she rang to announce her subject, the speaker she had chosen to play his impromptu pyrotechnics upon it, and to call any delinquent to order when he or she fell below the expected heights of rhetoric. That very seldom happened, for there was something in Lady Elphino herself that stimulated to at least epigrammatic altitudes, and when a man is brilliant to start with, and is further inoculated with brilliance by a sparkling and lovely woman, the effect can hardly fail to be dazzling almost to the need of protective blue spectacles.

'Are you going to Lady Elphino's S.A.D. to-night?' was the question asked on Friday mornings of May and June throughout the nineties, in all the coteries of artistic and intellectual aspiration.

'No, she hasn't asked me,' was more often than not the sad reply. The omission was in itself an accusation.

It was, then, the surprise of his unruffled existence when Lucian Mallady, turning over in bed for his letters and morning tea, found among the little bundle of his correspondence an invitation to Lady Elphino's *salon à dîner* of June 10th, an invitation in the nature, he very well knew, of a command. Lucian had never done any-

thing, except display a charming taste in the suite of his bachelor rooms—more surprising still, he had never said anything. He had just moved about, pleasantly enough, at his Clubs, with the reputation of an amiable, handsome fellow who, when you had said he was a bachelor and by no means poor, had had his good points enumerated.

What ever had possessed Lady Elphino to ask him? He wouldn't go for a thousand guineas, but, as he considered the matter while his man was preparing his clothes, he felt a sensation of immense gratification that he should have come even for a moment under the great lady's notice. He meditated the terms of his refusal, and found them overwhelmingly difficult. He simply couldn't refuse by letter. He would go and tell Lady Elphino frankly that she had done him a thousand honours but that for once she had miscalculated her man. His presence at her table would be as incongruous as a French ballet on the celestial floor. Of course, even if he went, she would never ask him to speak. If that happened, he would simply collapse with as much grace as he could muster, for though Lucian felt that with great preparation and much private practice he might make a speech with some little credit, the feature of Lady Elphino's *salon à diner* was that a subject was flung like a ball out of the blue at your head and you were expected instantly to catch it and make it bounce.

The mere invitation made things very pleasant.

'Oh, by the way, I've been invited to Lady Elphino's S.A.D. for June 10th.'

'Are you going?'

'Good Heavens no—but I've been asked.'

Lucian could not help noticing that it made a difference.

When he called he was concerned to find that Lady Elphino was out driving.

'Then may I come in and leave a note? ' Under those circumstances, a note which was obviously written hurriedly would be at once less difficult and less criticised. The butler took him up to the drawing-room, where Lucian felt he could almost scent epigrams and aphorisms, and found him paper and pen at the bureau. The bell pealed again and the butler excused himself, but on his way out he stopped and pointed.

'That is the spot, sir, where His Royal Highness sat last Friday.'

'Is it indeed? ' Lucian replied, surveying the patch of carpet

as though it were an exquisite canvas let into the floor. 'How very interesting!'

He sat down and began to write.

'DEAR LADY ELPHINO,

You have done me a thousand honours by your invitation. Were I to accept it I should do you a thousand discredits. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*

Yours very regretfully,

LUCIAN MALLADY.'

Would that do? He hesitated and looked up. What a beautiful French chair was facing him, a poem in its faded damask and dusky gold. He got up and examined it with his connoisseur's eye, turned it over, rubbed his fingers lovingly along its back edges and then—and then . . .

Lucian returned to the bureau and tore up his note into fifty tiny fragments. The butler was back again, asking if there were sufficient ink. Lucian wrote rapidly.

'DEAR LADY ELPHINO,

You have done me a thousand honours. I will do my best not to repay you with a thousand discredits.

With the deepest sensibility of your kindness,

Yours very gratefully,

LUCIAN MALLADY.'

While awaiting the date, Lucian ordered new dress clothes, and for a week his Clubs saw very little of him. They rather wondered, since he was still in town, what he could be doing.

Merely in the matter of numbers, this dinner of June 10th was going to be conspicuously unique. Everybody who was anybody seemed to be assembled downstairs, and as usual the conversation buzzed round the speculation as to whom Lady Elphino would pitch upon, and what would be her themes. At last they went up to dinner—going up seemed in itself a symbol—and found their places at the long table. Lucian was next to the young author of whom all Paris was talking, M. Edmond Rostand, but that caused him little concern. His French, if faulty, was fluent. The talk was general, thrown into the centre of the table and drawn out again. People who had only the gift of talking *en aparté* were, in Lady Elphino's opinion, not talkers at all.

Lady Elphino had the art of the dinner at her finger-ends, but

a dinner and a *dîner à salon* had no sort of relationship. Three delicious courses followed one another, and then, when everything possible had been done to the mind by the menu, Lady Elphino seized the supreme moment of stimulation to ring her silver bell and call upon her first speaker. On this lovely summer evening of June 10th both loquacity and laughter were at their height when the bell pealed. Instantly the buzz was quelled and Lady Elphino rose from her seat with an immense rustle of her *vieux rose* draperies.

'I will ask Mr. Oscar Wilde to speak to us. The subject I have chosen for Mr. Wilde is—very naturally—lilies.'

Very languidly Mr. Oscar Wilde rose and unpulled his tie. 'Dear Lady,' he drawled, 'let me have some lilies.' Within five minutes there were six superb lilies standing before him in an ebony jar. Mr. Wilde threw five of them under the table and retained one. . . . He was being good of course, but not very good—tremendous for anywhere else than Lady Elphino's *salon à dîner*, but for that the *esprit* was not sufficiently *distingué*, *les idées* not sufficiently *nouvelles*. Lady Elphino had a little feeling of apprehension that he was about to sail in the polluted waters of the obvious. 'If he quotes "the lilies and languors of virtue for the raptures and roses of vice" I shall ring my bell,' she said to herself. Within five minutes he arrived at the quotation. Lady Elphino rang her bell vigorously and Mr. Wilde, with the lily in his hand, sank with infinite grace into his seat. He laid his flower down for a moment while he re-tied his bow. He was not in the least disconcerted or resentful. If a *salonnière* did not assert her Olympian standards she might just as well be a dancing hostess, or a *succès de femme*, or something equally contemptible.

The buzz rose again as a *noisette* was served, its complexities scheduled with a silver skewer. In ten minutes the bell rang once more, and Mr. George du Maurier was selected.

'The subject I have chosen for Mr. du Maurier,' said Lady Elphino, 'is again, very naturally, feet.'

Mr. du Maurier rose. 'Dear Lady, let me have a foot,' he pleaded.

'*Mais oui, certainement,*' cried Lady Elphino. In the nineties, a lady's foot was not reached very easily, but the speed and *insouciance* with which Lady Elphino picked up her petticoats, and unrolled a stocking and displayed a foot equal in every point to Trilby's own, were superb.

'Linford,' she cried to a butler, 'put a chair upon the table, a revolving chair.'

So Lady Elphino sat above her guests, slowly revolving herself with her outstretched foot, while Mr. du Maurier promised that he would do his best to lead them into subtleties that were beyond their intelligence, the only subtleties subtle enough for a *salon à dîner*.

Mr. du Maurier, too, was not being quite at his best, and a little frown presently showed itself just above Lady Elphino's beautifully modelled nose. That to-morrow's talk of the town should present Lady Elphino's latest Friday as perhaps not quite so brilliant as usual was an intolerable thought. To Lady Elphino, comparative success was starvation.

But Mr. du Maurier recovered himself. He had thought of a quotation—Lady Elphino adored quotations—'I quote others to express myself,' she vowed perpetually—and he arrived at it through a labyrinth of the most delicate wit, spaced with audacious snatches from the studios. His eyes left Lady Elphino's foot and surveyed the fine amplitude of her bust, the even finer diminutiveness of her waist, and he sat down with the happy consciousness that he had been skilful enough to conclude with his own, and not Lady Elphino's, conclusion:—

'The many-twinkling feet, so small and sylph-like,
Suggesting the more perfect symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well.'

'Bravo!' cried Lady Elphino as she replaced her stocking and once more spread her ample draperies on each side of her chair at the head of the table, 'Bravo! we have listened *avec séduction*.' But as she sipped her ice her smiles died. Should she really carry through her programme—invite a finale of complete fiasco? Had she not better call upon M. Rostand? No, it had occurred to her and she would do it. There was defiance even in her ringing of the bell.

'For the third speech of the evening I am going to call upon Mr. Lucian Mallady—who makes his first appearance at my Salon. He is very welcome. The subject I have chosen for Mr. Mallady is—Stays.'

A murmur ran all along the serried ranks of the diners. Oh, but Lady Elphino was cruel! Mr. Mallady was untried, *ingénu*, living blamelessly, so far as the world knew, *en garçon*. A speech on any subject would be an ordeal—but on stays! Undoubtedly

Lady Elphino was cruel. Whistler told her so, and she shrugged her alabaster shoulders. 'A lady is cruel who presents a gentleman—young, inexperienced—with an opportunity?'

Lucian had risen. The table was perceptibly nervous, but there was not the shade of a shadow of nervousness in Lucian's voice as he called for a glass of water. He drank it very deliberately. He was obviously undisturbed, beautifully serene. Then he looked at Lady Elphino.

'Since you command me to speak on stays, permit me a view of them.' For a second Lady Elphino hesitated. No, London was London, and Paris was Paris. In London she could display her foot, but she must cross the Channel to unlace, publicly, her stays. She rang for her maid.

'Mélusine, bring me my last pair of stays.' Miss Kate Vaughan—known at Lady Elphino's by the names conferred upon her jointly by Ruskin and Burne-Jones as Miss Miriam Ariadne Salome Vaughan—was almost under the table with laughter. In a moment the stays were standing like a triple screen before Lucian. He lifted them very carefully—as though he were lifting a triple tortoiseshell mirror, and examining the joints.

'Ah yes! So I should have imagined. These stays are by Guizot—Guizot is the Giorgione of stays.' He erected them once more on the table. 'Stays are woman's perquisite but man's province.' He feigned scorn. 'Why don't you women create something? Even stays were beyond you. Let me give you the earliest definition of stays—"a thick band furnished with wooden bones, used by certain men who wish to squeeze their figures into elegant proportions." You see—the old story of priority—God, man, woman. In the beginning was God, in the beginning was Man. In the beginning men wore stays, in the beginning men squeezed. Man the deviser, woman the stealer of his devices. On her own initiative woman could not even squeeze her figure—that obvious device was beyond her.'

Lady Elphino was all smiles—the delicious compliment of disparagement.

'History,' Lucian continued, 'repeats itself, but most monotonously about women. Who first wore ear-rings and carried a muff? Women's modern coquetries are man's ancient discardings. Without the help of men you ladies would not even be able to creak so deliciously in your stays, and yet you pretend it is your own affair. "One of the saddest sights," said Addison,

"is to see stays bursting with sedition." It is far sadder to see them bursting with ingratitude. Never, Lady Elphino, lace your stays without homage to Man. Somewhere in the haunts of mode, erect a statue to your stay-maker, and thereby call to mind the prowess of man and your own creative bankruptcy.' Delicately Lucian again sipped water. 'A distracted My Lady once implored the help of *The Tatler* because her Welsh maid had run off with three pairs of her new stays, bolstered below the left hip. Whose idea was the bolstering? Her Ladyship's? Oh dear no. The great Mr. Cosins. Again, once, when a Queen of France appeared at Versailles, it was seen that the fastening of her waist was not straight down her stays but gently swerved. "How ever did your Majesty come to think of it?" "It was the King who thought—not I." Mid-Victorian England surrounded even stays with morality:—

"Strait-laced, but all too full in bud,
For puritanic stays"

sang Tennyson, correct, as ever, in his epithet. At last, in this kingdom of stays, we have the woman's idea. Her Majesty made them puritanic.'

Miss Miriam Ariadne Salome Vaughan was once more laughing herself nearly under the table. 'Happily the devastations of stays have far out-weighed their decorums, the Cavalier has done more with them than Cromwell. Let me, in conclusion, quote you the lines of a harrowing tale and I will venture to ask you who wrote them:—

"But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Umbrelia, this undoing fair,
She owes to me her every charm of wear.
An awkward Thing when first she came to Town,
Her shape unfashioned and her face unknown:
She was my friend, I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red;
I introduc'd her to the Park and plays,
And by my interest *Cosins made her stays*.
Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart."

Lucian declaimed the lines beautifully, with accent and gesture at once delicate and rich, and without lending even a suspicion of

exaggeration to their artificial drama. And not a soul in the company knew their authorship!

He ended on a modern note.

'Gaul was divided, according to Caesar, into three parts—England knows only two. That which says stays—Higher England, and that which says corset—England Lower.'

He sat down, and when, this time, Lady Elphino rang her bell, it was to make her voice heard above a buzz of congratulations.

'Dear Mr. Mallady, allow me to present to you, with all my homage—my stays. Linford, ask Mélusine to box my stays, and to see that they are delivered to Mr. Mallady's chambers.'

Linford was the perfect butler. He would have delivered Lady Elphino herself to Mr. Mallady's chambers without surprise.

What an amazing young man! He had taken the most difficult theme in the world as effortlessly as a swan the unexpected, shining waters of a lake. What had Mr. Mallady been doing all these years when the eye of the world was not upon him? Why, he had been sitting as a scholar in his Chambers delighting in the English classics, storing them, with infinite discrimination, in his memory. He had been apt and choice on stays. Lady Elphino felt that he would be apt and choice on anything.

He never spoke again. Only the stays stood, a brocade triptych, in a glass case on one of his bookshelves to remind the world of his single and supreme achievement. Lady Elphino commanded—besought—implored. Lucian became a little haughty.

'I have demonstrated that I *can* speak. It is enough. There are people who exploit their gift till the world wearies to hear them. I will cherish my art, burn a flame to it in a temple which I alone will enter. My definition of genius is—Once.'

Lady Elphino acquiesced very sadly. 'I believe, dear Lucian, you are right.'

The brilliant impromptu—for Lady Elphino's greater brilliance—passed into a proverb. It was not that Mr. Mallady had spoken at Lady Elphino's. It was that it was at Lady Elphino's that Mr. Mallady had spoken. There was all the difference in the world.

And now he was dead. Lady Elphino, whose reputation lay in a far-away past, had enough sensibility left to brush a tear when

she saw his obituary recorded in *The Times*. He must have a wreath of immortelles.

She looked round her drawing-room. It was full of ghosts. She must move into a smaller house, where the cruelties of age would assail her less malignantly. She ran her eyes round the walls, revolving what she should keep, what Christie's should have. That lovely old French chair. She must retain that, even though the damask were all frayed, and even torn. It could perhaps be mended a little. She put on her large spectacles and ran her old fingers round the edges to see if there were any damask to spare. Her fingers, deep down, touched something stiff. She foraged, and at last brought up one of her own cards—and a smile transformed her face for a moment almost into youthfulness. It was the card on which she had arranged the *salon à dîner* of June 10th, 1895—her most famous dinner of all. On one side was the menu, and on the other her list of speakers and their subjects.

- | | |
|------------------------|---------|
| 1. Mr. Oscar Wilde. | Lilies. |
| 2. Mr. du Maurier. | Feet. |
| 3. Mr. Lucian Mallady. | Stays. |

No doubt she had stuffed the card down the chair when a sudden visitor had been announced thirty years ago. The secrecy which it was her pride she had maintained inviolate had not been easy.

Her wonderful dinners! The brilliance of the speeches, their wit, the aptness of their quotation. And all impromptu—every one of them.

BAYREUTH FORTY YEARS AGO.

The writer of these letters was the daughter of an English Squire, and her youth was spent in an old-fashioned country house, the hospitable centre of a friendly, sociable neighbourhood, from which the journey to Bayreuth was the first excursion into Bohemia. She was fortunate in being there before the bloom, born of the direct influence of Wagner himself, had worn off, and while the atmosphere was still that of enthusiasm and loyalty to the original ideal, together with an absence of conventionality and a natural friendliness which gradually diminished as fashionable folk began to come, merely because it was becoming the fashion to do so.

The letters, written to her parents, brothers and sisters, are given, with very few excisions, just as they came from her youthful and unsophisticated pen.

*Tuesday, July 27, 1886. BAYREUTH. Richard Wagner Strasse 245. Here we are at last, and in very good spirits, you will be glad to hear. I will tell you all our adventures from the beginning of our journey from Nürnberg, which we performed half-way in the 'Schnellzug,' which went strolling along at the pace of an average hearse; we started at twelve, for the later train, the porter informed us, was a 'Bummelzug,' which means a *real* slow one. At Schnabelwaid we had to change, and a station or two before that an elderly, good-looking man, with thick wavy grey hair, moustache and beard, dark eyebrows, and an elegant grey felt hat, had got into our carriage. It was pelting, and when we had to remove our five pieces of 'Kleingepäck' at Schnabelwaid, no porter was at hand, and this gentleman amiably got us and our luggage out, called a porter, and carried a good deal himself to the Bayreuth train; (where by the way, I was not exactly surprised, they are such queer people!—but somewhat horrified, to see a drove of young pigs being hunted, squealing loudly, into the luggage van!) We and our kind helper had a carriage to ourselves and a great deal of conversation. He was in raptures over the first performances here and said he could not get over his envy of us, to be hearing Parsifal for the first time—he having had his 25th! He gave us a great deal of information about places to go to on the*

off-days—the operas are always on Thursday, Friday, Sunday and Monday, beginning with *Tristan*. Then he asked to be allowed to give us a little advice, and enquired whether we had friends in Bayreuth. Aunt N. mentioned Fräulein T. but said we knew no residents, so he said we ought immediately to leave our cards on Frau Wagner, which would ensure our getting invitations to her receptions. So we are going to do this to-morrow, and won't it be delightful if we really do get invited? All the great people go to them, this gentleman said, musical and otherwise. Then he told us of a café to which he said we had better not go without the escort of a gentleman, but it is perfectly harmless, all the world goes there, and it is the favourite haunt of all the musicians and artists. Materna, the great soprano, went there the other day, and as soon as she appeared, everybody gave such a huge shout she was almost frightened. Of course, he had noticed my violin, and asked what I was intending to do about it, so I told him how we were going to Weimar and how much I wanted to hear of a really good teacher there to work under. He immediately said 'Oh, I will introduce you to the best violinist in Weimar, he is the leader of the violins here.' You can imagine I was delighted, and I only hope he will do it. We were very much wondering who this interesting person might be, who knew so much about everything and everybody, and talked of Liszt as a very old friend. (By the way, he says Liszt is in a very bad way, and he hardly expects him to live through the autumn: isn't that sad?) Well—finally, he gave us his card and begged that if ever he could do anything for us, or we were in any sort of difficulty, we would apply to him. He turns out to be 'Otto Lessmann, Chef-Redakteur und Herausgeber der Allgemeinen Musik-Zeitung'—a 'Berühmter Name,' as Fräulein T. said when we told her of our chance acquaintance. So we have fallen in with a great man straight away: isn't it a piece of luck? I shall be on pins and needles till we meet him again and get his introduction to the first fiddle. He told us of four expeditions to make, and all the things to see in Bayreuth; asked about our seats in the theatre and advised us to change some he thinks too close, and I can't tell you all the myriad other things he poured out, but he really seems most anxious about our welfare in every respect. Well, at last we got here, and were met at the station by the T.s; we walked all together to our rooms, leaving our luggage to follow. We were rather dubious about the rooms, which are over a Bräuerei and Bäckerei, but they are all right and

I think we shall be very comfortable. Our landlady is a little, short, dark, plump person, rather pretty and very gushing, in fact she seems almost entirely composed of gush, and a desire to please us. When she had quite done enquiring how many extra objects we needed, and which, she turned to me, reached up (she is much shorter even than I), and stroked my cheek, saying: 'Nette Damen!' in a tone of delight. She has given me an extra looking-glass and another table and has emptied a wardrobe in my room: for Aunt N. she has produced a chest of drawers and an umbrella-stand, and she seems enchanted whenever we can think of anything else to ask for, which state of mind I hope will last. She gave us coffee, rolls and honey, and then we took a carriage, picked up the T.s, and drove to the theatre, which is on a hillside outside the town—was built by the poor late King, for 100,000 Thaler. Inside, it seems simply vast—the stage 84 foot square, with an extra space behind where reposes the big ship that forms the first scene of Tristan.

I have received many compliments from the T.s about my German, in which I bound along gaily, making all the mistakes that come in my way, but it seems to have the desired effect.

Wednesday, July 28. A letter came this morning from Madame Lemmens Sherrington,¹ which Frau Rosenthal brought to us to translate; it says that she and her daughter are coming here to-night. Frau R. is in great excitement on hearing she is a celebrity, but had time also to be very ecstatic over my appearance, patted my arm and said: '*Schön* angezogen! *So lieb!!*'

Wednesday, 10 p.m. At 10 this a.m. Fräulein T. appeared, and we went off together to leave cards on Frau Wagner. Fräulein T. made us rather nervous about it, for she was evidently so very much surprised by the temerity of the idea; said she believed Frau Wagner had kept entirely to herself for three years after his death, and that this was the first year she had received at all, and that now she received none except Künstler. Had we an introduction?—No, we pinned our faith on Herr Lessmann who told us to go. Had we asked him or did he start the subject?—No, we should never have thought of such a thing: he was entirely responsible. We succeeded in getting her timorously through the first gate and half-way down the long avenue but then came to a second gate, with '*Verbotener Eingang*' written over it, and two large black dogs, fortunately inside, who got up and growled and

¹ The great contralto of those days.

snarled most viciously, walking up and down and keeping us well in view. This was most disconcerting, and we were rather at a loss what to do, for we couldn't well climb over the gate, particularly with those angry dogs keeping watch inside. So we retreated up the avenue, but presently met a boy who told us that the way in was through a side-gate. This we found, and got through safe and sound, notwithstanding the presence of the biggest and growlingest dog, who surprised us by lying staring at us as we passed him, without making a sign of disapproval. He evidently knew what 'Verbotener Eingang' means! We safely left our cards with an old woman who even invited us in, although she said Frau Wagner and the other Herrschaften were at the theatre. We declined, but ascertained that not only 'Künstler' but also ordinary mortals are received, so suppose all is well. Fräulein T. asked if we have low dresses, as she believes this is 'de rigueur,' of which I am very glad. We then went to see Wagner's grave in the garden, the Jean-Paul-Richter statue, and the Hof-theatre, which is very fine and beautifully decorated, but alas! never used now—after the burning of the theatre at Vienna when so many people were killed, a law was passed that no theatre might be used unless rebuilt and made fire-proof, which Bayreuth could not afford. If the Court had been kept up, it might have been done, but this Margraf's predecessor made an awful mésalliance with someone in the town, which so disgusted this one that he vowed never to come here, so the Hof is empty.

In the afternoon, we drove to Berneck, a quite lovely little place in the Fichtelgebirge, where we had a splendid climb and a gorgeous sunset, which I hope means a fine day to-morrow—for more reasons than one, for I have a bet with Aunt N. that there will not be more than two showers: the loser is to eat one out of a bag of Pfeffernüsse which Herr T. presented us with at Berneck where they are made; they are very spicy and so ought to be very good but unfortunately we have both taken an extreme dislike to them: this, you see, is a way of destroying one!

All the things we have seen and done so far are amongst the many that Herr Lessmann told us of. The T.s are simply astonished by the amount of information he imparted in so short a time; hardly a thing they mention but we reply 'Ja, dass hat uns Herr Lessman gesagt'—indeed, he has taken most of the wind out of their sails! We met him this morning, by the way, and he told me he had already spoken to the great fiddler about me. He

really is good, isn't he, to take so much trouble about folks he's never seen before and very likely will never see again. I'm afraid he's leaving very soon and that we shan't see much more of him.

Herr T. was shocked to hear that we haven't studied all the music beforehand, and advises us to go to the big Piano-fabrik to-morrow to do so. We asked if he wouldn't come and play it for us, and he said he would if I would play something to him. To this I had to agree, though I shall be dreadfully out of practice; we are to meet at 11.30, and I shall try to get there at 11 and have half an hour to get my fingers into some sort of order.

Thursday, July 29. We have just come in from lunching at the Reichsadler and I have half an hour before starting for the theatre, so I will proceed with my tale. We are having a lovely time! Well, we arrived before 11 yesterday at Steingräber's, which is a most imposing and rather alarming place, and we felt rather shy about walking in and asking to be lent a Piano—so we took another turn to think it over, and came upon a music shop, where Aunt N. angelically presented me with copies of Tristan and Parsifal, which came to 23 marks! Isn't that delightful? Armed with these, and the extra courage they inspired, we returned to Steingräber's and a woman who opened the door fetched a good-looking and elegant young man to attend to us. He looked a little surprised, perhaps, but was very obliging, and showed us into a funny little ante-room to the comptoir where was a piano which he said was quite at our disposal. So I played for about three-quarters of an hour, and found my fingers very self-willed; it was very queer, and very bold of me, because all round were real true Künstler banging away, and improvising all up and down pianos and violins and voices. It was a passage-room too, and people kept on bursting in and banging the door and apologising, and then bursting out again and banging the other door, all in a tremendous hurry and bustle. At 11.30, Fräulein T. arrived, but without her brother, who had been detained by a business visit and sent apologies—so I might have spared myself the ordeal! and we can't carry out our compact to-morrow, for we now have another engagement which I shall come to presently. As we were making our way home, to put away my precious scores before going to lunch, we heard ourselves hailed from the rear, and turned round to behold Herr Lessmann rushing across the street in the most empressé way, hat and umbrella in one hand, the other stretched out to us. I was pleased, because when he said Adieu to us last time, it was

in what seemed to me to be a finishing-up sort of way, as though he felt he'd done enough for us, wished us good luck, and there was an end of it. However, he seemed to have not yet lost all interest and enquired anxiously how we had been getting on. We told him how delighted we were with Berneck, which pleased him, and he said he was staying through next week, when his wife was coming for a few days. Then he noticed the music and asked about it, and when I said we had been looking through the scores at Steingraber's, he was struck with a beautiful idea: he had made an appointment with Halir, the Weimar violinist,¹ to meet him next day at 11 at Steingraber's to try a violin which, as far as I could make out (he talks terribly fast!) he had had made in America. If we would come there too, he would present me to Halir, or vice versa. I'm on pins and needles for the time to come, but I'm rather afraid of Halir too. I should think that he'll be disgusted at being let in for such a duffer, being so great a man himself.

Friday, July 30. Well—we have had our first opera. What *can* I tell you, to give you any idea of it? I can't possibly describe it, but it was simply magnificent. Of course there is a great deal that is difficult to follow and understand—one needs to know it; but on the whole I don't think it nearly so incomprehensible as one is led to expect. The performance was absolutely beautiful; the orchestra is the most wonderful thing imaginable; it truly does sound like one great instrument; one really can't believe that there is more than one violin playing—one gigantic violin!—they are so immaculately together. The theatre is almost pitch dark and the silence before the overture begins is unlike anything I've ever experienced in any other theatre; everyone is in his or her place well before the time, and I think it would be impossible for anybody to collect enough courage to come in late—if there is so much as a whisper, it is gently hissed down. One almost holds one's breath for fear of losing a note, and the exquisite opening is all the more exquisite because the conductor and orchestra being completely hidden one hasn't an idea when it is actually going to begin. The singers are simply admirable. I can't attempt to describe them, but the applause at the end was terrific—the men stood up and shouted. Nobody appeared though—Wagner never allowed it.

¹ Halir was well known in England later as second violin in the Joachim Quartet.

It was a beautiful starlight night, and we walked home, intending to go to Angermann's (the café Herr Lessmann told us of), under the wing of Herr T. ; but when we got there, alas, it was quite full : not a seat to be had for love or money, so we had to come home ! Unless we succeed to-night, I am afraid we may miss it altogether, for Herr T. is our only available escort and he will soon be gone.

I have just met Frau Rosenthal who greeted me, as usual, with 'Wieder heut' so lieb ! so lieb !' She takes a great interest in one's clothes, and yesterday when the Lemmens Sherringtons had gone out she dragged us into their room to look at two of Madame's dresses. She was in special raptures over one, black lace over crimson satin. It was rather embarrassing, because the lady's maid was there and looked somewhat surprised.

Saturday, July 31. We had such a jolly day yesterday, I must give you a full account of it. We set out in good time for our rendez-vous at Steingräber's and on the way met Herr Lessmann driving in an open carriage in the opposite direction. However he waved his hat emphatically, as if to say 'Don't on any account forget that you have an appointment with me in a few minutes ; I have not forgotten !' We waited in the hall for his arrival, and watched the many folk hurrying in and out ; most of them made sweeping bows. At last a fly drove up and we saw the well-known grey hat through the glass doors, which at the very moment burst open and another man 'stürzte hinein' and was rushing to the staircase when Herr Lessmann caught hold of him and said we were the ladies of whom he had told him—we were going to Weimar for the autumn, and would Herr Halir take me as a pupil ? Herr Halir seized his hat and took it off in the most thorough manner—(Germans do, I've noticed ; it isn't like the French flourish, but a sort of way that says : 'I'm doing all I can, and if I could possibly give myself any more trouble over it, I would')—and said 'Ach so ! Dass ist reizend ! Ja, sehr gern !' and then we all made our way upstairs to a big square room with no furniture except a piano, an organ, an old spinet and a few chairs round the walls. There were a dozen or so other people, chiefly men. Now I must describe Halir to you. At first, I was disappointed in his appearance : I expected him to have a lot of hair all on end, and to be one of the thoroughly artistic-looking people who pervade this place. But that is not a term you could apply to him. He is neither tall nor short, nor is he far from being stout ! has a moustache and short

beard and hair very like any ordinary mortal's! but when he smiled I began to like him. He's quite young: Aunt N. puts him at twenty-eight, but I don't know whether he's quite as young as that; he gives one the idea of being a very naïve, good-tempered, happy-go-lucky sort of boy. He seems very impulsive and to be always in a hurry. As soon as the violin was produced, he had it out of its case at once, and began playing up and down and all over it, until at last someone said: 'Aber spielen sie doch ein Stück.' Whereupon he tuned up, and having produced a book, began playing by heart, accompanied by Herr Lessmann. Presently the door opened and a tall shock-headed good-looking young man in grey, with a brigand's hat, came in and was greeted with a nod and a smile by Halir. He is evidently accustomed to playing for him: Herr Lessmann signed to him to come and take his place, so they changed without stopping, and went on to the end of the piece. I can't remember what it was—something one knows quite well; he played beautifully and there was a great round of applause. He was begged to go on, so he chose a Romance of Bruch's which we have often heard Neruda play, but when he came to a sort of half-way house, just where the double-stopping begins, he broke off suddenly, saying casually: 'Und so weiter.' I was in despair, but luckily everybody protested so energetically that he went on to the end, and after that, there was another fiddle to try, so he went on again, and I must say he will be an exhilarating person to learn from; he has so much 'Temperament' and such big beautiful tone. We agreed that if the orchestra is like one instrument, he is like a whole orchestra. When I have added that he had on a blue suit and canvas boots, which are much slopped about in by the artistic ones here, and that his manner might be described as 'nachgelassen,' I think I have told you all that I can about him at present, and I wonder what kind of impression you'll have got. If I'm at all right about him, I think he's the sort of person *you'd* not mind learning from; he looks so thoroughly good-natured, and his frame of mind seems such a happy one. There was more music after that, and Herr Lessmann introduced us to a Weimar 'cellist—and then we all dispersed to our different luncheons—ours 'zur Sonne.'

In the afternoon we had our first Parsifal, and I think it is almost the most impressive thing I have ever seen or heard. It is much more like an oratorio than an opera (at least the first and third acts) and it is so solemnly done that it is more like being in

a cathedral than a theatre. We had Materna as Kundry ; I don't think I really like her singing as well as Malten's, she has more tremolo, but she's a splendid actress, and a very nice woman too. She sat close to us at table d'hôte one day and talked to the T.s who know her. Fancy, she began life as a shepherdess ; someone heard her singing and offered her a mark, or its equivalent, to sing again ; he was so much struck that he took her and had her trained, which was a very good thing for her and for the general public too. She sings here for love, which is nice of her, for she gets £60 a night elsewhere ; but it is fortunate that she's so generous, for, as it is, they do not make the two ends meet here, the expenses are so enormous. The Wagner family pay a good deal, I fancy, and the late King helped them largely, and other people subscribe too.

Sunday, August 1. You will see Liszt's death in the papers before you get this : poor old man, he died last night at midnight. Frau Wagner had been with him constantly and was there till the end. It is very sad, particularly happening here just now, but it has been expected for some time, he has been so very ill lately. So all hopes of making his acquaintance are over—the chief reason I wanted to go to Weimar. But I am very glad to be going there now for other reasons.

Monday, August 2. We had the most beautiful performance of Tristan yesterday, and I understood it ever so much better than before. It is quite dreadful to think we are only going to hear it once more. Our prima-donna was Sucher—worth 100's of the former one, with such a lovely voice, and the most beautiful actress. We met Herr Lessmann and had some talk about Liszt ; he is very sad indeed about his death, having known him very long and well ; he was with him a few hours before his death. There has been a great discussion as to where he is to be buried, every town being desirous of the honour. While we were talking up came the tall grey man (Halir's friend) and told Herr Lessmann a telegram of 100 words had come (from the Emperor, I believe) saying he was to be buried here. This of course made all the Weimar people furious, and the gentlemen agreed it was very hard, since he belonged specially to Weimar. However, amongst his papers, one has been found saying he wished to be buried in the town he died in, no matter where it might be ; so the funeral is to be here tomorrow at 10.30, and will be tremendously crowded, no doubt. Of course we shall go.

Tuesday, August 3. We had another long talk with Herr Lessmann last night between the acts ; he was very much depressed and said he found it useless to try and listen to the opera. ' If you told me Malten was "scheusslich" I should not contradict you.' He spent some time trying to persuade me not to go to Weimar, but to Berlin where he belongs. Without Liszt, Weimar is nothing, he says. We told him how anxious we had been to know Liszt, and he said ' Ah, that would have been so easy ! ' Isn't it dreadfully disappointing ? Well, after we had parted and the last trumpet signal had sounded for the third act, he ran after us and said, we knew Nürnberg, didn't we ? Yes, we did. And Bamberg ? No, we didn't know Bamberg. Then would we come and see Bamberg, because he was going to Nürnberg with his wife to-day and on to Bamberg to-morrow, and if we would join them at Bamberg and spend the day there, it would give him much pleasure. We agreed to do this, and he seemed much gratified by our prompt acceptance. And then we hurried on to the theatre. Not too soon, for the doors were just being shut and the place was getting darker and darker ; we were the last to arrive and had to squash past everybody. One man shook his head at me and said ' Ein *wenig* spät ! Ein *wenig* spät ! ' I thought that a mild way of putting it, being horrified at behaving so badly. As soon as ever we were in our seats the light went out and the hissing began. It was a narrow shave of missing the act altogether, but a miss is as good as a mile, and anyhow we knew for our comfort that Herr Lessmann was just as late.

We find that we can't go to the funeral after all, since the churchyard is only to be open to the procession. So all we can do is to see that, and as it passes under our windows, the T.s are coming here to see it too. It is now 9.30, and it starts at 10 from the house close by. The whole street is hung with black flags ; one is waving just outside my window, an enormous long big thing. It looks so dismal.

I thought of you last night, and of how surprised you would have been if you could have had a glimpse of us, sitting on a narrow plank-bench, with our backs against the wall ; a narrow table with great mugs of beer on it in front of us, and the whole room, very low and narrow, crammed with people of all sorts, all drinking and smoking as hard as they could, and *such* a talking and shouting and laughing going on ! For we did at last succeed in getting to Angermann's ; we drove off as quickly as possible after the opera and found no difficulty in getting seats this time, for everybody had gone

to the station to see the Crown Prince off. He came in the morning, and all the town was hung with the German and Bavarian flags—such a contrast to the black ones to-day, but it was very unmirthful really, everyone being so depressed by the King's death; so there was no ovation and the Hochs got up when he appeared didn't at all sound like cries of joy.

Well, very shortly Angermann's began to get very full and soon there wasn't a seat to be had for love or money. It was very amusing, all sorts of funny-looking people, all enjoying themselves enormously and drinking fabulous quantities of beer. Of course we had a mugful each: everyone does, you have no choice, and it was very good. Aunt N. said she was hungry and went in for a plate of Wurst and Sauerkraut, which she enjoyed very much. I wasn't up to the sausage, but tasted the Sauerkraut, which I think very good. We stayed till 11.30 and had rather a short night, for we got up earlyish so as to have breakfast over and our rooms tidy before the T.s arrived to see the procession.

12 o'clock. We have just come back from the churchyard, to which we drove after the procession had passed, to see the grave. The procession was a very fine sight; the coffin was under a high black canopy, was drawn by four black horses and surrounded by men with torches, to keep off the crowd. A vehicle went before with a sort of black pyramid covered all over with the wreaths, which were most lovely, and after the coffin a long, long train of people, artists and musicians mostly, amongst whom we recognised a good many of the singers, male and female. All the street lamps were lit and covered with crape, which has a very weird effect, and there was a good deal of wind, so the black flags were flying and flapping in all directions. They are hung from the roof, and many of them are so long that you can touch them from the pavement; the one in front of my window kept flying in my face and rather prevented my seeing.

After all, our plan of going to Bamberg with the Lessmanns has been upset; there is to be a grand mass for Liszt in the big church here to-morrow morning, to which Herr Lessmann is going, and we too. The music ought to be lovely.

Wednesday, August 4. We were very much disappointed in the Mass this morning, for the music was anything but good and the poor priest sang hopelessly flat all the way through.

Friday, August 6. I am so delighted, instead of leaving to-morrow, we are going to stay till Tuesday, and so get two more performances.

We were so disappointed at having Malten instead of Sucher as Isolde yesterday that Aunt N. proposed, what I had been pining for, that we should stay over Sunday, for we think Sucher is sure to sing that day. Of course I couldn't say that I was longing to stay over Monday and have another Parsifal too, because you see this is entirely her affair and she's already been so generous : but to my intense relief, she presently said she thought it seemed hardly fair not to hear the same number of each, and that we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and you can imagine that I heartily agreed ! This was at table d'hôte, and we immediately trotted off to the ticket office and got seats in the front row for both days. You might think they were too close, but the sounding boards over the orchestra make even the *ff* parts so mellow that it never in the least drowns the voices. Indeed, I sometimes feel quite annoyed with the singers for interfering with the orchestral part, which I really think much the best !

I have got so very much attached to this little place : at first, I was disappointed, because you see the ugly part, new houses and factories, as you come from the station, and besides, it was an ugly, rainy day. The town itself is very old indeed, and very picturesque, We get the sunset straight down our irregular old street every evening, and it looks just like a scene in a play. I was getting very low at the idea of leaving—and shall be so still when it comes to the point, but then it won't come to the point just yet, and we are enjoying ourselves so much ! Let me see : I must tell you what we've been doing since I wrote last. That evening, we went to the Bürgerresource (it sounds rather low, but then we *are* rather low) and heard the first part of a genuine Hungarian band concert, which was splendid. We had some gloriously wild Czardàs, and I should like to have stayed on and on, but Aunt N. got too hungry, so we left at 9 to go and dine at the Anker, but didn't get our repast after all till 9.45, and then over-ate ourselves terribly, owing to Aunt N.'s inadvertently ordering two portions of goose instead of one, under the impression that it was going to be duck. It seems to be a rule of German life that a portion of a bird must be a quarter of the bird (what happens, I wonder, when it's a teal or a snipe ?) anyhow, we had a quarter of a goose each, and you have no conception of how monstrous an animal a goose is until you have seen a whole quarter of one on your plate at once.

Yesterday, we breakfasted at 8.30 and shortly after 9 were well on our way up to the Siegesthurm. Directly behind the theatre

there is a high hill covered with pine wood ; on the top, a tower built in memory of the Bayreuth men killed in '70. We drove to the bottom of the wood and then strolled up : it was perfectly beautiful, such a lovely sunny day, and the smell of the pines delicious. Lots of heather too, and whortle berries—I would like to have spent hours there if we'd had the time.

It isn't any use my raving about the music any more, you'll only get tired of it, and it won't give you any better idea of it. We met our first and best friend on the way back ; he was delighted to hear we'd decided to stop on, and said he had just done the same himself. He asked what our plans were for Saturday (the off day), we said we had no definite ideas yet but were going to make some excursion, whereupon he asked to be allowed to join us, and suggested that we should go again into the Fichtelgebirge : 'Permit me to arrange a little expedition for that day.' We graciously said we *would* permit him, and there the matter stands for the moment.

Sunday, August 8. Well, we met Herr Lessmann again on our way back from the theatre that evening ; he was walking with two other men, but flew at us and began talking at a tremendous pace. He does everything fast and is very impulsive ; it's a mercy he talks distinctly, or we should never understand a word. He asked whether we were going home, and we said yes, though I began to hope we were telling a story, and my hopes were realised, for he asked whether we would not like to have a glimpse of the Restaurant life, and had we ever been to Angermann's ? Aunt N. said yes, once—and I began to be afraid he might think we hadn't liked it, being English, so I put in : 'Ja, wir hatten es schrecklich gern,' at which he laughed, and begged us to go with him then. You may imagine we didn't refuse, and we all set off together. He introduced his friends, one a funny little man who had travelled all the way from Berlin, thirteen hours, for one performance, and was going to start back at 2 a.m. That's energy, isn't it ? but he said he was quite repaid, and well he might be. Aunt N. walked behind with them and I in front with Herr Lessmann. He said we would go to Angermann's first and then on to the Schwarzes Ross, the inn frequented by all the greatest swells, who divide their time between the two. When we got near he begged me to take his arm and his friend to give Aunt N. his, as he said it is better to make your entrance to Angermann's so. We ran up the narrow little staircase, in a great hurry as usual, and were greeted with showers of 'Guten

Abends,' for Herr Lessmann knows everybody in the place. We found it a very different thing from going with the T.s—that was very amusing, but this was perfectly splendid. We took seats at the middle table; opposite sat Herr Grützmacher and the most beautiful person I've seen here at all, tall and fair, with hair that I would give mints of money to possess, beautifully curly and a very musical length, very blue eyes and a long fair moustache. He is precisely my idea of 'The First Violin,' but his instrument is the 'cello. The place was crowded with artists, the only other ladies were Blumenmädchen, and the noise was tremendous. Herr Lessmann and Herr Grützmacher began telling anecdotes about Liszt, some of them most amusing—he certainly had a talent for saying cutting things. Two Englishmen we had made acquaintance with were there, and seemed rather surprised to see us, as most English people would have been, I think. You should have seen the amount of beer we drank—you have no choice, beer is given you and drink it you must. I tried to sip at my 'Seidel' slowly and seldom, but whenever Herr Lessmann noticed that I wasn't getting on, he clinked glasses with me, and then you have to drink, it's an insult not to. And then it doesn't pay to keep your Seidel too full, because some one is sure to call out when you least expect it 'Austrinken!' and then everybody has to empty his Seidel on the spot, and they are fearfully big!—Well, we had a very lively time there, and then Herr Lessmann suggested that we should move on to the Ross, so we got up and received bows from everybody present, and crossed over to the inn, where we found a much smaller and very select company of very first-class artists. We nearly died of laughing over Planck, one of the best singers and actors, although he is elderly and inordinately fat—tall too, in fact, he's one of the most tremendous people I have ever seen, but *so* fat that on the stage he looks quite short. He's simply made up of good humour; they all call him 'der dicke Kerl,' which appears to please him, and he says the funniest things in the most solemn way. They were all jeering at him, as everybody seems to do, so he began in a reproachful way to say: 'Wagner himself is the only person who ever really appreciated me; and if he were alive now, I should be playing Tristan.' There was such a roar of laughter at this—you can't imagine what a comical idea it is until you've seen him. We were introduced to the greatest swell of all—Levi, the conductor of Parsifal, who is greeted with enthusiastic shouts wherever he goes. Sucher was there too; it is rather a disillusion to see her off the

stage—dark and stout, with a rather ragged straight black fringe, and a not very sweet voice.

Well, after a considerable time in this very distinguished company, Planck and Halir and several more announced their intention of going over to Angermann's, and they all begged Herr Lessmann to do the same. He turned to us and asked what we should like ; of course I jumped at the idea, and we agreed that as we had begun so brilliantly, we might as well make a night of it, so off we trooped. I took Herr Lessmann's arm again, and we marched into the upper room, where we were greeted with : ' Ein, zwei, drei, Hoch ! ' by the assembled multitude who were awfully amused at seeing us again. I fancy they thought us very unstuff for English people ! It amuses me to think how much afraid Fräulein Werner was that we should be too formal to get on with her compatriots ! More beer was the order of the day, and we sat there and enjoyed ourselves hugely till 1.30 a.m., when we came home having arranged to meet Herr Lessmann at the station at 8.30 for our expedition. Such a night I have never had before, and I felt much too lively to want to go to bed. The only adverse circumstance was that it was raining, which frightened me because I thought our star might so far forget itself as to let the weather prevent our day out. I woke at 5.15, and to my disgust saw it from my bed still raining, and hard. I spent the next hour and a quarter studying Parsifal, being much too wide awake to get to sleep again. At 6.30 we were up, and got to the station in good time, to find Herr Lessmann there too, and we all decided to face the elements and hope for a turn in the weather before our journey's end. For which there was time, since we travelled three mortal hours, and changed twice, which shows you what a Bummelzug is like ; we covered a very short distance with this vast expenditure of time and energy. However, we were very happy and had plenty of interesting conversation, so it didn't matter. I know a good deal more about Herr Lessmann now ; he is not only editor of this Musikzeitung and one of the foremost musical critics in Germany, but also one of the principals on the Concert Committee in Berlin, and gives thirty music lessons per diem, so is fairly well occupied. He said, ' If I taught the violin, I should not let you go to Weimar.' I fancy he might be rather alarming as Professor occasionally ; as far as I've seen, he's as kind as possible to everybody, great and small ; but he looks as though he might be very severe, and there's something about his mouth that shows he has a temper. He has also composed a good deal, chiefly songs, two

of which Liszt transcribed for pianoforte. He asked whether we would like him to give us introductions in Weimar, which he said was like a second home to him, and he named a whole string of interesting people to whom he could introduce us, the only ones of which that I can remember are Lassen, the composer of 'Blue eyes,' and Freiherr von Loën, the General-Intendant of the Hof-Theatre and Kapelle. He really must have his hands pretty full if he often takes so much trouble to be kind to strangers he meets casually in railway carriages. He is going to Dresden for the performance of *Götterdämmerung* on the 21st, and proposes that we should do something together on the Sunday; he has made an appointment to go to a violin-maker's that day and invites us to go too. So our plot thickens.

Well, at last we arrived at our station, Wunsiedel, a very primitive old place, where the streets are lighted by very few and far between lanterns hung across the street by ropes from the roofs of the houses, with pulleys to let them down. We lunched here at 12, and walked three-quarters of an hour to a café at the edge of a fir-wood, where we stopped and had coffee; after that the real thing began. It's a most wonderful place and is called the Luisenburg—a good steep hill, 2,300 feet high, entirely covered with huge boulders tumbled about in all directions, some heaped on the top of others and balanced so that it looks as though a touch would send them over. Every possible nook and cranny is filled by fir trees, and the rocks are covered with moss and magnificent ferns. You have to go creeping between them—sometimes the path creeps into a little tiny hole which you have to bend double to get into. Aunt N. got tired after a good deal of this, and said she would wait while we went on to the top—Herr Lessmann, the guide and I. It's unlike any other mountain I've seen, and one really can't imagine where all these great boulders came from; it looks as though they'd been rained down out of the sky, for when you get to the top there's nothing higher anywhere round for them to have rolled off.

We got back to the inn at 4.30, and had a queer meal of trout and champagne, which Herr Lessmann insisted on, and finally reached this at 9. We tidied ourselves up, and then he came to fetch us to the Schwarzes Ross, where we found a select company doing all manner of queer and amusing things. An apparently stark mad Herr Dingldei (what a name!) who looks about 20, and is a professor of music (he must be an exceedingly odd person to be the pupil of!) kept the room in fits of laughter. We actually *didn't*

go on to Angermann's, you will be surprised to hear! Aunt N. being tired, and not much wonder.

Herr Lessmann joined us at the Anker yesterday, and in the middle of a very cheerful conversation said (what he is always saying, and what has become a sort of proverb with us): 'Ich schlage Ihnen etwas vor.' This proposition turned out to be that we should go with him and a friend whom he introduced to us to Nürnberg and on to Dresden next day, and though Nürnberg has no Angermann's, he promised we should have a 'fidel' evening. (A word I never knew the meaning of before, but experience has taught it to me now.) Herr Lessmann had set his heart upon this and wouldn't take a refusal, so we gave in, but insisted on having time to pack, which was conceded, and I've no doubt we shall enjoy it very much. We had a cheerful repast, at the end of which Herr Lessmann again said, 'Ich schlage Ihnen etwas vor.' This time it was that instead of staying in that rather stuffy atmosphere we should take a drive together before going to the theatre. So we took a landau and had a beautiful drive up to Schloss Fantaisie, a delicious place with a quite English-looking park and garden full of fine trees. During the drive, Herr Lessmann again exclaimed 'Ich schlage Ihnen etwas vor'—this time that instead of going all the way by train to Nürnberg we should go on Tuesday afternoon to a little place near Rupprechtstegen, sleep there and drive on next day through that lovely country to Nürnberg. If only it is fine, this would be delicious, and to-day is so beautiful that I hope our star is in the ascendant.

As to Tristan last night, Sucher simply took everyone by storm. She outdid herself so completely, all the world was in ecstasies, including, and especially, the great ones.

This morning, we met Herr Lessmann at Steingräber's to hear two ladies who were to sing to him. They were a strange contrast. As soon as ever we got into the room, one of them, a big, bold-looking creature, sat down at the piano and offered to sing something (of her own composition, I think). So she sang—and with such a voice! like twenty brass bands, and so harsh, it simply shrivelled one up. That over, almost before Herr Lessmann had time to say 'Thank you,' she proposed to sing something else, and immediately did so; then got up and pressed into his hand some vales of her own to look at. He speedily put them down and went over to the other, who was much younger and rather shy, and he asked her, very kindly, to sing. So she sang, with a very good voice but not much trained. She was evidently nervous, and when

she had done, Herr Lessmann went up to her, took her hands, asked her if she were frightened, and then spoke very warmly and encouragingly about her singing. Meanwhile the first singer looked on with a rather disdainful air. Then Herr Lessmann asked the little one to sing again, and that over, up bounced the irrepressible one with, if you will believe it, *Tristan* in her hand, sat down and began to sing Isolde's 'Liebestod' ! How she can have had the face to do it, I can't think—when every Künstler in the place was thrilling with admiration of Sucher's performance last night, all saying they had never heard anything to compare with it. And this was such a terrible performance too, loud and shrill, the accompaniment most brutally banged and thumped ; I can't describe to you how incredible the whole thing was. Herr Lessmann got up and began to pace up and down with impatience, finally he could stand it no longer, but went up to the piano, laid his hands upon hers gently but firmly, and said something about there being people downstairs who would be disturbed. He told me afterwards that he said to her : ' Mein Fräulein, wenn man etwas wie gestern Abend erlebt hat, dann sollte man solches nicht wagen,' which must have made her feel rather humbled I should think.

The poor man is much disturbed in his mind about Carl Meyder and his orchestra from Buxton, and asked whether we knew either Buxton or Carl Meyder. We said we knew the latter's name, and that part of his orchestra was at present performing at Malvern. He got very much excited on hearing this, and proceeded to ask a string of questions about them. We could only tell him that there is such a person and that he has an orchestra, but whether a good one or not we couldn't say, never having heard it. He replied with great fervour : ' You do not know what you are telling me.' We begged him to explain himself, and he replied that the Berlin Concert Committee had engaged Carl Meyder to bring over his orchestra to play there next winter ; they have already spent a good deal in preparing a place for them to perform in, and now he says he is told by many Englishmen that Carl Meyder is altogether a fraud and has no orchestra at all. So, even though we cannot guarantee that it is at all a good one, he is immensely relieved to hear that the Carl Meyder Orchestra does at least exist ! I asked him why, when they are overrun with musicians here, they take the trouble to fetch a whole orchestra out of England ; he says it is a question of getting a large orchestra which is disengaged the whole winter—a thing by no means easy to arrive at here ; apparently

it is less trouble to get a ready-made one from England than to make one in Germany. I hope that for our credit, it will turn out to be a decent one—but really Herr Lessmann doesn't seem to think that more than a very minor detail, since the orchestra is a real, live fact.

Rupprechtstegen, August 13. You will be surprised to see where I am writing from—at least, if you understood our very hazy plans, which it took us all our time to do ourselves. We were obliged to give up our expedition with Herr Lessmann because Aunt N. I am sorry to say got rather knocked up by all our gay doings, so we stayed quietly in Bayreuth till yesterday, when we came here, and intend to go on to Dresden to-morrow. It's the dearest little place and we are enjoying it immensely. Nell says in her letter: 'You should have seen Father's face when he read your description of Angermann's, it *was* fun.'—Was he really shocked? I should like to have seen him! but that could only have been the description of the first time when we went with the T.s, and I hope I made you understand what a very different and much more 'fidel' night the second was. The first time, you see, we sat against the wall, as spectators and strangers—the second, we sat at the Musikers' own table, as part of the business, under Herr Lessmann's wing, which included almost everybody else in the room—anyhow, everybody of any interest. I would give anything for you all to have been there too, because I don't think one can ever come across anything like it anywhere else—certainly not in England!

Dresden, August 20. Last night, Herr Lessmann arrived and came straight from the station to call on us, but it was so late and we were so lazy that we had already gone upstairs where I was busy mending all my clothes—a thing I never had time to do in Bayreuth! I got through an amount which alarmed me and would I am sure have surprised you. I do hope I shan't get into the habit of it, it takes such a lot of time and really if one's dresses are all right, the rest of one's things do very well in holes. This morning we met Herr Lessmann on our way back from the Gallery and he asked us to go to supper with him at a very good restaurant called Renner's after the opera to-night, which we promised to do.

Berlin, August 23. Alas, we have now really done with Wagner for the present, and I can't tell you how sorry I am. The *Götterdämmerung* was a magnificent finale, thrilling and terribly tragic. I simply can't find adjectives to rave about it so you must imagine them. The adjective to use in German is 'colossal' with the accent

very emphatically laid on the last syllable. We had a very jolly evening after the opera, Renner's is a fine big restaurant with lots of huge rooms opening into each other—very different from Angermann's, you will perhaps be glad to hear!—(By the way, it took me a long time to realise that you were all really rather shocked at our proceedings there. I don't think any of you would have been if you had been there, because you would have understood that it was *the* thing to do—a thing that outsiders might pine for in vain. The Schwarzes Ross was still more select—Angermann's is of course open to the public, though if you go as an outsider you do feel rather out in the cold; but that room at the Ross is reserved entirely for the great swells and their friends and is altogether a case of sour grapes for the rest—our two English friends included—they told me about it before we went there, and how they could be heard outside the window, singing and playing on the tin-kettley old piano indoors. That is all *they* had arrived at—listening outside, while we joined the select few within. Tell Mother she may console herself—the Englishmen *had* departed before we returned to Angermann's that night, and there was nobody else to be shocked—all the rest were apparently only very glad to see us again.) What a long parenthesis!—Well, we were a party of six, Herr Lessmann, three other men and ourselves. One of the three I don't know the name of—he sat some way from me and talked so low I could never hear what he said. The other two were called Alexi and Weingartner. Alexi is a singer, a great friend of Herr Lessmann and a very pleasant and amusing man. Weingartner I have already described to you I think—he is the young man who came into Steingraber's the day Halir played there, and whom Herr Lessmann made accompany him. We saw him constantly after this and I always wanted to know him, but we never met, so I was very glad to see him here. He has composed several things and Herr Lessmann speaks very highly of him—evidently thinks he is going to make a name, as yet he is only 23 and such a nice boy.¹ We drove home by moonlight at 12.15—(quite a respectably early hour, you see) and made arrangements to lunch at the Bellevue next day with Herr Lessmann and then go on the river, which was a very pleasant way of spending the afternoon, and we only just got back in time to finish our packing and catch our evening train. We had a very pleasant journey, during which Herr Lessmann gave me the photograph I enclose for you to see what he is like; I offered him in

¹ That name he has made as a great conductor.

exchange a Midget which he studied for a long time but said he could not find the slightest resemblance—however, he kept it, failing anything better. He is coming to call on us this evening, and says he regrets very much that he will be too busy to place himself at our disposal during the day, but hopes we shall go and spend Sunday afternoon and evening with him and his family at Charlottenburg.

Postscript :

The writer met Herr Lessman again on several subsequent occasions at Bayreuth, and in the summer of 1890 he spent a fortnight at her home. This visit happened to coincide with an important Charity Concert for which her family was responsible, and of which Herr Lessmann (somewhat to the dismay of the performers, several of whom were well-known figures amongst the Amateur musicians of that date) insisted on taking the entire direction.

In June 1914, the writer had occasion to renew a long-neglected correspondence with Herr Lessmann, and received from him a letter full of grateful remembrance of this visit, with allusions to details long since forgotten by herself, and expressing the warmest appreciation of England and the English.

TEAM-WORK IN STILLER FLORUM.

WHERE Coney's Castle dips down towards Fitzpaine, the slope of the hill becomes a shelf and the shelf an upland meadow. From time immemorial, ever since the Gentlemen of Pymore played and defeated the Rest of England, this meadow has been the Stiller Florum cricket-field. We have found it impossible to prepare a pitch nearer the village, for the Stillwood Vale itself is too quaggy and the grass too rank to lend itself to be mowed and rolled.

But we are contented with our hillside cricket-field. We have squared out a piece in the centre, which is kept in excellent trim and is wide enough to grant cover-point and short-leg no excuses for misfielding. Long-on and third-man lead a more strenuous life amid tussocks of long grass. It is true that towards mid-wicket the meadow shelves abruptly, and a thundering smite, which clears the ridge, may scurry down hill to the lower hedge. Whenever this happens, the ball is hurled back by relays of fieldsmen, the batsmen run nine and are consequently so exhausted that one is bowled next ball.

On the other hand we have built a pretty pavilion under the shadow of the elms, while an unhampered south wind blows over us up the Vale to Pilsdon Pen and shaggy Lewesdon. To the south-east we can see the Stillmouth road climbing under Stonebarrow, then winding over Char Down and Har Down, but it is so far away that we cannot hear the hum of the motor-cars, as they dip and dart along like tiny chafers through the golden haze of a September afternoon.

A grassy lane curls uphill from Stiller Florum to the cricket-field. Through this the players make their way between high hedges gay with lilac scabious, knapweed and long purples. Lustrous Peacock butterflies flutter from flower to sunlit flower, but suddenly, where the banks rise steeply and the hedgerows meet overhead, the path winds on into shadowed silence. Long bleached bramble-streamers dangle from the leafy roof, and far out of reach cluster Brobdingnagian dewberries. The path runs out into sunlight once more: there is a gleam of steely blue and Tyrian red as a bullfinch and his mate go looping up the lane.

One fair Saturday morning in mid-September John Kingdom

and Mr. Hamilton were engaged in preparing the pitch for the afternoon game. But, whereas John Kingdom furrowed his brows over the geometry of the popping creases, Mr. Hamilton paced continually up and down in a nice anxiety over the condition of the wicket.

'Going to be a blazing hot day, John,' said the curate. He pranced swiftly by, then broke into a canter to finish with a whirlwind delivery some twenty yards away.

John Kingdom let go the handle of the whitening machine, put his hands on his hips and threw back his head.

'Haw, haw, haw!' laughed John.

'What's the matter, John?' inquired Mr. Hamilton, as he galloped back with a smooth professional run. 'Did I say anything funny?'

'I was laffèn at you bowlèn of 'em out in your dreams. Doänt 'ee pay attention to me, zir! All of us do terrible wonnerful things in our dreams.'

'That's all right, John,' said Mr. Hamilton very handsomely. 'My mind does stray sometimes, but then I was just loosening my arm, I think. Hullo! Here comes Billy Bell. Is he umpiring this afternoon?'

'He'll stand empire,' said John gravely. 'Now what's brought he up the leäne? Marnèn, Billy!'

'Marnèn, John! Marnèn, Mr. Hamilton! Have 'ee heard 'bout Ted Luck?'

'Saw 'en last night down to the Arms. He were a mite cock-eyed. "Time, gentlemen, please," I says. "The King wishes 'ee all good night." The others went off meek and mild, but I mind now that I picks up Ted and drows 'en into the road.'

'Tchk-tchk,' said Mr. Hamilton.

'Doänt 'ee worry, zir,' retorted John. 'He weren't even market-merry nother. Just a bit mazed like. He'll bowl all right. What's up wi' 'en, Billy?'

'Ted Luck won't bowl to-day,' said Billy Bell with the due deliberation of one who delivers dreadful tidings. 'The wretched man be down to Stillmouth.'

'What's he doing there?' asked John and Mr. Hamilton with one voice.

'Policeman Harper's a-put 'en in lock-up. He did go forth early this marnèn to plush a hedge maybe or to set a few traps for they wonts maybe, and one of the Colonel's partridges bivers out of the turmuts and flew into his pocket.'

'Stunpoll,' said John earnestly.

'Tchk-tchk!' said Mr. Hamilton.

'An' that dratted Harper were hidèn in rick-pound. "I want you, Luck," he says. "Poachèn," he says in an awful voice. Though I always say myself that the birds of the air belong to we as much . . .'

'Oh! you be a Radical, Billy, like all cobblers. Why doànt that Harper lie abed and open his station at nine o'clock, decent and regular. He be always hedge-hoppèn ever since he did find that barrel of beer tucked away snug at election time. Where be the Colonel?'

'Up to London,' said Billy Bell, his eyes as bright as a bird's.

'Where be the Colonel's pomalorum?'

'Over to Netherbury.'

'Excuse me, John!' murmured Mr. Hamilton. 'Whom did you say?'

'A pomalorum, zir. That be Mr. Sancy, who do look after everything for the Colonel. That be good Do'set, zir, as Do'set as blue vinny cheese.'

'Pomalorum!' murmured the curate, striding up the pitch. 'So much better than factotum.' He lapsed into a happy philological dream.

'We muss'n trouble Rector,' mused the landlord. 'Happen Mr. Hamilton'll have to bail 'en out . . . or get 'en out,' he added darkly.

His fellow-conspirator closed one bright eye.

'Terrible mean Harper is, but he dursn't say naught to Mr. Hamilton,' he murmured.

'What's that, John?' demanded the philologist, arrested in the middle of his run. 'Did you suggest that I should tactfully intervene on behalf of Ted Luck?'

'Well, zir, he be our only bowler, barrèn you o' course. An' Mr. Williams be bringèn a hot team. 'Tis a blazèn sheàme Ted Luck should be left out of the supper to-night, zir.'

The curate thoughtfully whirled his arm over three times.

'M'm,' he said. 'Isn't Ted Luck rather frequently in trouble?'

'In prisons oft,' the cobbler reminded him respectfully, 'like that vamous man whom you told us of last Sunday.'

'It can't do any harm, zir,' added John Kingdom.

'Well, well, I shall do my best as the Stiller Florum ambassador,' smiled the curate. 'Let me see! I had better borrow Mr. Hubert Ansty's little car and go straight down to Stillmouth.'

He paused for a moment to wipe his pince-nez, then set off at a debonaire jog-trot towards the lane.

'Henry Harper be a venomous toad,' said John Kingdom. 'But even he do know that he muss'n keep Ted Luck down to Still-mouth without he brings 'en avore a magistrate.'

'Tis his afternoon off duty,' observed Billy Bell sagely. 'He be wrathful that you didd'n put 'en in the team.'

'Haw, haw, haw!' roared John Kingdom.

'Then that barrel of beer in the dressing-room,' observed Billy Bell.

'Tis all right, Billy,' interrupted John hastily. 'He couldn't say nothen to that. Mr. Williams has bought and paid for 'en.'

There was a short silence, while John Kingdom carried the whitening machine to the other end of the pitch.

'Happen 'twill be the last barrel of beer and the last supper us'll be gettèn from Mr. Williams,' observed Billy Bell, a far-away look in his bright eyes.

'What's that, Billy?' exclaimed John, now thoroughly startled. 'Mr. Williams be a terrible keen cricketer and a girt sportsman. He've a-brought his team against we every September for nineteen years, and every year a supper in the barn.'

'Nought, three, nought, two, nought,' said Billy Bell.

'What be all that?'

'Those be Mr. Williams' scores for the last five years. I doubt that the thought is preying on the man's mind. He were only sayèn to me the other day that he thought he were gettèn a bit too old to play cricket. He be losèn his keen edge, John.'

'How so? The man's not yet sixty,' mocked John. 'Now if he meàde ten runs this afternoon . . .'

'Twenty, John,' corrected Billy Bell firmly.

'Or twenty runs, as you say. And as empire, you've a vast experience. Now t'other empire be Daniel Dean.'

'But Mr. Williams be a Hampshire man like Daniel,' the cobbler reminded him. 'I shall give Daniel one look or two looks. 'Twould'n do to lay bare the thing in words, but Daniel's right smart, if one doànt cross 'en. Then he be a mean noggerhead.'

John Kingdom nodded, and the two men looked at one another with the mischievous air of truant schoolboys.

'But it must be managed slyly,' he said. 'Twould'n do to praise the plan to others. 'Tis a radical idea, Billy, like handicap

skittles. Remember 'tis hole-and-corner 'twixt you and me! Now let I finish whitenèn!

In the meantime Mr. Hamilton, flushed and determined, was driving Mr. Hubert Ansty's two-seater down the narrow lanes to Stillmouth.

'Pomalorum! What a magical word!' he said to himself. 'Now I must use my eyes as the Rector told me. Dear me! The *stamina* of the dog-roses are turning red. Tut, tut! That was a narrow shave.'

A green limousine, driven by a purple chauffeur, snored by two feet in front of his bonnet, as he debouched too hastily into the main road.

'I must certainly learn to use my eyes,' reflected Mr. Hamilton. 'Otherwise I shall be obliterated by the chariots of Israel and the horse-power thereof. Ha, ha! That is rather good.'

He spun downhill, turned right-angled over the low stone bridge and ran on into peaceful Stillmouth, a land where it is always afternoon. Finally he drew up in front of a pretty white cottage, covered with red Virginia creeper. Strangely enough, this was the police-station.

The impenitent Ted Luck was scanning the *Daily Mail*, very much at his ease. But there was no sign of Policeman Henry Harper. Mr. Hamilton noted with relief that Ted was not bound in chains nor fettered with links of iron.

'Twere kind of 'ee to seek me out, zir,' said Ted Luck.

'Where's the officer, Ted?' inquired Mr. Hamilton, looking sternly at the delinquent through his pince-nez.

'Away to Netherbury to see Colonel Ansty,' murmured the other.

'But the Colonel is in London and not returning until to-night.'

'Yes, zir. The Colonel did tell I that he were away to London on Saturday, but I didd'n know as he midd'n be away to Netherbury wi' Mr. Sancy.'

'Ah, yes! The Colonel's pomalorum,' said Mr. Hamilton, unable to resist that luscious twirl of the tongue. 'Now, tell me, Ted,' he added hastily, 'if you are arrested or locked-up or anything! What are you supposed to have done?'

'Not locked-up nother 'zackly,' said Ted airily. 'I be biden my time and the Colonel's time and Harper's time. And what I've a-done, 'tis very simple. This marnèn I were settèn a few wont-traps, when a Frenchman did come plounce over the hedge.'

Did meäke I fair joppety, and avore I knew what I were about I fetched he a bang wi' my ash-plant. Then round the corner of rick-yard do come Policeman Harper. "Ho! my man," he says, bullywraggèn me. "Ho!"

'One moment, Ted,' begged Mr. Hamilton. 'How does a Frenchman come into it and what on earth is a wont?'

'A wont, zir? That be a blind mole.'

He pointed to a red-legged partridge.

'There be Frenchman. I do always say that a French partridge beänt rightly the proputtty of English squire, not like English partridges however.'

Mr. Hamilton found himself constrained to ignore the problems of the possible ubiquity of Colonel Ansty and the nationality of partridges. He came severely to the point.

'Are you under arrest and can you play cricket?'

'No, zir, 'twass'n if I had had a gun. Of course I must play this arternoon, and the supper and all. I tell 'ee, zir. Just 'ee write a word now for Policeman Harper to tell 'en that I be in your custody and care! Then I can go home-along with 'ee, zir.'

Mr. Hamilton hesitated for a minute.

'Twill be all right, zir. The Rector will back 'ee up, and Colonel Ansty always listens to Rector.'

After all it was ridiculous that the village slow bowler should be locked up, while the local policeman scoured the countryside for Colonel Ansty. The whole thing was obviously an accident. Stepping over to the desk, Mr. Hamilton wrote a sputtering line or two with the official pen. They made for the car.

'Remember now that I am responsible for you!' said Mr. Hamilton, as they glided away.

'I'll stick so close to 'ee as a burr,' vowed Ted, with a longing look at the Coach and Horses. But the car gathered speed and ran smoothly on.

'Wonts! Frenchman! Joppety! That must mean nervous,' muttered Mr. Hamilton, improving his vocabulary.

Mr. Williams, a portly gentleman with a close-cut moustache, led his team up to the pavilion. John Kingdom advanced to shake him by the hand, when a berserk roar broke from the lane. Behind the roar debouched Policeman Henry Harper, his helmet thrust well back upon his head. Even at that distance one could see that his face was redder than a beetroot. The roar became articulate.

'I want 'ee, Ted Luck,' shouted the constable. 'You be in my custody, so come along wi' me!'

John Kingdom cast an anguished look at the curate.

'Pacify 'en, Mr. Hamilton,' he implored. 'I'll be with 'ee in one minute.'

Seizing Billy Bell by his sleeve, he disappeared with his crony behind the pavilion.

'The wretched man be an incubus,' groaned Billy Bell. 'You must put 'en in the team, John, so as to calm his timmersome spirit.'

'What do 'ee mean by incubus?' said John.

'Incubus? That be good Do'set. It do mean a tormentèn, teasèn fellow like Henry Harper. To think of that man scoushing round the country on his bike, like a girl blue ho'setinger. It be fair vexèn.'

'Put 'en in the team,' said John Kingdom with a frown.

'Tis the only way,' said the cobbler glumly.

'Now, now, Harper!' Mr. Williams was saying in authoritative tones. 'You can't imprison the man all day, and Colonel Ansty does not return until to-night.'

'I were keepèn my eye on 'en,' retorted the belligerent policeman. 'By what right did Mr. Hamilton take 'en out of the custody of the law, so to speak?'

'I tell 'ee what, Henry Harper,' interposed John Kingdom. 'Do 'ee play cricket for we, and 'ee can keep your eye on 'en all the time.'

'That's right, John. One of your men can play for me. I am one short,' added Mr. Williams. 'Look here, Harper, I'll go bail for Ted Luck.'

'Coom on, Henry! I'll lend 'ee a shirt and trousers,' said John Kingdom.

Assailed on every side, the blue incubus graciously consented to play.

'Though bygonès beänt bygonès,' he said majestically, as he struggled into a shirt. 'Now, why should . . .'

'Doänt 'ee be a stunpoll, Henry!' said Joseph Samways, who was slowly routing round for his wicket-keeping gloves. 'Play cricket! John have lost toss, and there be Mr. Williams settèn forth to open the day.'

So saying, he lumbered out into the sunshine.

Mr. Williams, who opened the innings with a tall Free Forester, sighed as he took guard. He was so keen on cricket, and yet the

custom of nineteen years was becoming a farcical tyranny. Nineteen years ago he had sold his business in Southampton and had started on a motor-tour to indulge his hobby of brass-rubbing. By chance he had drifted into Dorset, the friendliest county in England : haphazard he had descended upon Stiller Florum, the friendliest village in Dorset.

There the courtesy and wisdom of the Rector had won his lonely heart. John Kingdom received him at the inn and gravely made much of him. The talk had turned upon cricket, and before he knew what he was about he had promised to bring a team against Stiller Florum. Somehow or other a supper in the barn had linked itself to the cricket-match.

The motor-tour came incontinently to an end. In a waking dream Mr. Williams bought a house in Stillmouth. He was a sportsman and a gentleman, and in an incredibly short time friendliness encompassed him. Slowly he began to realise that he was no longer a mere business unit in a large city, but the Mr. Williams of Stillmouth. He grew older with his contemporaries, watched the younger generation grow up and remained youthful at heart. The magic had blossomed that morning when he entered Stiller Florum.

But the cricket-match went on like a recurring decimal. Mr. Williams groaned in spirit as he visualised himself, some twenty years later, white-bearded and batting from a bath-chair. He was over sixty now and could not hope to repeat past triumphs. He was sensitive and imagined that the spectators might be laughing at him. This match, he decided, must be his swan-song. Anyhow the agony would be over in two or three balls. He set his teeth and faced the bowler.

'Play!' said Billy Bell.

Ted Luck took a little curving run and flighted a ball down a foot outside the off-stump. Mr. Williams went back towards his wicket and came down upon the break just in time.

'Gor! That were a good 'un. Well played, zir,' called John Kingdom heartily from the slips. Mr. Williams felt a little glow of satisfaction invade his heart.

Unfortunately the next ball was the same, but a trifle faster. Mr. Williams did not get back in time, and there was an ominous rattle.

'No-ball!' yelled Billy Bell without a second's hesitation.

Mr. Williams breathed again. Billy might have called the no-

ball a bit sooner. Then he could have gone out to the pitch of it and punched it away past cover-point.

Daniel Dean set up the stumps and carefully replaced the bails. He cocked his head to one side, as he stared down the pitch at Billy Bell. The cobbler gave Daniel one look or two looks.

' 'Twasn't a no-ball, Billy,' said Ted Luck softly, as he waited. 'But I beänt a vool. Said he'd go bail for I, Mr. Williams did.'

The next ball was a shameful long-hop outside the leg-stump. Mr. Williams punched it away for two runs. The next, a full pitch wide of the off-stump, would have tempted St. Antony. Mr. Williams shut his eyes and lashed at it. The ball sang like a shell past Henry Harper's ear at forward-point and reached the boundary.

'Why didd'n 'ee hold on to 'en, Henry?' inquired Ted Luck. 'I put 'ee there and a-bowled 'en a-purpose.'

'Hold on to 'en,' snorted the policeman, retiring indignantly to backward-point. ' 'Tis a mercy of Providence I be alive, an' I beänt goën to stand in that new-fangled pleäce any mwore.'

The over was finished with a series of innocuous good-length balls outside the off-stump. By now the ball seemed large and red to Mr. Williams, and he endeavoured unsuccessfully to steer the last of the over through the slips.

The Free Forester watched Mr. Hamilton's fast stuff very carefully until the end of the over, when he cracked an over-pitched one along the carpet for two runs. Mr. Williams faced Ted Luck once more.

'Williams is shaping well, isn't he?' said one of the batting team to another in the pavilion. 'Look at that!'

'Absolutely wizardly,' said the other.

His captain had just got hold of an over-pitched ball outside the leg-stump and had skied it into a distant tussock for three, all run. The Free Forester placed the next to third man and ran a single. Then came disaster.

Ted Luck tossed up a slower, higher ball, dead on the wicket, but with enough break on it to take it out of harm's way after pitching. By now Ted was decidedly of the faction.

Mr. Williams, flown with the insolence of success, leapt down the pitch to meet it. The ball eluded his bat and broke amazingly, but Joseph Samways stretched out one gigantic arm, gathered it and swept off the bails.

'How be that for stoumped?' he cried.

'Not out,' said Daniel Dean reprovingly.

A babel of indignation broke forth, led by the blue incubus. Even Mr. Williams looked alarmed and suggested that he had better abandon his innings.

'Why, Mr. Williams was half-way up the pitch,' howled the policeman. 'Law be law, and so be cricket law.'

Daniel Dean cocked his head on one side and rode the storm.

'Don't yeou go, Mr. Williams!' he said in a high, shrill voice. 'Gummy, we know better than that down to Hampsheer. When Joe Samways brooke that wicket, his nose and face was sticking over the stoomps. Saw 'em clearly, I did. Wicket-keeper must be teetotally behind the stoomps when he breaks the wicket. Law be law, as yeou say, Mr. Harper, and well we know it down to Hampsheer. Be I right, Billy Bell?'

'As right as rain, Dannel. Law twenty-seven. Play on, Mr. Williams!'

'Absolutely magical decision,' murmured the gentleman in the pavilion.

A golden September sun shone in the soft blue sky, and every minute the ball became larger and redder to Mr. Williams. He survived an over from Mr. Hamilton, who was bumping them down rather short, and snicked a single off the last ball. He then put Ted Luck away for a brace of twos—long-hops outside the leg-stump deserve no better fate—stepped across with his right foot to a shortish one on the off and came hard down on it with a horizontal bat. The ball hummed through the air.

Constable Harper at backward-point brought off the catch of a century. He had been warily squatting a few yards away, but now executed a dismayed leap to the right, flung out an arm to save himself, took the ball two inches from the ground in his right hand and fell plump over on to his back. Nevertheless he clung to the ball as grimly as if it were Crippen.

'How's that?' he shouted triumphantly.

'Not out,' said Billy Bell sadly. 'Twere a bump-ball.'

'Bump-ball!' said the policeman slowly. 'Look 'ee here, Billy Bell! Do 'ee know the rules of this game?'

'I do that,' replied the cobbler smartly. 'And Rule One says "Never dispute the empire!" Is that right, Dannel?'

'It be so. We know the rules in Hampsheer. Rule One.'

'Never dispute the empires,' intoned the two umpires in unison.

'Billy Bell be right,' agreed John Kingdom from the slips. 'It were a bump-ball.'

'It were a bump-ball all right,' confirmed Ted Luck, cheerfully slaughtering his analysis for the common weal. 'But it could ha' been a catch. Now, if you had been awake, Henry——'

'Been awake!' repeated the policeman in a strangled voice.

'And if you'd a-drown yourself forward on to your stomach——'

'Drown myself forward!'

'And put your right hand——'

'Put out my right hand!'

'You'd a-meäde the catch easy enough.'

The policeman's comment on this conclusion was sheer blasphemy. Billy Bell observed at large that Henry Harper was an incubus.

'Ho!' exclaimed Mr. Harper, suddenly official. 'You repeat that, Billy Bell. That be obsolene language, that be. Where's my notebook? As for you, Ted Luck, if 'ee doänt stop a-laffën, I'll lug 'ee back to Stillmouth.'

'Twere a bump-ball,' repeated John doggedly. 'Play on, Mr. Williams, zir!'

'Mind you, Billy Bell, I teäke umbrage, if 'ee do know the meanën of that. Incubus! Ho! Very well.'

'Absolutely a wizzard innings,' remarked the gentleman in the pavilion. 'Well played, sir! That's another four. Put it down, scorer! Hullo! Ted Luck's found a length at last.'

The sun shone, and the little gods of cricket smiled upon Mr. Williams. He no longer fumbled apprehensively, but played every ball upon its merits. His score mounted steadily, and at a nod from Billy Bell Ted Luck began to bowl. But, sooner or later, every innings comes to an end.

'Well played, sir!' applauded his team, as he marched back to the pavilion, modestly raising his faded blue cap. 'No disgrace to be bowled by that one. Twenty-four runs you made, sir.'

Mr. Williams unbuckled his pads and was the happiest man in England.

The Free Forester had been playing Mr. Hamilton with contempt and Ted Luck with care. He seemed to be well set, when Mr. Hamilton bowled the ball of his life.

Lifting his knees determinedly, he found himself bringing his right arm down past his side instead of across his body. The ball hummed like a top and swung in towards the batsman. Deceived by the swerve, the Free Forester played outside it, to find himself yorked and his leg-stump somersaulting.

'A good ball,' he said generously to Mr. Hamilton, who was wiping his pince-nez with an apologetic smile.

After that batsmen came and batsmen went. The peace of the afternoon was unbroken, save for a distant rumble or two from the incubus at backward-point.

At half-past four there was nothing in the match. Mr. Williams' side had made one hundred and seventeen, all out. Stiller Florum had reached thirty for three. Tea, bread-and-butter and cake came up the lane in a wheelbarrow, while the two sides clustered under the elms. Even Henry Harper was more gracious, but he insisted on being sent in to bat directly after Ted Luck.

'I must keep my eye on 'en,' he said portentously.

A few belated wasps buzzed round the tea-table, and the sun dropped slowly towards Hunter's Lodge, to gleam in a golden mist behind the leafy elms. A breeze blew up from the south-west, and with little shadows chasing one another across the pitch Stiller Florum went out to bat once more.

By a quarter-past six eight wickets had fallen for a hundred runs. Henry Harper marched solemnly to the wicket. After him there only remained Mr. Hamilton to stave off defeat. Mr. Hamilton was no bat, and Henry Harper deemed that he alone stood in the breach. Ted Luck, who by do-or-die methods had amassed seventeen, greeted him cheerfully.

'It's up to 'ee, Henry. Doänt 'ee go pokèn about now !'

The policeman ignored him.

'Gi' I guard, Billy Bell !' he said haughtily.

A shortish ball came bumping down on the off and was despatched by a wicked truncheon-stroke over the head of third-man. The batsmen ran two.

Red and determined, Henry Harper scopped the next ball past mid-on. He started to run.

'Go back, Henry !' shouted Ted Luck. 'All right, then, coom on !'

The policeman, checked for a second, tripped over his bat and fell heavily. Plunging back to his feet, he ran madly, only to be two yards outside his crease when the wicket was broken.

'That be out, Henry Harper. Law thirty-seven,' said Billy Bell with a spice of malice.

Henry Harper took umbrage.

'He did it a-purpose,' he howled. 'I be goèn out and I be luggèn Ted back wi' me to Stillmouth.'

'Doänt 'ee dreaten to put we in such a caddle!' said Billy Bell fiercely. 'Here be Mr. Hamilton to have his innings. You muss'n stop the geäme.'

'Mr. Hamilton can bat on his lonesome. Sarve 'en right,' snarled the incubus. 'Coom on, Ted Luck! You be under arrest.'

Ted Luck followed his captor with resignation. Mr. Williams led his team in stupefaction after Ted Luck. Stiller Florum uttered vituperation, then honeyed words. But the heart of Henry Harper was of triple bronze.

'Duty be duty,' he repeated doggedly. 'I'll not play for 'ee again, never'stide.'

'Leave 'en to me, zir!' whispered John Kingdom to Mr. Williams. 'Coom on then, Henry! Gi' me my flannels and put on your uniform!' he added bitterly.

The unsuspecting Henry followed him majestically into the dressing-room. John Kingdom turned back suddenly to the door, snapped the lock home and pitched the key out of the little window.

'Carry on wi' geäme, Mr. Williams!' he bellowed. 'I be responsible.'

''Tis false imprisoning,' said Henry Harper in an awful voice.

'Look 'ee here, Henry! You beänt a policeman to-day, you be a cricketer. Play fair! Do 'ee mind when we were school-fellows together? We always said then "Henry Harper do play fair."'

The policeman was silent.

'Teäke a glass of beer, Henry! 'Tis Mr. Williams' barrel.'

'The man be a regular Pharaoh,' said Daniel Dean to Billy Bell, as they trooped back to the pitch. 'Glory be, we'd strangle 'en down in Hampsheer.'

'What a wizard game!' murmured one of Mr. Williams' team dazedly.

A demoralised fielding side allowed Mr. Hamilton to make the winning hit, as Colonel Ansty came on to the ground.

'About Ted Luck?' he asked Mr. Hamilton. 'Ah! here is Ted. Full story, please.'

But Billy Bell sped back towards the pavilion with the key which he had thoughtfully retrieved. As he cautiously unlocked the door, he heard John Kingdom say:

'Just one mwore glass, Henry. 'Twon't hurt 'ee.'

Colonel Ansty delivered judgment.

'Ha! Partridge flew over hedge. Sudden start. Knocked down partridge. No gun. Acquitted of intention. Mustn't happen again.'

Ted mumbled confused thanks.

'Harper did quite right. Sound man, Harper. There you are, Harper. Did quite right, but let him off this time.'

'I didd'n mean to run 'ee out, Henry,' pleaded Ted Luck.

Henry Harper wiped his moustache and nodded graciously.

The day had come to an end, and starlit peace lay over Stiller Forum. Within the barn the loving-cup had gone round, and Mr. Williams was speaking:

'Somehow or other I feel ever so much younger in Stiller Forum and I hope to bat on in this cricket match for another twenty years.'

Riotous applause!

We sang *Greensleeves*, *Watercresses*, and *Leather Breeches*. Ted Luck and Henry Harper actually sang a duet. Thus it ran:

Ted Luck.

'Vor I can reap and I can plough,

Henry.

An' I can sow and milk a cow,

Ted Luck.

An' I can mow and hoe.

Henry (winsomely).

I be as neat as the daisies in the field,

Both together.

An' they calls I Buttercup Joe.'

L. SLINGSBY BETHELL.

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF EDMUND GOSSE.

BY LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

THERE seems to be in every friendship, however long and durable, a period of greater intensity, which, when we look back along the vista of years, stands out pre-eminent as a tall tree breaking the sequence of an avenue. It is perhaps only during such periods of accentuated nearness and sympathy that we really know one another: and were it possible to assemble a dozen or a hundred records of the intenser periods of a man's friendships, we might hope, through this composite portrait, to obtain his true biography.

My acquaintance with Edmund Gosse covered half a century, yet it is only of the first few years that I feel I have a right to speak; he was one of the stars of my childhood; the destined light given and taken, we passed on into diverging orbits: affection remained, but it had ceased to sparkle and to inspire.

I forget at what time of year I saw him first, but I remember that it was in the column drawing-room at Townshend House. Two little girls are sitting by the window, full of expectancy. Some three years ago their father married again, giving them a new set of aunts; the most beloved of these is now engaged to be married, and we are awaiting the first sight of our Uncle-to-be . . . He arrives, tall, spare, very neat, not gay at all, with rather a tiptoe tread, a delicate, nervous face, and fine long hands.

I cannot pretend to remember a single word of the interview. But I do remember that I promptly decided he was suitable: I liked his fine features, his eager eyes, his whole sensitive presence. And I was glad he had no beard, which I considered a bar to beauty and romance.

After his departure, our governess—Alice Search, of dear memory—made the common-sense remark, proper to her nature, that she hoped Miss Epps had chosen the right man and that Mr. Gosse would make a good husband. Whereupon we children, taking this as a depreciatory remark, stood up in defence of the attractive stranger. 'I should not mind marrying him myself!' cried my sister. And this, reaching the ears of the young man,

drew forth the first poem by Edmund Gosse we children had yet read. It was addressed to my sister, and the last stanza ran thus :

But if Aunt Nelly should elope
To Germany with Mr. Pope,
Then would I take you, on my life,
To be my little pussy wife.

Mr. Pope, be it said in passing, was a frequent guest at my father's Tuesday evenings, an artist and a kind man who, being unfortunately bald, middle-aged, and a German, was looked upon as outside the pale of possible husbands by the young ladies of our circle.

Aunt Nelly was married in August from my father's house. The dining-room table was drawn out to its full length. Elderly ladies in those days had ample and comfortable figures to display their good silk dresses : there were three at the table, be-capped and lace-collared, radiating security and kindly wisdom : the bride's mother, who had discarded widow's weeds on that occasion for lilac silk, the bridegroom's stepmother and his aunt Mrs. Brightwen, the bird-lover, whose husband was also present. I think there were one or two of the bridegroom's bachelor friends. The bride's sisters and brothers made a fine show round the table, and my father's love of hospitality and strong instincts of family solidarity were given full play. We children sat close together, pleasantly conscious of new white dresses made from the thick pelisses we had worn as babies in another land. The bride wore a soft creamy gown of striped oriental material, unusual in those days of substantial silks, and wore a veil of Honiton lace over her bright abundant hair.

I suppose it was a gay wedding, that there was laughter and merry-making. But I have forgotten that part of it. The bride and bridegroom, seated side by side at the head of the table, filled me with reverential awe, and I see them pale and solemn in my memory. The wedding-cake was flat, covered with sugar-crystals, and a baby niece was held up to make-believe at cutting the first slice : the last picture of the wedding that remains with me is the cutting-up of the cake by the glowing-haired bride with a large ivory paper-knife.

After the honeymoon, Uncle Edmund and Aunt Nelly came to live for a while at Townshend House. They had the front spare bedroom and we children gave up our nursery which became their

private sitting-room. Of an evening, while we lay in bed in the room above, we could hear the author of *On Viol and Flute* reading verse aloud to his bride with sonorous rhythm. I had up till now known but little of poetry; a schoolroom book had been pored over; 'Casabianca,' 'The Slave's Dream,' 'We are Seven,' 'Beth-gelert,' one canto of 'Marmion,' had been haltingly and flatly repeated, hands clasped behind the back, at lesson time—and surreptitiously declaimed with gusto when a stranger could be found to listen: but it was Edmund Gosse with his chanting rhythm, heard thus at the hour of dreams, who set ajar for me the door of poetry's own world, revealing something beyond poignant concentrated emotion.

I remember little else definitely about those two or three months. The young poet was, I think, not quite at ease; it was probably irksome to him to accept hospitality, to live under another man's roof. Great men inevitably become each the centre of a little planetary system, and it is seldom that those destined later in life to form centres of their own are willingly drawn into already-magnetised circles. To my father, whole-heartedly generous and holding the tradition of other lands as regards family obligations, it seemed perfectly natural to take into his home a new brother-in-law who did not yet possess a roof.

We were, however, not long together; the bride and bridegroom were left in command of Townshend House when, in November, my father started for Italy, taking his wife and children with him. By the time we returned to London the following spring the young couple had taken a house at Delamere Terrace, destined to be the birthplace of their children, and the focus of Edmund Gosse's brilliant career in the double world of friendship and of letters.

He was then, I believe, still working at the British Museum, which he was soon to quit for a post at the Board of Trade. His income at that time would be considered a meagre one judged by the standards of this insatiable and thriftless age. But life was richer then for young people of high intellectual aims and limited means than it can possibly be to-day in an ostensibly wealthier yet essentially poorer world.

The Gosses were not condemned by their modest income to the narrow and mean confinement of a flat, noisy, without privacy, servantless. They had a maid: their house on a quiet street, spacious and pleasant, overlooked across poplar trees a westerly stretch of the Regent's Canal. They did not furnish on the hire

system. The bride brought some furniture from the old home at 20 Devonshire Street : the bridegroom brought his desk, his chair, his books and various treasures : all the brothers and sisters helped : my father gave lavishly, finding things to spare from all over his own house for the comfort and embellishment of this new home.

And a home it became, of which the varied elements were gradually impregnated with the personality of the master of the house. His wife had been brought up in the conventional setting of a West-End doctor's home, rendered unconventional in spirit by the father's wide and liberal tendencies, by the artistic tastes and friendships of five daughters, each of whom in varying degree possessed gifts. The Madox-Browns, the Thornewcrofts, the W. B. Scotts, John Brett, William Inchbold, were among their friends. Thus Morris papers, light colours and a total absence of early Victorian solemnity came to the house at Delamere Terrace through its mistress, to whose pre-Raphaelite tastes had been added my father's influence and example in home-making.

Edmund Gosse had no artistic traditions, no friendships with artists before his marriage. His contribution to the home was not æsthetic, it was one of style. Fastidious, rather elegantly conventional, he carried style with him. His meticulous neatness, his punctuality, his sense of form and formality, his leaning towards high social standards contrasted with his wife's more artistic, more informal, more unworldly tastes. This very contrast gave charm from the outset to the home at Delamere Terrace, the true focus of which was an old-fashioned slanting desk upon a pedestal writing-table in the book-lined back drawing-room, separated from the gay yellow front room by a double bookcase which acted as a screen.

Round and about that desk my most impressive memories of Edmund Gosse are centred.

My sister and I stayed at 29 Delamere Terrace for a fortnight or more during the young couple's first winter at home, our parents having gone abroad without us. We loved our warm-hearted Aunt Nell, whose kindness never failed, whose sympathy was secure : her day had been, and was to be again : but this was Uncle Edmund's day, and I seem to remember little of those hours during which the master of the house was away at work.

At Christmas he had given me a little book from which I would not part to-day for a bundle of bank-notes : it is inscribed in the well-known neat hand : 'For Laurence Alma Tadema, with tenderest hopes and wishes from her loving Uncle Edmund W. Gosse.'

This *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* was the first deep mine of poetry that I explored. I forget how Uncle Edmund came to discover that I took delight in verse. Each morning of that memorable visit, he left the breakfast table a little earlier than usual and nimbly sprang upstairs with myself at his heels. It was cold in the writing-room, for the fire was not yet lighted, but that mattered little. He opened *The Golden Treasury*, read verse to me, made me—ridiculously self-conscious—read to him, taught me how to scan, how to dissect; I learned from him day by day the laws of prosody; and to this hour I can recall his fine voice rolling through 'Alexander's Feast' and Gray's 'Elegy': I cannot read Wordsworth's great Ode without a return of the emotion that thrilled me when first I heard:—

O joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive . . .

Great gift from a young man to a little girl!—a sacrifice of twenty minutes of ease on a few winter mornings, and the portals of a new enchanted world thrown wide open for ever!

I understood a small part of what he read to me: but the music of poetry carries a meaning far beyond the significance of words, reaching the ageless soul even when the brain is young and inexperienced.

It is little wonder, perhaps, that the rest of the day after my teacher's hasty departure should remain a blank in memory. When the shutters were closed, the fires well made up and the gas lighted, we would listen for a key turning in the lock of the front door, and Uncle Edmund would enter alertly calling: "Nelly! Nelly!" We children gave him a hearty welcome.

His own childhood had been companionless, and he had, up to his marriage, lived with elderly people. I think that my sister and I were the first children who had entered his life at all intimately. With us, perhaps, he played for the first time. In an unguarded moment he had consented to be taught how to play 'I spy! Hi!' and thereafter had no peace. We were not allowed to play rough games at home, where the house was full of destructible treasures, where the polished floors had to be trodden on tiptoe. The rooms at Delamere Terrace were as yet sparsely furnished, and on an upper floor the future nursery stood empty.

The little bare gas-jets of those days shed but a dim light on the stairs. It was a fearsome hour of delight. Uncle Edmund threw himself heart and soul into the game. When it was his turn to hide, and we heard him call 'Coo-ee! . . . Coo-ee! . . .' in hollow voice from one of the topmost rooms, it was heart-thumping business to creep up the stairs, to peer into the dark recesses of the silent rooms. When at last he was discovered behind some curtain or crouching in some unsuspected corner, and one had cried 'I spy!' he was permitted to leave his hiding-place with a bound. And then came a truly awful scuttle for life down the dimly-lighted stairs; his long legs gave him a cruel advantage, and, however nimble the victim, it was almost impossible to reach 'home,' where Aunt Nelly sat laughing in the bright dining-room, without being caught. How he shrieked when we were the hidiers, and it was our good fortune to catch our superior in swiftness though not in guile!

We were often obstreperous after this, as is the wont of excited children. He would then sink into his chair at the head of the table and waft us off, panting 'Softly, dear worm!' Or, if we tormented him and tried to pull him off his chair too soon after supper, he would laugh like a tickled child, and cry, protestingly again: 'Softly, dear worm!—Let digestion do its wonted work!'

At supper-time, the grey persian kitten, Atossa, sat in an orange bowl beside her master at the corner of the table. His love and understanding of cats was great, and noticeable through life. Atossa was rapturously happy in any position he chose for her when, after supper, she was allowed to leave the orange bowl without receiving a flick on the nose.

Uncle Edmund was totally unmusical and could not sing in tune. It was he, I think, first told us the tale of a man who could not hear the difference between "Pop goes the Queen" and 'God save the Weasel.'

I should perhaps not have said 'totally unmusical.' He possessed too highly developed a sense of rhythm and phrasing, and was too delicate a lyrist for such a verdict to be applicable to him. When he read verse he chanted in various tones, impressively. But he had no ear; neither melody nor harmony meant anything to him, and he listened to music unwillingly. He was never heard to sing or whistle about the house. Only to Atossa did he try to sing, crooning, very flat, a monotonous hymn-like tune as he held

the kitten seated upright on his knee, with his thumbs supporting her front paws and his long fingers crossed over her furry back,

Tee-tiny Titsicum,
Tee-tiny Tit,
Teeny-tiny Titsicum
Is learning how to sit . . .

Thus the song began, and Atossa listened with closed eyes.

He frequently broke into verse. It was one of his pastimes to make us laugh by rhythmic pompous utterances. Ordinary games did not interest him; he never played dominoes, draughts or cards. But he was a keen playmate over 'pencil and paper' games, as we called them. It was hopeless to win against him in 'Birds, Beasts and Fishes,' and he always had the longest list in 'Word-making.' Nor could anyone compete with him in a picture-card game called 'The Counties of England'; his topographical knowledge and unfailing memory always won the day.

In the 'Poetry game' he was easily supreme. The players each suggested a pair of rhymes which every one wrote down: five minutes were allowed for the fitting of these random rhymes into a little poem, and Uncle Edmund's was inevitably the best. I have fortunately preserved across the years a scrap of paper, with one of these little poems of his on either side: and here they are:—

I.

A poor old man that gathered *dust*,
So poor and sad and *old*,
He often hungered for a *crust*
And little toys he *sold*;
As poor as any thin church *flea*,
From him I bought my *hoop*;
And nurse was kind as kind could be—
For she sent him out some *soup*.

II.

In the depths of the dark pine-wood
I came on a lonely *man*,
In a bag by his side was his *food*,
And his beer at his feet in a *can*.
With his axe he levelled a *blow*
At the red-boled fir-tree *tall*,
And high in the branches a *crow*
Cawed, sad that its nest must *fall*.

It must not be imagined that Uncle Edmund played games with us every evening. In those early days he allowed himself little leisure. Almost immediately after the evening meal he would go to his desk, and there write until bedtime. We children then sewed awhile with Aunt Nelly, talking little and in undertones by the drawing-room fire while his pen scratched in the study. She made tea for him early, and then we two went up to sleep, leaving him to his work and his wife's silent companionship.

One more little stanza belongs to this period, recalling Delamere Terrace on a summer's day. It was a treat to sit out on the balcony, over the jutting porch, watching the slow life of the canal. On one of these occasions Uncle Edmund wrote for me, in a miniature note-book bound in Stuart-plaid, the following picture of a happy hour :—

On the 29th of June,
 Laurence, Anna, Maud and we
 On the balcony had tea.
 May they very very soon
 Come again to us and see
 The barges through the poplar tree.

Edmund Gosse had begun, as soon as he possessed a home of his own, to gather his friends about him on Sunday afternoons, attracting in course of time a wide literary circle. He was not musical, he did not care for the theatre, his interest in the fine-arts was secondary and he had not yet come into contact with that intellectual stratum of Society in which, later, he was to find so many friends. His friendships at this early period were almost exclusively literary.

It was a great treat to go to Delamere Terrace on a Sunday and help Aunt Nelly serve tea to her guests. Arthur Blaikie, a gentle young poet, delicate of mind and body, was often there ; I remember too from those days William Minto, Theodore Watts, Austin Dobson, Theo Marzials, and his witty sister Emily, whose keen eyes and strange warm voice linger in the memory.

One evening, being allowed to stay to supper, I was seated beside a very old poet whose oily white locks touched his shoulders. Uncle Edmund had purposely placed me beside him, in order that I might carry away remembrance of one who in childhood had sat upon the knee of Keats. His name was Richard Hengist Horne. And look at him I did : I can see him still : but if any words of

wisdom fell from his lips I have forgotten them. Those Sunday suppers were informal and charming. A few of the afternoon's guests were encouraged to outstay the others and were presently bidden to the dining-room, where the cold Sunday joint, a salad, sweets and fruit stood ready on the table. The Master of the house carved at the head of the table: at the window end its Mistress dispensed the sweets. The guests squeezed round the table and a delightful atmosphere of wit and ease prevailed. Sitting close to Hengist Horne I received a kindly share of the old man's conversation. Why have I forgotten it? Why do I only remember the author of *Orion's* keen interest in a Melton Mowbray pie?

One Sunday at about this time I saw a strange figure in the drawing-room. He stood in full daylight in the centre of the room, talking to Edmund Gosse. His pale anxious face was crowned with shining gold-red hair; he raised himself up every now and then on the tips of his toes; his arms dangled, his fingers twitched unceasingly. Uncle Edmund, in his quick sudden way, fetched me from where I sat gazing with the kitten on my knee, and led me to this alluring guest, saying: 'Here is a little girl whose greatest ambition in life is to be a poet.' I was still holding Atossa; the stranger laid his hands on mine amid the soft fur; and solemnly I looked up into the face of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Sometimes on a Sunday I would slip away to the back room and, climbing on to the ledge of the cupboards below the shelves of the pitch-pine bookcases, which were exactly like ours at home, would proceed to browse among the books. This I was not allowed to do at Townshend House, and did at Delamere Terrace with an adventurously uneasy conscience. We children read no grown-up books; we were steeped in illustrated books and portfolios on Art and Archaeology; but, apart from Jules Verne's enchanting tales, our reading was restricted to a purely juvenile library. So the books at Delamere Terrace were treasure-trove to me. I usually chose the poets and Chambers' *Encyclopædia of English Literature*. But one Sunday I ventured upon a *Life of Mary Wolstonecraft*. Uncle Edmund, absorbed in conversation in the front room, left me long enough perched up on the bookcase ledge for entry into a world quite new to me.

When my governess fetched me home I could not hold my tongue. 'Searchy!' I cried to this close friend, 'I have made the most wonderful discovery! I have discovered that one can have a baby without being married!'

'Don't you go and do that sort of thing, my dear,' was the discouraging and unsympathetic comment with which Miss Search once and for all closed the subject.

The first letter I ever received from Uncle Edmund was written on the eve of my twelfth birthday. It ran thus :—

MY DEAREST LAURENCE,

It is very late and I am very tired, but I must keep awake a few minutes more to be in time to wish you a very happy birthday to-morrow, and a new year of your life in every way fortunate and desirable. I wish you every blessing, my dear Child, and as I see you growing up so fast and entering so fully into the larger interests of life, I can hardly believe it is the same little Laurence that used to sit on my knee not so very long ago. You are not a child now any longer and you will be anxious now, by being very gentle and thoughtful about other people, and by being earnest in doing well whatever you have to do, to prove to us that you are no longer a child. Remember that we all have the highest expectations of you, and that we shall now begin to say much less about what you do and say, but really in our hearts be much more anxious about it; so that you are like the Princess in the fairy-story, that begins to lose sight of her father's castle through the trees, and has to judge a little for herself which way to go.

Many happy returns to you, dear Child, and forgive your tiresome Uncle who takes such an opportunity of preaching you a dull little sermon.

Your affectionate
EDMUND W. GOSSE.

This beautiful letter impressed me greatly, almost as much as the gold watch and the tool-chest my father gave me on the same occasion. These treasures all came to me at a house called Rocklands, above Fairlight Glen, which my father had taken for six weeks. It was my first visit to the sea-side. Uncle Edmund had already lent me *Tenby* and other books by his father touching on the marvels of the shore: Arabella Buckley had some time before inspired me with happy curiosity concerning Nature: I hung over the pools among the boulders at low tide, trying to find every seaweed, every little creature mentioned in a delightful book called *Common Objects of the Sea-Shore* written by the Rev. J. G. Wood, and illustrated by Sowerby.

This fervour led, curiously enough, to a passing cloud between Uncle Edmund and myself. For I brought back to London an aquarium, in which he showed the most satisfactory interest. It

consisted of an ordinary large fish-bowl containing bits of rock beautified by 'enteromorpha compressa' and other swaying weeds. A lovely sea-mouse did not live; a few fine sea-anemones flourished; but there were two beings in that little world which I loved supremely: an almost imperceptible shrimp, and the smallest crab imaginable, smaller than the smallest glove-button. It was exquisite to see him emerge from the seaweed and stand upon the summit of a giant rock as I peered through the bowl into this boundless ocean of my own . . .

Uncle Edmund gave me expert advice on the care of an aquarium and all went well until we left London for a few days in the autumn. In my absence, he actually found time to visit the fish bowl, an act of kindness which impressed me less at the moment than it does now. When I returned it was to find a shining bowl, clean sea-water, and all the anemones in radiant health. But the crab and the shrimp, smallest of their kind, had vanished for ever. It was one of those early griefs which, to the grown-up person, seem out of all proportion to the cause. I dared not say anything to Uncle Edmund, but I cared for him less. I also cared less for the aquarium, which I neglected. The anemones died; and the fish-bowl on the marble table in a corner of the dining-room became a public nuisance, as the source of which I was duly punished.

A little before this tragedy, my sister and I had been waked one evening to find our parents and Uncle Edmund in the bedroom. Standing at the foot of my bed, he told us with emotion that we had a little cousin: a baby girl had arrived at Delamere Terrace.

For some while after this, Aunt Nelly and the new-comer became the centre of interest; a crumpley baby whom one is allowed to hold in one's arms is, at twelve years old, a serious rival to poetry. But in the course of the following summer Uncle Edmund filled the stage once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Waterhouse lent the old Manor House at Yattendon, and my sister and I went to stay there with the Gosses. Whether we remained a week or a fortnight I know not. When one reviews the past, conventional time-measurements become inaccurate; intensity rather than length of experience erects time's landmarks. I was already an ardent lover of the country, although we children had never for more than a few days at a time enjoyed the freedom of the fields and woods.

Uncle Edmund was a great walker, and we now went for long tramps with him over the countryside. I already knew something

about wild flowers, here again thanks to the inspiring enthusiasm and encouragement of Arabella Buckley ; it was therefore delightful to walk about with one who knew flowers and leaves by sight without the help of any book, and could name trees. More delightful still was it to learn something about the birds from one who mysteriously seemed to recognise them all, to know them by their flight as well as by their voice. These were memorable walks.

Edmund Gosse, as none who knew him need be told, was a great talker ; I wish I remembered some of our conversations ; nothing remains definite, however, but the emotion of those hours, when the keen young mind reacted to a rare stimulus, and the beauty of the Berkshire landscape bore one along in the exhilarating fatigue of keeping pace with a long-legged uncle.

One sole question and answer stand prominent in memory. We were crossing a field of ripe wheat by a footpath ; the sun was hot and Uncle Edmund walked ahead. I asked him who was the most celebrated man in the whole world, and he replied promptly : ' Jesus Christ.' I followed him awhile in silence after that, disconcerted ; I did not think this a fair answer to my question.

Edmund Gosse never talked about religion to me. I have only two memories of him in this connection : we went to church on Sunday at Yattendon, and I was made rather uncomfortable by observing that, in the shelter of the pew, he was writing verse on a small piece of paper ensconced in his Prayer Book. Some years later, when two of his children were in the nursery, my sister and I, towards their bedtime, were singing a hymn which ceased abruptly when Uncle Edmund came in. He begged us to continue, and to sing, if we knew them, some of the hymns of his childhood. We tried a few of the many Miss Search had taught us, amongst others : ' There is a Green Hill Far Away,' and ' I think when I hear that Sweet Story of Old.' Uncle Edmund sat rapt : I see him, with one leg crossed over his knee, one hand raised beating time, and a smile upon his face : presently he joined in and sang, all out of tune yet with sonorous fervour :—

I wish that His hand had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown about me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
' Let the little ones come unto Me.'

But that was a year or two later.

At Yattendon we were joined for a while by Churton Collins.

I remember listening to long literary conversations between the two men, feeling as if I almost understood what they were talking about, or at least were learning something—much as one feels when listening to a conversation in an unknown tongue. One evening, as we sat out after dark, bats flitting and shrieking shrilly, Churton Collins told the first ghost-stories I had ever heard.

We all read a great deal. Uncle Edmund read with his book held up to his eyes; he wore spectacles and seemed to read with one eye at a time, moving the book rapidly to and fro as if he could not see a whole line at a glance. He had a way of cutting open the pages of magazines and valueless paper books with the back of his hand which I greatly admired; he did this so deftly that he never tore a page; but it was a perilous trick to imitate.

It was at Yattendon that he introduced me to the life-long friend of all those who possess a little heart, a little imagination, a little sense of humour, a little curiosity about their fellow-creatures, a little instinct of the breadth and depth of life: Charles Dickens. *Oliver Twist* was the book. I knew that my father would not have let me read it at my age; yet was not Edmund Gosse my uncle? I therefore read, entranced; but at the approach of Nancy's murder I became alarmed, and my conscience misgave me: I left off reading, satisfied myself as to Oliver's fate by looking at the last chapters, and returned the book to Uncle Edmund. I did not tell him what had happened, lest he should be scornful.

He was never wilfully unkind; but he was critical, nervous, sensitive, and had at times a biting tongue that made one wince. Therefore I avoided with increasing care a sarcasm I dreaded, by not laying myself open to criticism. The virtue of the lash is that it leads one on the whole to self-improvement, which is the nobler way of escaping censure; but there are craven moments when one instinctively slips out of range.

Edmund Gosse was a good trainer of youth. He disliked exaggeration, demonstrativeness, inaccuracy, boastfulness, all of which he discouraged sternly: as regards language he was the finest of teachers; he could not tolerate careless or slovenly speech, and permitted no use of slang, of inappropriate words. He always expressed himself in chosen language, using a rich vocabulary, and he encouraged those around him to become equally fastidious. To his precept and example I owe an appreciative delight in the English language which no birthright gave me.

In my early 'teens I was seized with a violent love of the theatre

which Uncle Edmund did not understand, and we therefore fell somewhat apart. But this passion of mine which seemed to lead me away from delight in literature was to lead me back to it, and also to a fresh source of sympathy between Edmund Gosse and myself. Strangely enough, he had never introduced me to Shakespeare: I entered those regions of supreme delight through the portals of the Lyceum Theatre. Henceforth everything in the shape of a play became to me an object of absorbing interest; I was not allowed to go often to the theatre, and my main outlet for a severely discouraged passion was found on Edmund Gosse's bookshelves.

He had already begun to form his fine collection of English dramas. These first editions were too precious to read and to handle as one handles ordinary books. Uncle Edmund was wont to treat the printed page with reverence; to a first edition fitly bound he accorded an impressive homage. Who, that ever enjoyed looking at his first editions with him, can forget with what careful finger he tilted a precious quarto from the shelf? He would open the volume with a grave delicacy of touch, turn the pages with almost ritual gesture, and hold the book closed in his left hand with a tender pause before replacing it on the shelf.

It is hardly surprising that I too began to hunt for first editions. My sister and I were at about this time allowed to go walking out together without escort; and the second-hand bookshops in Great Portland Street became a happy hunting ground. The Post Office Savings Bank now came off badly, for I began to spend all my spare shillings on books, and in the course of a few years possessed a small collection of plays and books concerning the drama which, in spite of the difference in proportion between Uncle Edmund's collection and mine, united us in a delightful spirit of comradeship.

A letter written to me from New York happily records this phase:—

MY DEAR LAURENCE,

It is downright scandalous of me not to have written to you before. I hope that Nellie, at least, has thanked you for your very full, interesting and delightful letter. I am very greatly interested in your bibliographical treasures, and your last find is really a most satisfactory one. It reminds me of the sudden haul of Drydens, Donnes and Otways which I made in the spring of 1877, which determined me to begin to collect in earnest.

If your 'Theodosius' of 1680 is in good condition I shall try

to persuade you to exchange it for some other thing. I will be generous with you, if you will trade. Of the minor things you mention I have most, unbound. But not Shadwell's 'True Widow' nor Banks' 'Albion Queen.' I once had offered to me a volume containing Banks' complete works in first editions, and I did not buy it. I have often deplored it since.

We have been to the theatre a good deal. The two best houses here, Wallacks and Madison Square, are very pretty and ingenious. Boston, however, is by far a more theatre-going city than New York. We have saved you all our play-bills.

We sail on the 27th, from here for Liverpool, on the Arizona. We are having, as you know, a lovely time. A Happy New Year to you from yours ever affectionately

EDMUND GOSSE.

Immediately upon his return from America he resumed his Clark Lectures at Cambridge. I am not attempting in this little monograph to record any phase of Edmund Gosse's career, yet I feel that I may pause here to touch upon the charm of his Cambridge lectures, a charm due in large measure to that sympathy with youth, that readiness to give and take, to share the enthusiasms and aspirations of the ardent young mind, which remained characteristic of him and vivid to the end of his days.

Edmund Gosse had not in his own youth known University life, and his enjoyment of Trinity College was whole-hearted and contagious. I was present at the opening lecture, and the fresh delight of that experience has never faded from my memory. I remember the momentary anxiety of his first appearance. He had a way, when nervous and agitated, of looking pompous, of thickening somewhat at throat and chin. But as soon as he was well launched upon his lecture his ease returned, the charm of his diction and of his erudition captured his audience.

From where Aunt Nelly and I sat at the back of the hall, we could see one particular group of undergraduates fall under his spell that morning. When, later in the day, we visited his room at Trinity, we found him quite at home, radiant, brilliant, surrounded by the very group of young men we had already observed, whose friendship was long to remain a source of delight and satisfaction to him. Austen Chamberlain, Ernest Debenham, Theodore Morrison and a few others remained conspicuously faithful and were often to be seen at Delamere Terrace until the expansion of their own lives drew them away to other fields.

I have found among Uncle Edmund's letters one that refers to the Trinity College period. It was written after his return from America.

MY DEAR LAURENCE,

I missed you sadly yesterday. I should have greatly valued your criticism. My lecture was very largely attended,—about 300 people, the largest yet. But I was conscious of the curious difference between the University audience and the impulsive sympathetic American ones. However, I think it went all right. It was entirely extempore; and I was conscious that occasionally I could not find the right word and occasionally repeated a marked word too often.

You must forgive a very shabby little note. I am so busy. I have broken my glasses, which makes me very miserable, and I have been trotting all round the College to try and borrow a pair that suits me. It was quite a farce.

Ever your affectionate
EDMUND GOSSE.

His life by this time had widened greatly, and he was carried steadily onward to fame. The child to whom he had given so much was now no more: a young girl was struggling through the rich difficult years that precede womanhood: we were both borne along streams of interest that could not always meet.

I hardly know why I never showed him the blank verse tragedies and prose dramas of my sixteenth and seventeenth years. I probably knew they were not so good as I hoped they were. I wrote, moreover, in deadly earnest, and shrank from exposure to misunderstanding. When presently I finished my first novel I had no intention of offering it for publication; but my father had seen me burning midnight oil and gave my secret away to Uncle Edmund, who finally convinced me that it was childish and affected to shun publicity. It was thus through Edmund Gosse's influence that I first saw myself in print, for he showed my manuscript to Andrew Lang, then reader to Longmans Green and Co.

The following letter is a record, both of his solicitude for a budding author and of his own ever-youthful ambitions.

MY DEAR LAURENCE,

I had already written to Lang about you, and he would like to see you later on, when your MS. has come from Longmans. So I have not forwarded your note. Was I right?

To me also a great excitement has come. The 'Dramatic Students' have written to me to ask me to let my 'King Erik'

be among the plays ballotted for for their Fourth performance. I don't in the least suppose that it will be chosen ; but the mere choice is exciting. How I should like this my dearest bantling—the best thing I ever wrote—to have one chance. I know not one of the Students. Do you know any ? If so, you might discreetly canvass for me.

Your affectionate

EDMUND.

They say,—if it is chosen, will I be stage-manager ? I actually had the audacity to say I would ; if it comes off I shall want your advice.

With this letter I may fitly close the record of a friendship which was indeed to be of long duration but never again to equal the intensity of its first ten years. May these pages, written with undimmed affection and gratitude, be looked upon as a little lamp laid at the shrine of Edmund Gosse's memory.

LITERARY ACROSTICS.

A LITERARY Acrostic is published every month, and the Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers two prizes to the most successful solvers. The winners will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. If several solvers send solutions of equal merit, the two whose answers are opened first will win the prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 76.

'But what will you be call'd ?'

'No longer ———, but Aliena.'

'Well, this is the forest of ———.'

1. 'Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.'
2. 'Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ——— wrought its ghost upon the
floor.'
3. 'What was learning unto them ?
They wish'd to marry ; they could rule a house ;
Men hated ——— women.'
4. 'So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the — Bell.'
5. 'His cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.'

N.B.—Owing to the Christmas holidays, the next number of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE will be published rather earlier than usual, and less time can be allowed for solving No. 76. Competitors are requested to note that their answers must arrive not later than December 16.

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed on page xxix in the preliminary pages of this issue; and he must be careful to give also his real name and address.
4. Solvers must on no account write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.
5. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
6. Answers to Acrostic No. 76 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50 Albemarle Street, London, W.1, and must arrive not later than December 16. No answers will be opened before this date.

PROEM: Gray, *Elegy*.

LIGHTS:

ANSWER TO No. 75.

1. T	hir	D
2. H	iawath	A
3. E	a	R
4. W	or	K
5. O	cea	N
6. R	os	E
7. L	adie	S
8. D	ome	S

1. Southey, *The Cataract of Lodore*.
2. Longfellow, *Hiawatha*, iv.
3. Milton, *Il Penseroso*.
4. Hood, *The Song of the Shirt*.
5. Campbell, *Ye Mariners of England*.
6. Moore, *Irish Melodies*. Believe
Me.
7. Shakespeare, *A Midsummer-
Night's Dream*, v. 1.
8. Wordsworth, *Sonnet, Composed
upon Westminster Bridge*.

Acrostic No. 74 ('Glamis Cawdor'): The prize-winners are Miss M. Ainger, Hazel Bank, Blagdon-on-Mendip, near Bristol; and Mrs. Hill, 14 Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. These two competitors will choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

MR. MURRAY'S BOOKS FOR XMAS GIFTS

Q *The Original Six-Volume Edition Complete in Two Vols.
With 16 Photogravures. 3312 pages. 21s. net the set.*

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli

By W. F. MONYPENNY and
G. E. BUCKLE. Revised by G. E.
BUCKLE.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

The Times Literary Supplement, in reviewing the recently published 'Letters of Disraeli to Lady Bradford and Lady Chesterfield,' gave this eloquent testimony to the Monypenny and Buckle 'Life.'

'These letters are no new discovery. They were placed at the disposal of Mr. Buckle for the last two volumes of Disraeli's official biography, and though we have in the present volumes an ampler selection than he found it necessary to give, our first feeling is of his felicity in choice and his editorial discretion. Nothing of first-class importance seems to have escaped his eye.'

'The House of Murray are to be congratulated on their enterprise in bringing Disraeli's Life for the first time to the people's use.'—*Times*.

The Kings of England, 1066-1901

By the Hon. CLIVE BIGHAM, C.M.G., C.B.E. (now VISCOUNT MERSEY). 37 Illustrations. 21s. net.

A short account of the lives and characters of the thirty-six sovereigns of England from William the Conqueror to Victoria. The personal histories of the Kings and Queens are illustrated by the occupations, amusements and other incidents of their private lives as well as by the public policy that they pursued.

By the same Author. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net each.

**THE PRIME MINISTERS OF BRITAIN, 1721-1924.
THE CHIEF MINISTERS OF ENGLAND, 920-1720.**

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Africa as I have known it

By R. C. F. MAUGHAM. *With Illustrations and Maps.* 21s. net.

Mr. Maugham, whose former books on Zambesia are well known, has had a long and distinguished career in Africa, as administrator, consul and sportsman. In this book he tells of his early days in Nyasaland, in Portuguese East Africa, at Chinde and Lourenço Marques, and afterwards on the West Coast, including the remarkable state of Liberia. Mr. Maugham has had dealings with men of all sorts from governors-general to cannibal chiefs. Much that he writes of is now of real historic interest as changed and more civilized conditions make such experiences impossible in the future.



R. C. F. MAUGHAM.

Our African Winter

By A. CONAN DOYLE. *With Frontispiece.* 7s. 6d. net.

Sir Arthur gives the experiences which he and his family had during an extended tour of Africa in the winter of 1928-29. Sir Arthur visited a large part of the Union, North and South Rhodesia, Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. His main purpose was psychic research and exposition, but he has pronounced opinions upon many of the economic and political questions involved.

Journal of a Tour in Scotland in 1819

By ROBERT SOUTHEY. *With an Introduction by Professor Herford, M.A., Litt.D. With Portraits.* 10s. 6d. net.

In 1819 Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate, in company with Telford, the great engineer, made a comprehensive tour through Scotland, and, being a true bookman, kept a record of the people met and the things seen during their journey. Although 110 years have passed since then, that Journal has not been published. Yet it has its fresh interest to readers generally and its particular value to social historians and to Scots.

Romanesque France

By VIOLET R. MARKHAM, C.H. *With Illustrations.* 18s. net.

'This charming book, which contains much curious information about people and places enlivened with a keen sense of humour, will surely achieve its object.'—*Morning Post*.

'Miss Markham writes with the knowledge of a scholar and with poetic enthusiasm.'—*Sunday Times*.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Open House in Flanders, 1914-18

Château de la Motte au Bois.

By BARONESS ERNEST DE LA GRANGE. Translated from the Original French by Mélanie Lind. Introduction by Field-Marshal The Viscount Allenby, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., etc. Illustrated. 15s. net.



BARONESS DE LA GRANGE WITH
VISCOUNT ALLENBY.

The chatelaine of the famous old château, La Motte au Bois, here records in diary form those remarkable experiences which gained for her the title of 'Mother of the British Army.' La Motte, close behind the line, was the headquarters of corps after corps; Baroness de la Grange was the hostess and friend of our generals and our soldiers, and her record is as vital as it is vivacious. Her book is intimately concerned with great names, from the King and Prince of Wales downwards.

Green Envelopes

5s. net.

'They are ordinary letters in a way, and yet they are quite wonderful, though perhaps the wonder of them will only be fully realised by those who still remember and never want to forget. This is a beautiful, very lovable little book. It has no other significance than that of showing us the purely human side of the War as it affected families and lovers and interrupted so pathetically the story of simple lives. But how poignantly it reveals it.'—*Tatler*.

High Pressure

By COLONEL LIONEL JAMES, C.B.E., D.S.O., sometime War Correspondent of 'The Times.' Illustrated. 12s. net.

'Colonel James is one of the last of the old breed, and this book of reminiscences will be enjoyed by everyone who likes good yarns of adventure.'—*The Times*.

Times of Stress

By COL. LIONEL JAMES, C.B.E., D.S.O. Illus. 12s. net.

Readers of 'High Pressure' regretted its abrupt ending. Col. James was, perhaps, wise in this, since he has reserved for a second volume an even more fascinating narrative. Here an instructive phase of convulsive modern history is unfolded in the author's characteristic semi-humorous, semi-cynical diction.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Byways

Leaves from an Architect's Note-Book.

By SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A. *With numerous Illustrations including some Pencil Drawings by the Author.* 15s. net.

Sir Reginald's studies, ranging through old towns from Southern France, through Austria and Germany to Scandinavia, do not claim to be exhaustive, but have the authority attaching to critical observations made on the spot by a famous architect, choosing subjects in which he is personally interested. He successfully steers his way between excessive technical detail and sentimentalism and rhetoric. He is a keen historian as well as architect, and these studies, with their distinction of style and breadth of knowledge and experience, should make a wide appeal.



VILLA FALCONIERI.

A Door-keeper of Music

By J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND, *Author of 'The Spell of Music,' 'The Musician's Pilgrimage.'* *With Illustrations.* 10s. 6d. net.

The author, who was for 20 years musical critic of *The Times*, tells of an unconventional childhood and youth, in the course of which he came across many notable and some notorious people; many eminent figures in the literary and artistic world pass across the pages, from Disraeli and Gladstone to Browning and Samuel Butler, from Ruskin and Leighton to Du Maurier and Whistler, while, as might be expected, there are few distinguished musicians of his time with whom the writer has not been brought into contact, and of whom he has not some amusing story to tell.

The Flame of Life

By LADY WENTWORTH. *With Photogravure Frontispiece of the Author.* 7s. 6d. net.

Lady Wentworth, renewing the poetic heredity of her great-grandfather, Lord Byron, some years ago published a book of verse, called 'Love in a Mist,' which met with high praise from those most competent to judge. These verses, with many more hitherto unpublished, are included in this new volume, which it is claimed will charm and interest many readers both by the distinction and style of the poems and for the historic traditions of the author.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Odds and Ends of My Life

By *the* COUNTESS CAVE,
Author of 'Memories of Old Richmond.' With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

'Really the full-length portrait of a various and vivacious personality. The book has almost as much charm as its author.'—*Morning Post*.

'Here is a book one can take up anywhere, read, lay down and begin again at random, secure of finding something pleasant and interesting.'

—*Daily Telegraph*.



THE DUTCH GARDEN,
WARDROBE COURT.

The Story of San Michele

By AXEL MUNTHE. *Fourth Impression.* 16s. net.

'It is the autobiography of a doctor, which I recommend for its keen pity, sympathy, wide understanding and irresistible humour.'—'LOOKER-ON,' in *The Daily Chronicle*.

'The revelation of a most rare and unusual personality. . . . I have seldom read anything more moving, tender or more full of "respect humain." It has style, wit, humour, great knowledge of the world, mixed with that strange simplicity of mind that often is the attribute of genius.'—R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, in *The Observer*.

'Told with a power and an honesty which makes this a very remarkable document.'—*Times*.

The Power of the Purse

By H. JAMES ROBINSON. 6s. net.

'Whether as a preliminary to the study of Constitutional History or as a source of information to the general—and intelligent—reader, it is a book to be recommended.'—*Morning Post*.

'The documentation is good, the matter well arranged and lucidly written.'—*Chamber of Commerce Journal*.

The Medici

By COLONEL G. T. YOUNG, C.B. With many Illustrations. In Two Volumes. £3 3s. net.

'The history of the Medici family as a whole—their rise, their "course upon the mountain top of power," and their decline and end. It presents a different view of this deeply interesting family than that which has generally obtained. The most judicious and reliable authority within the limits it sets.'—*The Evening Standard*.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Royal Marys

Princess Mary and Her Predecessors.

By E. THORNTON COOK. *With Illustrations.* 9s. net.

Pursuing her studies on English and Scottish royalty, Mrs. Thornton Cook has now written biographical sketches of the Princesses Mary of England, from earliest times to the present Princess Mary, who is included, and to whom the book is by gracious permission dedicated. We have Marys in prosperity and Marys in adversity, on the throne and off it, at war and at peace, in State functions and in their home life. Mrs. Thornton Cook has collected much quaint and out-of-the-way information, and she makes all her personalities live.



E. THORNTON COOK.

By the same Author.

HER MAJESTY. *The Romance of the Queens of England, 1066-1910. With Portraits.* 10s. 6d. net.

ROYAL ELIZABETHS. *The Romance of Five Princesses, 1464-1840. With Illustrations.* 7s. 6d. net.

THEIR MAJESTIES OF SCOTLAND. *Portraits.* 21s. net.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Letters to Her Sister, 1846-1859.

Edited by LEONARD HUXLEY, LL.D. *With Illustrations including two unpublished Portraits.* 21s. net.

A series of intimate—hitherto unpublished—letters extending from Elizabeth's marriage in 1846 almost up to her sister's death in 1860. They supplement the existing correspondence of Mrs. Browning, with unstudied tributes to Robert Browning's devotion, with descriptions of their life and Society in Italy and in Paris and, over all, the unalterable attachment to her sisters and even to the unbending old father.

The Narrative of a Naval Nobody

1907-1924. By DOUGLAS FAIRBAIRN, *Lieut.-Com. R.N. (retired).* Preface by 'Bartimeus.' 10s. 6d. net.

A personal account of the experiences of a naval officer throughout his service in the Royal Navy, a most interesting period of 16 years before, during and after the Great War. He is seen in the work and play of life afloat in the Fleet, in peace and war, in many parts of the world.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

History of the Great War. Based on Official Documents by Direction of Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

The Merchant Navy

By **SIR ARCHIBALD HURD.**
*Vol. III. With a Foreword by H.R.H.
The Prince of Wales. With Illustrations and Appendices. 21s. net.*

‘His pages teem with episodes in which the gallantry and innate chivalry of the British merchant sailor are seen at their best. Sir Archibald writes dispassionately, and that is, perhaps, why his record makes so profound an impression on the reader’s mind. This is, in many ways, the most interesting of the three volumes.’—*Daily Telegraph.*



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Weary Road

Recollections of a Subaltern of Infantry.

By **CHARLES DOUIE.** *Introduction by Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton, K.B.E., C.B. 6s. net.*

After ten years the author looks back upon the War, during which he grew to manhood on the battlefields of Belgium, France and Italy. Of this book a distinguished critic has written: ‘No man, woman, boy or girl can read the book without being the better for it: it should, like the “Faerie Queene,” serve to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline.’

Three Persons

F.-M. Sir Henry Wilson, Colonel House, and Colonel Lawrence.

By **SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL, O.B.E., LL.D.** *With Portraits. Second Impression. 10s. 6d. net.*

‘This cruelly clever book is a contribution to the interpretation of history, and a remarkable analysis of historical matter.’—*Daily Telegraph.*

‘Sir Andrew’s studies in disillusion may be biting, but they are sincere, and they are brilliantly readable.’—*Sunday Times.*

Ypres: Outpost of the Channel Ports

By **BEATRIX BRICE.** *Descriptive Foreword by Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, G.C.B. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net.*

‘This well-designed little volume is intended to be a guide to visitors to the fatal Salient. It fulfils its purpose admirably.’—*Aberdeen Press.*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Lord Chief Baron Pollock

A Memoir. By His Grandson, the LORD HANWORTH, P.C., K.B.E., Master of the Rolls. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

'The Master of the Rolls is warmly to be congratulated upon this most admirable biography of his distinguished grandfather. The reader is reluctant to say farewell to the learned, unwearied and essentially kind and affectionate man who lives again in these pages.'—LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HEWART in the *Morning Post*.



LORD CHIEF BARON POLLOCK.

Remembered Yesterdays

By SIR SOLOMON DIAS BANDARANAIKE, K.C.M.G. Introduction by Major Herbert Noyes. Illustrated. 15s. net.

'An autobiography written in fluent and pleasant English by a member of the old nobility of Ceylon. His book reveals a very agreeable character in its description of his various visits to England, his racing career, and his public work in Ceylon.'—*Saturday Review*.

Memories and Hopes

By the Rev. the Hon. EDWARD LYTTETLTON, D.D. With Illustrations. Cheaper Edition. 7s. 6d. net.

'Dr. Lyttelton has always had the courage of his convictions, and, independent minds being none too common, the discerning will open a book like this in the confidence of finding views or impressions which are not the ordinary staple of such volumes. They will not be disappointed.'—*Observer*.

The Perfect Courtier

Baldassare Castiglione : His Life and Letters, 1478-1529.

By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. Ady). With 4 Photogravures and 39 pages of half-tone Illustrations. In Two Volumes. 42s. net.

'Baldassare Castiglione, so typical of all that was best in his age, could have found no more congenial biographer. The two volumes provide much delightful and instructive reading, and are well equipped in every way.'—*Burlington Magazine*.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

The Amazing Career of Bernadotte

(1763-1844). By the Rt. Hon. SIR DUNBAR PLUNKET BARTON, Bart. Illustrated. 21s. net.

The life of Jean Baptiste Bernadotte was truly wonderful. A runaway recruit became a Marshal of France, a Prince of the French Empire, King of Sweden and Norway, and the founder of the Royal House of Sweden. He was Napoleon's principal rival. If Napoleon was the Cæsar of his age, Bernadotte sometimes played towards him the part of Pompey, sometimes of Marc Antony. Sir



JEAN BAPTISTE BERNADOTTE.

Dunbar, who writes on this subject with special authority, now presents in a single volume a vivid biography of the man.

The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant

By Col. J. F. C. FULLER, C.B.E., D.S.O., Author of 'Tanks in the Great War,' etc. With Maps and Plans. 21s. net.

The author's aim is a twofold one: first to discover Grant's place in military history, and secondly to show that as the Civil War in America was the first of the wars begotten of the Industrial Revolution, had its origins and nature been more carefully studied and its lessons applied, the whole course of history leading up to the World War might have been modified and possibly the War avoided.

Coutts'

The History of a Banking House.

By RALPH M. ROBINSON. With Illustrations. 15s. net.

No historical account of Coutts' Bank in London, which originated in the 17th century within a stone's throw of its present home in the Strand, has previously been attempted. The present work is based upon the mass of documents preserved within the Bank.

All the Days of My Life

By LADY MACDONALD OF THE ISLES. Illus. 6s. net.

This little book forms a link between the spacious days of Queen Victoria and the more crowded environment of to-day. It is also a bridge between Scotland and England, for the writer passes backwards and forwards across the border from the purple hills of Perthshire to the billowing Yorkshire wolds. Wherever she goes she finds beauty and interest, and these she passes on to the reader.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

The English Tradition of Education

By CYRIL NORWOOD, M.A., D.Lit., *Headmaster of Harrow School. Second Impression. 10s. 6d. net.*

Dr. Norwood writes primarily of the public schools, their history and their tradition, what they have been, are, and ought to become : but also he does not fear to deal with the vitally interesting problem of the relationship that should exist between them and the rest of the nation. And he passes by natural transition to the dangers of to-day and the special responsibilities of education in the age of democracy. This is a book of profound feeling.

Short Studies in Shakespeare

By G. F. BRADBY, *Author of 'About Shakespeare and his Plays,' etc. 6s. net.*

These studies, ranging from a new examination of the Sonnets to a fresh investigation into the problem of Hamlet, are written from the point of view of a critic who thinks it no service to Shakespeare to find in everything he wrote the consummate expression of consummate art. Shakespeare, as Mr. Bradby effectively proves, could be, on occasion, as careless as he was great—and he is all the more human accordingly.

William Wordsworth

His Life, Works, and Influence.

By GEORGE McLEAN HARPER, *Woodrow Wilson Professor of Literature in Princeton University. With Illustrations. Cheaper Edition. 16s. net.*

In preparing this new edition Professor Harper has availed himself of all the new material which has been brought to light in the last 13 years. This has enabled him, among other things, to give fuller details about Annette ; a probable explanation of the 'Lucy' mystery ; and a plausible conjecture that Wordsworth boldly returned to Paris in the Autumn of 1793.

'The monument that Mr. Harper raised to Wordsworth 13 years ago is now as complete as he can make it . . . both comprehensive and companionable.'—*Observer.*

Swift's Verse

By F. ELRINGTON BALL, *Litt.D. 15s. net.*

'A work worthy of the man of letters who undertook the arduous and anxious task of editing Swift's correspondence, and while bringing order into a veritable chaos, it throws new light on the character of Swift and on his life and times.'—*Morning Post.*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

The Thackeray Alphabet

Written and Illustrated by W. M. THACKERAY. 3s. 6d. net.

Nearly one hundred years ago, a certain Major James Chadwick, 59th Foot, was living with his wife and family at Sherborne, Dorset. One day, when young Mr. W. M. Thackeray was calling on the family, he was ushered in on a scene of woe—a small boy sobbing in a corner. Kind Mr. Thackeray enquired the cause of the child's grief, and was informed that 'Eddy would not learn his alphabet.' 'No wonder,' said Mr. Thackeray, 'it is such a very dull thing to learn.'

Then he asked for some notepaper, and then and there composed and illustrated this 'entertaining book.'



Poems: New and Old

By SIR HENRY NEWBOLT. 7s. 6d. net.

This volume contains all the poems published by Sir Henry Newbolt from 1897, when his fresh incisive work placed him in the forefront of English patriotic poets, to the present day. It will be found a volume worthy of this Master of Verse.

The New British Empire

By DR. L. HADEN GUEST, M.C. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

'It is significant that a former member of the Labour Party has written one of the most exhilarating books about the Empire which we have read for a long time. He can make the common-places of life illustrate principles. Thus he is in the line of the Dilkes and Froudes who have written intelligently about the British Empire, yet have not ignored little things.'—*Spectator*.

New Addition to the Wisdom of the East Series.

Christ in Islam

By the REV. JAMES ROBSON, M.A., Lecturer in Arabic, Glasgow University. 3s. 6d. net.

In this book all the traditional passages from the Koran referring to the life and person of Christ are accessible for the first time to the English public. The same applies to many of the reputed sayings of Christ found in the writings of Muslim authors. Without controversial bias the author presents clearly and concisely the Mohammedan outlook on our Lord.

Write for complete list of titles of this series.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

The Religious Quests of the Graeco-Roman World

A Study in the Historical Background of Early Christianity.

By PROFESSOR S. ANGUS, Ph.D., D.Litt., D.D., *Author of 'The Mystery Religions and Christianity.'* 15s. net.

'No conspectus of equal value is anywhere to be found in the English language between the covers of a single book.'—*New Statesman.*

'Dr. Angus has a wealth of information about all the creeds.'—*Sunday Times.*

Christian Ideas in Political History

Scott Holland Memorial Lectures, 1925.

By the REV. CANON C. E. OSBORNE, M.A., *Hon. Canon of Newcastle.* 10s. 6d. net.

This book represents, in a revised and enlarged form, lectures given at Manchester in 1925, in connection with the Scott Holland Memorial Trust. The author believes that there is a powerful tendency in the religious thought and life of to-day towards the development of a social order more genuinely Christian than the present conditions allow, corresponding to a necessary change of spirit involving new outlook and new values.

The Unequal Treaties: China and the Foreigner

By RODNEY GILBERT, *Author of 'What's Wrong with China.'* 9s. net.

'The "unequal treaties" have been the subject of a number of books in recent years. Mr. Gilbert's must certainly rank among the best. His historical chapters are excellent, and he brings out in detail the great debt that China owes to its foreign community.'—*The Daily Telegraph.*

This Bondage

A Study of the Migration of Birds, Insects and Aircraft, with some Reflections on 'Evolution' and Relativity.

By COM. B. ACWORTH, D.S.O., R.N. *Diagrams.* 7s. 6d. net.

'A challenging book, and it brings the reader into contact with a most remarkable and original mind—full of the sense of beauty.'—*Observer.*

'Everyone interested in aviation should read it. Commander Acworth has built up an impressive theory of aerial life.'—*Daily News.*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

The Voyage of the 'Discovery'

By CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT, R.N.,
C.V.O. Popular Edition, with a
Preface by Dr. Nansen, G.C.V.O.
With Map and 16 plates. 7s. 6d. net.

A companion volume to 'Scott's Last Expedition.' It comprises the complete record of the voyage as told by Captain Scott in the original two-guinea edition, omitting only the two Scientific Appendices.



'The ablest and most interesting record of travel to which the present century has given birth.'—*Spectator*.

Scott's Last Expedition

The Personal Journals of Captain R. F. SCOTT, R.N., C.V.O.
With a Biographical Introduction by J. M. BARRIE.

With Map and 16 Plates. 7s. 6d. net.

'A wonderfully cheap edition, handsomely bound. There are thousands of boys—and hundreds of girls too—who would prefer, as a Christmas present, this truthful log to an exaggerated adventure-book or a conventional school-story.'—*Tablet*.

The Cruise of the 'Cachalot'

Round the World after Sperm Whales.

By FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations. 6s. net.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in a letter to the author, says: 'It is immense—there is no other word. I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery.'

The Log of a Sea Waif

The Recollections of the first four years of the Author's sea life.

By FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations. 6s. net.

'Full of thrilling adventure, admirably told . . . His descriptive powers are great, his literary imagination is vivid, and he finds abundant opportunities for the display of both.'—*The Times*.

Round the Horn Before the Mast

By BASIL LUBBOCK. With Illustrations. 6s. net.

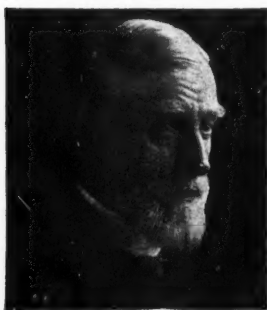
Mr. Lubbock, who shipped as an ordinary seaman, relates a true and stirring 'yarn' of a voyage from San Francisco round Cape Horn to Liverpool in a four-masted 'wind-jammer.'

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

The Reconstruction of Belief

Belief in God. Belief in Christ.
The Holy Spirit and the Church.

By RT. REV. CHARLES GORE, D.D. 1024 pages. 7s. 6d. net.



DR. GORE.

NEW EDITION IN ONE VOLUME

'Notwithstanding all criticism it remains that Dr. Gore is unquestionably the leading figure in the Church of England to-day.'—*The Church Times*.

'We congratulate the publishers who have had the enterprise to publish all three treatises in one volume, well printed and bound, at this very moderate price.'—*Review of the Churches*.

The Psalms in Human Life

By the Rt. Hon. ROWLAND E. PROTHERO (Lord Ernle).
Pocket Edition on Thin Paper. Cloth 3s. 6d. net, Leather 5s. net.

'Those who take up this volume will find it a rich store of pleasure. It is in reality the 'Romance of the Psalms' and is full of entertainment and abounds in pure and lofty thought.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

'There are paragraphs which are as remarkable for their spiritual truth as for the beauty of the language in which they are clothed.'—*Times*.

A Chain of Prayer Across the Ages

Forty Centuries of Prayer. 2000 B.C.—A.D. 1920.

By SELINA F. FOX. Pocket Edition on Thin Paper. 5s. net.

This fifth and enlarged edition includes additional prayers for Armistice Day, the Day of Remembrance, and for guidance in Industrial problems. It has been arranged for Daily use and can be used either for Family Worship or private devotion.

Religion and the Rise of Capitalism

An Historical Study (Scott Holland Memorial Lectures).

By R. H. TAWNEY, Reader of Economic History, University of London. Preface by Bishop Gore. Cheaper Edition. 6s. net.

'English students cannot fail to be grateful for this book. The sureness of Mr. Tawney's knowledge and the width of his insight make his book an invaluable essay in the history of social thought. It is a masterpiece of cogency and learning.'—*Nation*.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Fishing, from the Earliest Times

By WILLIAM RADCLIFFE.
Second Revised Edition. With many Illustrations. 21s. net.

'The best and most interesting work on "Fishing, from the Earliest Times" that has ever been published.'—The late Mr. MARSTON in *The Fishing Gazette*.

MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON writes :
—'There have been a vast number of books on fishing before, but there has never been one like this, either in its scope or achievement. It makes good reading withal, for the writer brings to the saucing of this dish of learning and inquiry a whimsical humour which gives savour to all.'



WILLIAM RADCLIFFE.

Letters to a Salmon Fisher's Son

By A. H. CHAYTOR. *Third (Revised) Edition. Illustrated. 9s. net.*

'We are glad to welcome one of the best practical books on salmon fishing that has ever been written.'—*The Field*.

'Mr. Chaytor's knowledge of salmon and salmon fishing is a cumulative hereditary possession; and the book is most useful and interesting.'—*The Times*.

The English Flower Garden

And Home Grounds of Hardy Trees and Flowers only.

By WILLIAM ROBINSON. *Thirteenth Edition. With many Illustrations. 24s. net.*

'The success the work has met with is richly deserved, for no better book on the subject of gardening and garden design has ever been put before the public.'—*The Field*.

The Vegetable Garden

Illustrations, Descriptions and Culture of the Garden Vegetables of Cold and Temperate Climates.

By MM. VILMORIN-ANDRIEUX. *English Edition by WILLIAM ROBINSON. Third Edition. Illustrated. 30s. net.*

'Altogether the work is one that no vegetable grower should be without, and more especially those who grow for market. It is the most complete and comprehensive guide to vegetable cultivation that we have in the English language.'—*The Land Agents' Record*.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

On the Old Road through France to Florence

Reproduction in Colour of 32
Water-Colour Sketches by A. H.
HALLAM MURRAY. With
Text by Henry W. Nevinson and
Montgomery Carmichael. Cheaper
Edition. 12s. net.

'Mr. Hallam Murray's pictures bring sunshine into the pages. We see again, through his eyes, the lovely places on the Old Road. His pictures make us long to be off, to linger at Caen, Chenonceau, Cahors, Carcassonne, and Beaucaire. They are the kind of pictures that folk like.'—*Daily Chronicle*.



DIEPPE CASTLE.

Indian Sculpture and Painting

Illustrated by Typical Masterpieces. With an explanation of their Motives and Ideals.

By E. B. HAVELL. Second Revised Edition. With 6 Coloured and 72 pages of Illustrations. £2 2s. net.

'Mr. Havell's new edition brings it up to date with modern scholarship. It is an excellent text-book, written with genuine appreciation and well illustrated.'—*Observer*.

Indian Architecture

Its Psychology, Structure and History from the first Muhammadan Invasion to the Present Day.

By E. B. HAVELL. Second Edition. With numerous Illustrations. £2 2s. net.

'We recommend Mr. Havell's sane, thorough, and beautiful work to the attention of all interested in the past and future of Indian Architecture.'—*Outlook*.

The Book of Ser Marco Polo

Concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East. Sir Henry Yule's Translation, revised in the light of Modern Discoveries.

By PROFESSOR HENRI CORDIER. Memoir of Henry Yule, by his DAUGHTER. Maps, Illustrations. 2 vols. £3 13s. 6d. net.

'English scholarship can scarcely boast a greater masterpiece—of universal and permanent value.'—*Spectator*.

Notes & Addenda to the Above

Containing the result of Recent Research and Discovery.

By PROFESSOR HENRI CORDIER. 16s. net.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

'Conan Doyle

has been a good nourisher of Englishmen, there is more of him in our blood and bones than we think.'—*The Evening Standard*.

THREE VOLUMES OF UNPARALLELED VALUE

The Complete

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Short Stories



5 Volumes in 1

ADVENTURES

MEMOIRS

RETURN

LAST BOW

CASE-BOOK

1348 pages net 7/6

The SHERLOCK HOLMES

Long Stories

4 Volumes in 1

A STUDY IN SCARLET

THE SIGN OF FOUR

THE HOUND of the BASKERVILLES

THE VALLEY OF FEAR

7/6 net



The CONAN DOYLE Stories



6 Volumes in 1

THE RING AND THE CAMP

PIRATES AND BLUE WATER

TERROR AND MYSTERY

TWILIGHT AND THE UNSEEN

ADVENTURE AND MEDICAL LIFE

TALES OF LONG AGO

1216 pages

net 7/6

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

B

Novels by P. C. Wren



Stories of the Foreign Legion

Beau Geste

An Illustrated Edition worthy of a wonderful book.

With Drawings by HELEN MCKIE. 7s. 6d. net.

A crowning tribute to an ever-growing record—all admirers of 'Beau Geste' will welcome this Illustrated Edition.

¶ *Also Edition-de-Luxe, limited to 600 copies for sale in England numbered and signed by the Author. 21s. net.*

¶ *Cheap Editions, without illustrations, etc. 3s. 6d. and 2s. net.*

Beau Sabreur

3s. 6d. and 2s. net.

'By reason of its vitality, its excitement, its humour and its thrills, it is as good as "Beau Geste."'—*Daily Chronicle*.

Beau Ideal

3s. 6d. net.

'The adventures are amazing and unflagging; and the final reunion is a triumph of surprise.'—*Spectator*.

Good Gestes

7s. 6d. net.

'Clean, breezy romance, enlivened by the broadest of humour, again characterizes Mr. Wren's work.'—*Spectator*.

The Wages of Virtue

3s. 6d. and 2s. net.

'A really notable novel—exceptionally good.'—*Manchester Guardian*.

Stepsons of France

3s. 6d. and 2s. net.

'The stories are extraordinarily thrilling—sometimes uncom-
fortably thrilling.'—*Bystander*.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Novels by P. C. Wren



His New Volume for 1929

Soldiers of Misfortune

'I still think, although this is a purely personal view, that until now the best two novels on boxing and boxers were "Cashel Byron's Profession" and "Rodney Stone," but I am equally certain that Major Wren's book deserves to be graded with both.'—TREVOR C. WIGNALL in *The Daily Express*.

'Admirers of "Beau Geste" will fall under its spell as completely as I did, for it is compounded of all those thrilling ingredients which have made the novels of P. C. Wren deservedly popular. The whole book is a vivid adventurous experience packed with hammer and tongs action.'—*Sunday Referee*. 7s. 6d. net.

Indian Stories—3s. 6d. net each.

Snake and the Sword

'Often tragic in its incident but powerful in holding the reader's interest.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

Father Gregory

'Provides "human documents," the study of which is varied and enjoyable.'—*The Times*.

Driftwood Spars

'A colourful picture. And things do happen.'—*Birmingham News*.

Dew and Mildew

'First-hand glimpses of life in that strange but entrancing country, which can hardly be bettered.'—*Harrogate Herald*.

The Young Stagers

3s. 6d. net.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

NEW FICTION

Devil's Drum

Third Impression. 7s. 6d. net.

By LORD GORELL, Author of 'The Devouring Fire.' 'Lord Gorell has earned for himself an enviable reputation as a writer of mystery fiction that does not offend our sense of the probable. A "good" murder is still a fine art.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

A Wild Bird

By MAUD DIVER, Author of 'Lonely Furrow.' 'Mrs. Diver's love of India and ability as a novelist make this story one which can be recommended to all who "know" India. Where this tale is exceptional is in the delicacy with which the characters are drawn. A sound piece of work.'—*Times*.

7s. 6d. net.

Black Jack House

By L. ALLEN HARKER, Author of 'Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly,' etc. 'It is sympathetically written and has vitality and charm as well as understanding. It is all very human and the child, Faith, is delightfully portrayed. Will be welcomed by all this writer's admirers.'—*Morning Post*. 7s. 6d. net.

The Maracot Deep, and other Stories.

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. 'Imaginative and wonderful.'—*Punch*. 'Conan Doyle is a story-teller of genius . . . he achieves effects in the fantastic and the *macabre* of which few living authors are capable.'—*Sunday Referee*. 7s. 6d. net.

Red Silence

By KATHLEEN NORRIS, Author of 'The Story of Julia Page,' etc. 'Dory Garrison is as charming as any of Mrs. Norris' heroines—a talented novelist who can summon both laughter and tears.'—*Sunday Dispatch*. 'A perfect picture of life as it ought to be. The reader will be grateful for a tale so refreshing and pleasant.'—*Aberdeen Press*. 2nd Imp. 7s. 6d. net.

The Dark River

By NORMAN SPRINGER, Author of 'The Blood Ship,' etc. 'Even Rider Haggard in his best days never imagined stranger happenings. An astonishing book, and carries the reader breathlessly from its first page to its last. It is indeed immense.'—*Methodist Recorder*. 7s. 6d. net.

Second Impression.

Devil's Paradise

By AMY McLAREN, Author of 'Bawbee Jock,' etc. 'It is delightful, and told with her usual charm. The characters are well portrayed, and one finds oneself immediately intrigued. The mystery is quite cleverly solved.'—*Scots Observer*. 7s. 6d. net.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

NEW FICTION

Storm Bird

By MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNE, Author of 'The Shoreless Sea.' 'Told with great skill and naturalness . . . "Storm Bird" will undoubtedly increase Miss Panter-Downes' already high reputation.'—*Sunday Referee*. 'Each character stands out, tremulously clear, and the promise of her earlier work is fulfilled.'—*Daily News*. 7s. 6d. net.

Sons of Jacob

By MARY GRACE ASHTON, Author of 'Race' and 'Shackles of the Free.' 'Miss Ashton has made a distinct advance as a novelist. In Jacob Rosenbaum she has created a type of old Jewry in all its strength and weakness. In sincerity and style her novel is a distinguished performance.'—*Sunday Referee*. 7s. 6d. net.

Predestined

By ANNE DUFFIELD, Author of 'The Lacquer Couch.' 'It is impossible to explain in a brief review the varied fascination of this exquisitely told story, which will add to the success and esteem Miss Duffield won by her first novel.'—*Morning Post*.

Second Impression. 7s. 6d. net.

Cloth of Gold

By ELSWYTH THANE, Author of 'Riders of the Wind,' 'Echo Answers,' etc. 'A romance of India. It is steeped in the same glamorous atmosphere and haunting colour as its predecessor and the *motif* of the story will attract those who like romance of an unusual kind.'—*Sunday Referee*. 7s. 6d. net.

Fire

By ARMINE VON TEMPSKI, Author of 'Hula' and 'Dust.' 'Here she rises to electrifying heights. A sense of space and freedom is conveyed and the book moves with dynamic force, like a trade wind sweeping over the green forests and brooding mountains of Hawaii itself.'—*Daily Telegraph*. 7s. 6d. net.

A Few Friends

By HUMFREY JORDAN. 'A book that will commend itself to all lovers of really good animal tales. Though the surroundings are fictional the animals themselves are real and natural, and there is true genius in the absorbing accounts of their reactions towards each other and the men and women who understand them.'—*Liverpool Post*. 7s. 6d. net.

The Kerrels of Hill End

By CHARLES LANDSTONE, Author of 'Blue Tiger Yard.' 'A powerful study of Jewish character . . . clever as well as entertaining.'—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. 'A book out of the ordinary.'—*Star*. 7s. 6d. net.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

NEW FICTION

The Truce Breaker

A first novel by J. T. MORRISON. 'Mr. Morrison's personages are all very real people, and his descriptive work is excellent. His book, indeed, may be ranked among the best Scottish novels of recent years.'—*The Scotsman*. 7s. 6d. net.

On Solway Bridge

By G. E. MITTON, Author of 'Hawk of the Desert,' etc. 'The way in which the story unfolds is both unusual and arresting.'—*Daily News*. 'The story is most interesting, with many fine human touches.'—*Edinburgh Evening News*. 7s. 6d. net.

The China Venture

By DOROTHY GRAHAM, Author of 'The French Wife,' 'Lotus of the Dusk,' etc. 'This profound and powerful story, which we have no hesitation in describing as a work of genius. From the first this new novelist grips the reader's attention.'—*Morning Post*. 7s. 6d. net.

The Indiscretions of Lin Mang

By RODNEY GILBERT, Author of 'What's Wrong with China.' 'The story runs along at a rare pace, and is crowded with exciting incidents. The outstanding feature of the book is the skilful way in which the duplicity of the Oriental mind is revealed . . . thoroughly entertaining.'—*Church Times*. 7s. 6d. net.

A Little Way Ahead

By ALAN SULLIVAN, Author of 'The Splendid Silence,' etc. 'Alan Sullivan has published his remarkably clever study of a financier who saw "A Little Way Ahead" at the psychological moment . . . this illuminating book.'—*C. of England Newspaper*. 'An excellent fantasy with a brisk, engrossing action and tersely written dialogue.'—*Scotsman*. 7s. 6d. net.

Adventure Calls

By KATHARINE WOOLLEY. In this story Mrs. Woolley has evolved an ingenious plot out of the extraordinary similarity of twins. Exciting things happen before a desperate throw wins success in love and war alike. 7s. 6d. net.

Half Devil, Half Tiger

By R. J. FLETCHER and ALEX. McLACHLAN. 'A full-blooded thriller in attractive literary garb. It is one of the few examples of successful collaboration in authorship. The authors have certainly produced a gripping story elaborated with skill.'—*Scotsman*. *Second Impression*. 7s. 6d. net.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

NEW FICTION

To the Sun

A Romance of Shakespeare.

By A. E. FISHER. To justify genius and make its possessor live and move and have his natural being is an achievement not always realized in fiction. In this, his first novel, the author, through his excellent knowledge of the text of Shakespeare's works, has written a remarkable romance of Shakespeare and his times.

7s. 6d. net.

Fools' Purgatory

By AYLMER HUNTER. 'The author of this stimulating novel has remarkable powers of character drawing. As a picture of modern society the book is a little masterpiece . . . vastly amusing and interesting.'—*Nottingham Grdn.*

7s. 6d. net.

Dark Inheritance

By WILLIAM RANSTED BERRY, Author of 'In Those Days.' Are the sins of the fathers (more especially of the mothers) visited upon the children? It is the fear of an affirmative answer to this question that poisons the young mind of Renée Spurlock, daughter of the unfortunate union of an Englishman and a French variety actress.

7s. 6d. net.

Double Lives

By SINCLAIR MURRAY, Author of 'John Frensham, K.C.', etc. 'So freshly and sympathetically told that we feel a personal interest in the fortunes of this misguided but attractive couple. Mr. Murray's delightful romance.'—*C. of E. Newspaper.*

7s. 6d. net.

The Old Country

By SIR HENRY NEWBOLT. 'A romance on an entirely new plan, original and arresting. It is full, not only of great literary and historical charm, but of fine imaginativeness.'—*The Evening Standard.*

Fourth Impression. 7s. 6d. net.

AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION

Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly

By L. ALLEN HARKER. *With 44 Line and one Coloured Illustration by Sybil Tawse.*

7s. 6d. net.

This illustrated edition, worthy of Mrs. L. Allen Harker's masterpiece, has been designed to meet the need of the many admirers of this delightful book.

'A handsome pictorial edition with delicate illustrations in line and colour.'—*Daily Chronicle.*

'Full of tenderness, humanity and charm. The book is pure gold.'—*Daily Telegraph.*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

The ENGLISH REVIEW

1/-

NOVEMBER 1929

1/-

CORRESPONDENCE :

Fundamentalism and the Modern Mind
Sea Law and the United States Navy
Languages of the Baltic
The Alpine Club

CURRENT COMMENTS

Douglas Jerrold

NOTES FROM PARIS

George Adam

BLOCKADE

Poseidon

THE LAST STRAW? 'The Man in the Street'

THE ECONOMIC EDUCATION OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE Herbert G. Williams, M.Sc., A.M.I.C.E.

THE AUSTRALIAN LABOUR PARTY

F. A. W. Gisborne

BRITISH POLICY AND THE PALESTINE MAN- DATE

Capt. C. D. Brunton

A STUDY OF KUOMINTANG PROPAGANDA

J. O. P. Bland

MINERAL TRANSPORT IN BRITAIN

Philip Gee

THE EPISCOPAL CHALLENGE TO PARLIAMENT

Rev. J. F. Worsley Boden

THE CUSHIONED SEAT H. T. Kemball Cook

'JOURNEY'S END' R. V. Dawson

OF SINGING ENGLISH IN ENGLAND

Hermon Ould

'SAYS SERGEANT MURPHY'

A. P. Garland

STORIES {The Kill-Joys Alice Lowther Like Any Other Night H. E. W. Gay

POETRY—THEATRE—BOOKS

Annual Subscription : 14s. post free to all parts of the world.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 4 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.1

The SOUL of TOBACCO

Maeterlinck says of flowers that they yield up their Soul in perfume. What a noble thought!

But to the pipe-lover there is something infinitely sweeter than the perfume of flowers—the Soul of Craven Mixture.

The Soul of "Craven" is inimitable, unmatched. You cannot find it in other Tobaccos any more than you can find the perfume of the natural rose in a soulless imitation.

And the appeal to the sense of taste! How bewitchingly and entrancingly Craven captivates the taste. How lovingly the smoker of Craven Mixture handles his pipe. To him the taste and perfume of Craven are indeed the very SOUL of Tobacco—something to dwell upon, to revel in; something, as Sir J. M. Barrie says, "to live for."

Craven

MIXTURE TOBACCO

Made by Carreras Limited, London

Ordinary or Broad Cut. Sold in Airtight Tins 2oz. 2/5; 4oz. 4/10. Also in Cartridge form.

DEAN INGE

in the *Evening Standard* says:—

'DR. NORWOOD, of Harrow, has a very high reputation in his profession, and his new book,

THE ENGLISH TRADITION OF EDUCATION

will raise it even higher. It is a wise book, such as could have been written only by one who knows well the peculiar history and tradition of secondary education in this country, by one who has had great personal experience, and by one who has a very exalted ideal of what a schoolmaster ought to be.'

Second Impression in the press. 10s. 6d. net.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY.

The Works of Lord Byron

A New Text, collated with the Original MSS. and Revised Proofs, with many hitherto Unpublished Additions, Bibliographies, full Indices, Portraits and Illustrations. 13 vols. 7s. 6d. net each.

POETRY. 7 volumes. Edited by ERNEST H. COLERIDGE.

LETTERS. 6 volumes. Edited by the Right Hon. ROWLAND E. PROTHERO (Lord Ernle).

¶ Arrangements have been made with Booksellers enabling them to offer special terms for sets of the above work.

POETICAL WORKS. The only Complete and Copyright Text in One volume. Edited with an Introduction by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE. With Portrait. 7s. 6d. net.

POETICAL WORKS. Popular Edition. 7s. 6d. net.

LIFE, LETTERS AND JOURNALS. By THOMAS MOORE. With Portraits. 15s. net.

DON JUAN. Complete in One volume. With the new additional Stanzas, published for the first time in 1904. With 4 Photogravures. 7s. 6d. net.

TALES AND POEMS. 2s. 6d. net.

LORD BYRON'S CORRESPONDENCE

Chiefly with Lady Melbourne, Mr. Hobhouse, The Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, and P. B. Shelley. Edited by SIR JOHN MURRAY, K.C.V.O. With Portraits. 2 vols. 2nd Impression. 25s. net.

LORD BYRON IN HIS LETTERS

Selections from his Letters and Journals. Edited by V. H. COLLINS. While giving specimens of Byron's art as a letter-writer the book is so designed as to provide a running commentary on his life and character. With Photogravure Portrait. 12s. net.

BYRON IN ENGLAND: His Fame and After-Fame. By SAMUEL C. CHEW. With Illustrations. 21s. net.

BYRON: THE LAST PHASE. By RICHARD EDGCUMBE. 12s. net.

BYRON AND GREECE. By HAROLD SPENDER. With Photogravure Portrait and other Illustrations. 15s. net.

JOHN MURRAY . Albemarle Street . LONDON, W.1

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED

WHITE

& BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner



The Peter Pan of Pianos

So diminutive that even the smallest flat can accommodate it, the "Allisonette" Baby Grand is nevertheless an instrument of surpassing quality.

Only four feet long and is the smallest high-grade Grand in the world. Its rich, full tone and superb volume are a revelation. Overstrung specification and full compass. Finished in a variety of treatments to harmonise with any colour scheme.

See and hear
it at our
Showrooms.

Brochure
free with
name of
nearest
Agent.

THE
ALLISONETTE
THE BABIEST OF BABY GRANDS

95 Gns. or 3 Gns. monthly

Allison Upright Grands from 58
Guineas or £1-18-10 monthly.
Generous allowance for present
piano in part exchange.

ALLISON PIANOS LTD.
60 Wigmore Street, London, W.1
Telephone: Welbeck 9261 (Two lines)

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW in January, April, July, and October of every year provides a reasoned appreciation and criticism of movement in Literature, Art, Religion, Science, and Politics, as well as in social developments generally, within the British Islands and in countries abroad.

ESTABLISHED in 1809, when the power of Napoleon was at its height, the QUARTERLY has seen the map of Europe changed and changed again, and has witnessed extraordinary progress in all departments of social, national, and international life.

It has been the purpose of this Review, through the minds and pens of writers with authority, to appreciate the values of that progress. The names of its contributors may be taken as an index to the history of the times in Literature, Science and Art, to Politics and Social Endeavour through its infinite channels, as well as to very much else.

Annual Subscription, including postage, 31s. 4d.

Single copies 7s. 6d., plus 4d. postage.

JOHN MURRAY : Albemarle Street . LONDON, W.1

The Life and Works of
Charlotte Brontë
and her Sisters
Emily & Anne Brontë

HAWORTH EDITION.

In seven volumes, with Introductions by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, and an Introduction and Notes to Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' by CLEMENT K. SHORTER. Illustrated with Portraits and Views of places described in the books. A facsimile of the title-page of the first edition is included in each volume. **7s. 6d.** net each.

HAWORTH EDITION ON THIN PAPER.

In seven volumes, with Introductions by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, and an Introduction and Notes to Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' by CLEMENT K. SHORTER. Pocket size, No Illustrations. Cloth, **3s. 6d.** net; Leather, **5s.** net each. Cloth case to contain the set, **5s.** net.

JANE EYRE. By CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

SHIRLEY. By CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

VILLETTE. By CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

THE PROFESSOR. By CHARLOTTE BRONTË; and **POEMS,** by CHARLOTTE, EMILY, and ANNE BRONTË, and the REV. PATRICK BRONTË.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS. By EMILY BRONTË. **AGNES GREY.** By ANNE BRONTË.

THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL. By ANNE BRONTË.

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By MRS. GASKELL.
With an Introduction and Notes by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

POEMS: Selections from the Poetry of Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and Branwell Brontë. Including some Poems hitherto unprinted. Edited by A. C. BENSON, with Portraits and 2 Facsimile MSS. **3s. 6d.** net.

JOHN MURRAY . Albemarle Street . LONDON, W.1

Soft Water for Health

A moderate amount of pure soft water—just water—daily, between meals, or on rising and at bed-time, is one of the simplest and sanest health measures for all.

"Hard" water is water containing an excess of lime salts, the worst being the *insoluble* gypsum. Hard water is NOT an aid to health, but hitherto the only alternative has been distilled water which is "dead," flat, and flavourless, and needs careful storage.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED

The "Meludor" Refinator solves this vital problem effectually for even the solitary person. One simply pours hard water in at the top and it flows through softened (NOT distilled, NOT devitalised), with all the constipating, stiffening calcium salts removed.

Used and strongly recommended by Edgar J. Saxon and many other Health Authorities.

The

MELUDOR
WATER SOFTENER

15/-

Post Free (in U.K. only)
Aluminium Lids 9d.
each extra.

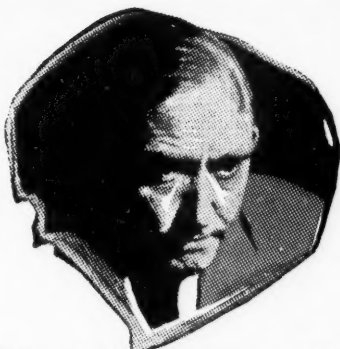
Particulars of other useful
accessories on application.

**THE FULHAM
POTTERY AND
CHEVIN FILTER
CO., LTD.,
THE POTTERY,
FULHAM, S.W.6**



Quickly and
easily renewed
at practically
no cost. Highly
convenient.

Larger sizes:
50/- and £5 5s.



Must Men Fear 40?

Medical authorities agree that 65%, or nearly two-thirds, of all men past middle age are afflicted with a disorder of the prostate gland. Here is the known cause for many of the ailments commonly ascribed to declining years, including aches in back, feet and legs, frequent nightly rising, sciatic pains, nervousness, and lack of vitality. But now science knows that thousands suffer needlessly.

For a well-known scientist has discovered a remarkable new drugless treatment that usually restores the prostate gland to its normal functioning. Already it has been used by more than 60,000 men—Doctors, Statesmen, Teachers, Bankers, Lawyers, men in every walk of life—with amazing results.

Free Book.

If you will post the coupon below, you will get, in plain wrapper, a free copy of an interesting book describing this new method. It contains facts every man should know. But send immediately, for the edition of this book is limited.

**The Electro Thermal Co. (Dept. 9115),
130 Regent Street, London, W.1.**

Please send me free and without obligation a copy of your booklet, "Why Men are Old at Forty." Post in plain wrapper.

Name

Address

TO THE SUN

A Romance of Shakespeare.

By A. E. FISHER.

Through his excellent knowledge of the text of Shakespeare's works, the author, in this, his first novel, has written a remarkable romance of Shakespeare and his times.

7s. 6d. net.

JOHN MURRAY LONDON

COUPON

for

**ACROSTIC
COMPETITION**

DECEMBER, 1929.

The Brownings

ROBERT BROWNING

POETICAL WORKS. Edited and Annotated by the RT. HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C., and SIR FREDERICK G. KENYON, K.C.B. 2 volumes, with a Portrait in each. 10s. 6d. net each volume. Printed on India Paper. Complete in Two volumes, 24s. net. Complete in One volume, 21s. net.

THIN PAPER EDITION. In 8 volumes (pocket size), printed upon India Paper, with a Portrait in each volume. Bound in cloth, 3s. 6d. net each, or in leather, 5s. net each. Cloth case to contain the set, 5s. net.

UNIFORM EDITION. Containing Portraits and Illustrations. 17 volumes. 6s. net each. (*Vols. VII, VIII and XVII are out of print.*)

SELECTIONS. Crown 8vo, 6s. net. Pocket edition, 2s. 6d. net.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

POETICAL WORKS. In 1 volume. With Portrait. 6s. net.

UNIFORM EDITION. In 6 volumes. With 5 Portraits of Mrs. Browning, and other Illustrations. 6s. net each.

THIN PAPER EDITION. In 3 volumes (pocket size). Printed on India Paper, with a Portrait Frontispiece to each volume. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net. Leather, 5s. net each.

SELECTIONS. Arranged by ROBERT BROWNING. Pocket Size. 2s. net.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S LETTERS TO HIS SISTER, 1846-1859. Edited by LEONARD HUXLEY, LL.D. With Illustrations, including two hitherto unpublished Portraits. *Just out.* 21s. net.

THE BROWNING LOVE LETTERS

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The correspondence which passed between these two poets is here printed in its entirety and exactly as it appears in the original letters, without alteration, except in respect of obvious slips of the pen. Even the punctuation, with its characteristic dots and dashes, has for the most part been preserved. With Portraits and Facsimile Letters. 10s. 6d. net.

This volume is uniform with the Two-Volume Edition of Robert Browning's Poetry.

JOHN MURRAY . Albemarle Street . LONDON, W.1

BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY

A Guaranteed Subscription to The Times Book Club ensures the best Circulating Library Service to be found.

But there is also the Ordinary Service, at one half the cost, which, though a little less perfect, is quite satisfactory to the majority who read for amusement or relaxation. Subscribers can always transfer from the Ordinary to the Guaranteed Service by paying the difference.

Motors deliver in most districts 20 miles around London. In town there is a delivery once a day, and in some parts twice daily.

Write for Rates and Conditions of Subscription to the Librarian,

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB

and Circulating Library,

42 Wigmore Street, London, W.1,

and at 26 College Green, Bristol.

The CHURCH ARMY'S TARGET



A Happy
Christmas
AT HOME
for the
poor

CHRISTMAS IS THE Home Festival and the Church Army is endeavouring to give hundreds of poor families a HAPPY Christmas in their own homes.

Parcels of good fare sufficient to tide an average poor family over the Christmas period will be distributed to recommended homes.

Bought in large quantities each parcel

costs 10/-, but the retail value is nearly 15/-

£5 will provide for ten families.

10/- will buy one parcel.

COAL DISTRIBUTION

Through special arrangements, the Church Army is enabled to provide coal to many needy homes, but particularly during exceptionally cold snaps.

Please send a gift to-day to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1. Cheques, etc., crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army."

THE CHURCH ARMY

£2,000 at death only at age 65 or death if earlier

can be provided by
an annual payment
from age 25 of

	£26 4s.	£33
35	£35	£48
45	£51	£82
55	£79	£182

Make the provision now

**No office publishes lower premiums
for such assurances than the**

Equitable Life Assurance Society

(founded 1762)

19 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

No shareholders

No commission

"Luvisca"^{REGD} SHIRTS PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

XMAS
1929.

GIVE A
"LUVISCA"
GARMENT.

JUST to see the name "Luvisca"
in a garment for men is a
simple yet effective means to
satisfaction. It denotes quality,
style and good wear.

Sold by
Leading Hosiery,
Outfitters and
Stores.

If any difficulty in
obtaining, write
COURT AULD'S
LTD. (Dept. 107N)
16, St. Martin's
Place, London,
E.C.1. for name of
nearest retailer
and descriptive
literature.

LOOK
FOR
THE
NEW
REGISTERED
TAB



THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

WILL include among other contributions a further
story in the *Polychromata* series, by J. Leslie
Mitchell; *Poachers*, by the Rt. Hon. Godfrey Locker
Lampson, M.P.; *Environment*, a tale of the East, by
C. Leonard Woolley, the explorer and archæologist;
Florence and Lewis, a study of the English mind to the
European, by Orlo Williams, who takes his text from
two of the chief characters in *The Constant Nymph*;
*Thomas Frederick Tout: A Retrospect of Twin Academic
Careers*, by Sir Richard Lodge, Litt.D.

George Borrow

DEFINITIVE EDITION.

In 7 Volumes. With Photogravure and other Illustrations by A. WALLIS MILLS, PERCY WADHAM, F. C. KITTON, and A. S. HARTRICK. Large Crown 8vo. **7s. 6d.** net each.

¶ Arrangements have been made with Booksellers enabling them to offer special terms for sets of the above work, including the 'Life.'

DEFINITIVE EDITION ON THIN PAPER.

In 6 Vols. only, *not* including the "Life," without illustrations. F'cap 8vo. Cloth **3s. 6d.** net; Leather **5s.** net each. Cloth case to contain the 6 vols., **5s.** net.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN:

OR THE JOURNEYS, ADVENTURES AND IMPRISONMENTS OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN AN ATTEMPT TO CIRCULATE THE SCRIPTURES IN THE PENINSULA. With the Notes and Glossary of ULICK BURKE.

THE GYPSIES OF SPAIN:

THEIR MANNERS, CUSTOMS, RELIGION, AND LANGUAGE.

LAVENGRO: THE SCHOLAR, THE GYPSY, THE PRIEST.

Containing the unaltered Text of the original issue; some Suppressed Episodes printed only in the Editions issued by Mr. Murray; MS. Variorum, Vocabulary, and Notes by Professor W. I. KNAPP.

ROMANY RYE:

A SEQUEL TO 'LAVENGRO.' Collated and Revised in the same manner as 'Lavengro' by Professor W. I. KNAPP.

WILD WALES:

ITS PEOPLE, LANGUAGE, AND SCENERY.

ROMANO LAVO LIL:

THE WORD BOOK OF THE ROMANY OR ENGLISH GYPSY LANGUAGE. With Specimens of Gypsy Poetry, and an account of certain Gypsyries or Places inhabited by them, and of various things relating to Gypsy Life in England.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE BORROW.

By HERBERT JENKINS. Compiled from Unpublished Official Documents, his Works, Correspondence, etc. Eight half-tone Illustrations.

'For the first time full justice is done to the composite character of this eccentric genius. No pains have been spared by drawing upon every source of information to reveal the actual man.'—*Evening Standard*.

CELTIC BARDS, CHIEFS AND KINGS.

By GEORGE BORROW. Edited by HERBERT G. WRIGHT. **12s.** net. This book, which was advertised in Borrow's lifetime, but never published, seemed to have vanished. It deals with the old bards and also with later Welsh writers, giving a vivid account of their lives and achievements.

JOHN MURRAY . Albemarle Street . LONDON, W.1

The Works of Mrs. Gaskell

'Mrs. Gaskell has done what neither I nor other female writers in France can accomplish—she has written novels which excite the deepest interest in men of the world, and yet which every girl will be better for reading.'—GEORGE SAND.

KNUTSFORD EDITION

In eight volumes, each containing an Introduction, a Frontispiece in Photogravure and other Illustrations, and Facsimile MS. Several hitherto unprinted Contributions to Periodicals, two New Poems, and some unpublished fragments of stories are included.
7s. 6d. net each.

KNUTSFORD EDITION ON THIN PAPER

In eight volumes, as above, but without illustrations. Pocket size, Cloth **3s. 6d.** net. Leather **5s.** net each. Cloth case to contain the set, **5s.** net.

MARY BARTON, and other Tales

CRANFORD, and other Tales

RUTH, and other Tales

NORTH AND SOUTH

MY LADY LUDLOW, and other Tales

SYLVIA'S LOVERS, etc.

COUSIN PHILLIS. A DARK NIGHT'S WORK, etc.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS

POPULAR EDITION

In seven volumes. Small post 8vo, **3s. 6d.** net each.

WIVES & DAUGHTERS

(out of print).

NORTH AND SOUTH

SYLVIA'S LOVERS

CRANFORD

MARY BARTON

RUTH

LIZZIE LEIGH

POCKET EDITION

The following four titles only are in print. **1s. 6d.** net each.

SYLVIA'S LOVERS

MARY BARTON

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK

MY LADY LUDLOW

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Haworth Edition. Large Crown 8vo, **7s. 6d.** net. Thin Paper Edition, Pocket size, Cloth **3s. 6d.** net. Leather **5s.** net.

JOHN MURRAY . Albemarle Street . LONDON, W.1

MR. MURRAY'S THIN PAPER EDITIONS

THE WORKS OF A. CONAN DOYLE

First Eighteen Volumes in the THIN PAPER EDITION. Pocket size.
Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; Leather, 5s. net.

HIS LAST BOW.
THE WHITE COMPANY.
RODNEY STONE.
MICAH CLARKE.
SIGN OF FOUR.
THE REFUGEES.
SIR NIGEL.

EXPLOITS OF BRIG. GERARD.
THE VALLEY OF FEAR.
ADVENTURES OF GERARD.
TRAGEDY OF THE 'KOROSKO.'
HOUND OF THE
BASKERVILLES.

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.
MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.
THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.
TALES OF THE RING AND CAMP.
TALES OF PIRATES AND BLUE WATER.
TALES OF ADVENTURE AND MEDICAL LIFE.

THE WORKS OF GEORGE BORROW

DEFINITIVE EDITION ON THIN PAPER, in Six Volumes. Pocket size. Cloth,
3s. 6d. net; Leather, 5s. net. Cloth Case to contain the six vols., 5s. net.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.
THE GYPSIES OF SPAIN.
LAVENGRO.

ROMANY RYE.
WILD WALES.
ROMANO LAVO-LIL.

THE WORKS OF MRS. GASKELL

KNUTSFORD EDITION ON THIN PAPER. In 8 Vols. Introduction in each
by Sir A. W. WARD. Pocket size. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; Leather, 5s. net each.
Cloth case to contain the eight volumes, 5s. net.

MARY BARTON, ETC.
CRANFORD, ETC.
RUTH, ETC.
NORTH AND SOUTH.

MY LADY LUDLOW, ETC.
SYLVIA'S LOVERS, ETC.
COUSIN PHILLIS; A DARK
NIGHT'S WORK, ETC.
WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

THE WORKS OF THE SISTERS BRONTË

HAWORTH EDITION ON THIN PAPER, in Seven Volumes. With Introductions
by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. Pocket size. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; Leather, 5s. net.
Cloth Case to contain the seven volumes, 5s. net.

JANE EYRE.
SHIRLEY.
VILLETTE.
THE PROFESSOR: POEMS.
WUTHERING HEIGHTS;
AGNES GREY.

THE TENANT OF WILDFELL
HALL.
THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE
BRONTË. By Mrs. GASKELL.
Introduction and Notes by
CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

JOHN MURRAY . Albemarle Street . LONDON, W.1

MR. MURRAY'S THIN PAPER EDITIONS

THE WORKS OF STANLEY J. WEYMAN

THIN PAPER EDITION, in Twenty-three Volumes. Arranged Chronologically. Introduction in Vol. One by the Author. Pocket size. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; Leather, 5s. net. Cloth Case to contain the 23 vols., 5s. net.

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.
THE NEW RECTOR.
STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.
A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE.
THE MAN IN BLACK.
UNDER THE RED ROBE.
MY LADY ROTH.
MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF
FRANCE.
THE RED COCKADE.
SHREWSBURY.
THE CASTLE INN.

SOPHIA.
COUNT HANNIBAL.
IN KING'S BYWAYS.
THE LONG NIGHT.
THE ABBESS OF VLAIE.
STARVECROW FARM.
CHIPPINGE.
LAID UP IN LAVENDER.
THE WILD GEESE.
THE GREAT HOUSE.
OVINGTON'S BANK.
QUEEN'S FOLLY.

THE WORKS OF H. SETON MERRIMAN

THIN PAPER EDITION, in Fourteen Volumes. Biographical Note in Vol. One. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; Leather, 5s. net. Cloth Case to contain the 14 vols., 5s. net.

THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP.
THE SOWERS.
FROM ONE GENERATION.
WITH EDGED TOOLS.
THE GREY LADY.
FLOTSAM.
IN KEDAR'S TENTS.

RODEN'S CORNER.
THE ISLE OF UNREST.
THE VELVET GLOVE.
THE VULTURES.
BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.
TOMASO'S FORTUNE.
THE LAST HOPE.

THE WORKS OF A. C. BENSON

First 6 Volumes on THIN PAPER. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; Leather, 5s. net each.

THE HOUSE OF QUIET.
THE THREAD OF GOLD.
THE UPTON LETTERS.

THE SILENT ISLE.
ALONG THE ROAD.
FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.

THE WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING

INDIA PAPER EDITION, in Eight Volumes. With Portrait to each. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; Leather, 5s. net each. Cloth Case to contain the 8 vols., 5s. net.

THE WORKS OF ELIZABETH B. BROWNING

INDIA PAPER EDITION, in Three Volumes. With Portrait to each. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; Leather, 5s. net each.

JOHN MURRAY . Albemarle Street . LONDON, W. 1

The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray

TITLES

VANITY FAIR. 2 Vols.
PENDENNIS. 2 Vols.
YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS, etc.
HOGGARTY DIAMOND, etc.
BARRY LYNDON; THE FATAL
BOOTS
CONTRIBUTIONS TO *PUNCH*:
Vol. I.: NOVELS BY EMINENT
HANDS
Vol. II: BOOK OF SNOBS, etc.
ESMOND
ENGLISH HUMOURISTS; FOUR
GEORGES

THE NEWCOMES. 2 Vols.
CHRISTMAS BOOKS, etc.
BALLADS; ROSE AND THE RING
THE VIRGINIANS. 2 Vols.
PHILIP. 2 Vols.
ROUNDAABOUT PAPERS, etc.
DENIS DUVAL, etc.
PARIS SKETCH BOOK, etc.
IRISH SKETCH BOOK
CATHERINE, etc.
THE KNIGHTS OF BORSELEN,
etc.
MISCELLANIES

CENTENARY BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION.

In 26 volumes. Edited by LADY RITCHIE. With Biographical Prefaces, many New Letters and Illustrations, together with some hitherto unpublished Writings. With numerous Illustrations in the Text, about 500 separate Plates by the AUTHOR and many distinguished Artists, and 26 Portraits of Thackeray. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net each volume; £13 13s. net the set.

BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION.

In 13 volumes. With additional material and Letters, Sketches and Drawings, derived from the Author's Original MSS. Numerous Portraits and Illustrations, and a Memoir in each volume by LADY RITCHIE. Large Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net each.

LIBRARY EDITION.

In 24 volumes. Illustrated by the AUTHOR and others. 10s. 6d. net each. (*Vols. 5, 7, 8, 9 and 24 are out of print.*)

POCKET EDITION.

In 27 volumes. 1s. 6d. net each. (*Vols. 5, 20, 25 out of print.*)

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

OR, THE HISTORY OF PRINCE GIGLIO AND PRINCE BULBO. A Fireside Pantomime for Great and Small Children. With Illustrations by the AUTHOR. 3s. 6d. net.

THE THACKERAY ALPHABET.

Written and Illustrated by W. M. THACKERAY nearly 100 years ago for a small boy who could not learn his letters. 3s. 6d. net. (*Just Published.*)

LETTERS OF ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

With Forty-two Additional Letters from her Father, William Makepeace Thackeray. Selected and Edited by HESTER RITCHIE. With Illustrations. Second Impression. 15s. net.

JOHN MURRAY . Albemarle Street . LONDON, W.1

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 291–295

CH
TE
TE
TE
AL
ON

LA
A
V
T
T

11

The Wisdom of the East Series

NEW AND RECENT VOLUMES.

CHRIST IN ISLAM. By the Rev. JAMES ROBSON, M.A.	3s. 6d. net.
THE CLOUD MEN OF YAMATO. By E. V. GATENBY, M.A.	3s. 6d. net.
THE CREATIVE EAST. By J. W. T. MASON.	3s. 6d. net.
THE RELIGION OF TIBET. A Study of Lamaism. By J. E. ELLAM.	3s. 6d. net.
ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN INDIAN POETRY. By GWENDOLENE GOODWIN.	3s. 6d. net.
OMAR KHAYYAM, THE POET. By the Rev. T. H. WEIR, D.D.	3s. 6d. net.

INDIAN.

LOTUSES OF THE MAHĀYANA	3s. 6d. net.	HINDU GODS AND HEROES	3s. 6d. net.
ANCIENT INDIAN FABLES AND STORIES	3s. 6d. net.	THE BUDDHA'S "WAY OF VIRTUE"	3s. 6d. net.
VEDIC HYMNS	3s. 6d. net.	LEGENDS OF INDIAN BUDDHISM	3s. 6d. net.
THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS	3s. 6d. net.	BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES	3s. 6d. net.
THE HEART OF INDIA	3s. 6d. net.	BRAHMA-KNOWLEDGE	3s. 6d. net.

IRANIAN (Persian, Pehlvi, Zend, etc.).

THE DIWAN OF ZEB-UN-NISSA	3s. 6d. net.	SA'DI'S SCROLL OF WISDOM	2s. 6d. net.
THE RUBĀ'YAT OF HAFIZ	2s. 6d. net.	With Persian Text, 3s. 6d. net.	
THE SPLENDOUR OF GOD	3s. 6d. net.	THE PERSIAN MYSTICS	
TEACHINGS OF ZOROASTER	3s. 6d. net.	I. Jalālud-din Rumi	3s. 6d. net.
THE BUSTAN OF SADI	3s. 6d. net.	II. Jami	3s. 6d. net.
THE SECRET ROSE GARDEN	3s. 6d. net.	THE ROSE GARDEN OF SA'DI	2s. 6d. net.

ARABIC.

THE POEMS OF MU'TAMID, KING OF SEVILLE	2s. 6d. net.	THE DIWAN OF ABU'L-ALA	2s. 6d. net.
ABU'L-ALA, THE SYRIAN	3s. 6d. net.	THE SINGING CARAVAN	3s. 6d. net.
		THE ALCHEMY OF HAPPINESS	3s. 6d. net.

HEBREW.

ANCIENT JEWISH PROVERBS	3s. 6d. net.	THE WISDOM OF THE APOCRYPHA	3s. 6d. net.
-------------------------	--------------	-----------------------------	--------------

CHINESE.

A FEAST OF LANTERNS	3s. 6d. net.	THE CLASSICS OF CONFUCIUS	
YANG CHU'S GARDEN OF PLEASURE	2s. 6d. net.	The Book of History (Shu-King)	2s. 6d. net.
TAOIST TEACHINGS	3s. 6d. net.	The Book of Odes (Shi-King)	2s. 6d. net.
A LUTE OF JADE	3s. 6d. net.	THE CONDUCT OF LIFE	2s. 6d. net.
THE SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS	3s. 6d. net.	THE SAYINGS OF LAO TZU	2s. 6d. net.
MUSINGS OF A CHINESE MYSTIC	3s. 6d. net.	THE BOOK OF FILIAL DUTY	2s. 6d. net.
THE RHYTHM OF LIFE	3s. 6d. net.	TI-ME KUN-DAN, PRINCE OF BUDDHIST	
THE FLIGHT OF THE DRAGON	3s. 6d. net.	BENEVOLENCE	3s. 6d. net.

JAPANESE.

THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE POETRY	3s. 6d. net.	WOMEN AND WISDOM OF JAPAN	2s. 6d. net.
THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE ART	3s. 6d. net.	THE MASTER-SINGERS OF JAPAN	3s. 6d. net.
BUDDHIST PSALMS	3s. 6d. net.	THE WAY OF CONTENTMENT	3s. 6d. net.

EGYPTIAN.

THE INSTRUCTION OF PTAH-HOTEP	2s. 6d. net.	ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LEGENDS	3s. 6d. net.
THE BURDEN OF ISIS	2s. 6d. net.	ANTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN POEMS	3s. 6d. net.

JOHN MURRAY . Albemarle Street . LONDON, W.1



**A SMALL
PREMIUM
MAY SAVE YOU A
HEAVY LOSS**

FUNDS, £13,606,358

Chief Administration:
7 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2.

F. W. PASCOE RUTTER,
Governor.

